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HYMNS

A BOOK

OF

H Y M N S

FOR

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE DEVOTION.

TENTH EDITION



BOSTON:  
TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

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2 1857

## PREFACE.

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AMONG the Hymns in the following collection will be found many which are not of the commonly recognized metres. Some of these are already set to music of their own. Others can readily be adapted by the choir-leader to the simple chants which are now generally found in our collections of Sacred Music.

An asterisk prefixed to the author's name indicates that some change has been made in the hymn by the present compilers.

The titles of the Supplementary Hymns in the present edition have been introduced *within* the original table of contents, instead of forming a separate series at the end.

BOSTON, APRIL 22, 1848.



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# H Y M N S .

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## I. PUBLIC WORSHIP.

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1

S. M.

\* EMILY TAYLOR.

### INVITATION.

- 1 COME to the house of prayer,  
O ye afflicted, come !  
The God of peace shall meet you there,  
He makes that house His home.
- 2 Come to the house of praise,  
Ye who are happy now ;  
In sweet accord your voices raise,  
In kindred homage bow.
- 3 Ye aged, hither come,  
For ye have felt His love ;  
Soon shall ye lift a holier song  
In fairer courts above.
- 4 Ye young, before His throne,  
Come, bow ; your voices raise ;  
Let not your hearts *His* praise disown,  
*Who gives the power to praise.*

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 5 Thou, whose benignant eye  
In mercy looks on all;  
Who seest the tear of misery,  
And hear'st the mourner's call;
- 6 Up to Thy dwelling-place  
Bear our frail spirits on,  
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,  
And heaven on earth be won.
- 

2.

P. M.

H. V

CALL TO PRAYER.

- 1 To prayer, to prayer! — for the morning  
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes  
His light is on all below and above,  
The light of gladness, and life, and love  
O, then, on the breath of this early air,  
Send upward the incense of grateful pra
- 2 To prayer! — for the day that God has  
Comes tranquilly on with its solemn res  
It speaks of creation's early bloom, —  
It speaks of the Prince who burst the to  
Then summon the spirit's exalted powe  
And devote to heaven the hallowed hou
- 3 Awake, awake, and gird up thy strengt  
To join Christ's holy band at length;  
To Him who unceasing love displays,  
Whom the powers of nature unceasingly p  
To Him thy heart and thy hours be giv  
For a life of prayer is the life of heaven

OPENING HYMNS.

S. M.

\* WATTS.

CHEERFUL WORSHIP.

- 1 COME, ye who love the Lord !  
And let your joys be known ;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround His throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind  
Be banished from this place !  
Religion never was designed  
To make our pleasures less.
- 3 The sons of God have found  
That heaven begins below :  
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,  
From faith and hope may grow.
- 4 Then let our sorrows cease,  
And every tear be dry ;  
We're travelling through the paths of peace  
To fairer worlds on high.

---

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

THE HOUSE OF GOD.

- 1 BE still ! be still ! for all around,  
On either hand, is holy ground :  
Here in His house, the Lord to-day  
Will listen, while His people pray.
- 2 Thou, tost upon the waves of care,  
Ready to sink with deep despair,  
Here ask relief, *with heart sincere,*  
*And thou shalt find that God is here.*

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 3 Thou who hast laid within the grave  
Those whom thou hadst no power to save  
Believe their spirits now are near,  
For angels wait while God is here.
- 4 Thou who hast dear ones far away,  
In foreign lands, 'mid ocean's spray,  
Pray for them now, and dry the tear,  
And trust the God who listens here.
- 5 Thou who art mourning o'er thy sin,  
Deploring guilt that reigns within,  
The God of peace is ever near;  
The troubled spirit meets Him here.

5.

7s. M.

SEEKING GOD.

- 1 THIRSTING for a living spring,  
Seeking for a higher home,  
Resting where our souls must cling,  
Trusting, hoping, Lord, we come.
- 2 Glorious hopes our spirit fill,  
When we feel that Thou art near:  
Father! then our fears are still,  
Then the soul's bright end is clear.
- 3 Life's hard conflict we would win,  
Read the meaning of life's frown;  
Change the thorn-bound wreath of sin  
For the spirit's starry crown.
- 4 Make us beautiful within  
By Thy spirit's holy light:  
Guard us when our faith burns dim,  
Father of all love and might!

OPENING HYMNS.

6.

L. M.

HEBER

THE SANCTUARY.

- 1 FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,  
Lord, to Thine altar's shade we fly;  
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,  
Father, we seek Thy shelter here:  
Weary and weak, Thy grace we pray;  
Turn not, O Lord! Thy guests away.
  - 2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,  
Long have we sought Thy rest in vain;  
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,  
Long have our souls been tempest-tost:  
Low at Thy feet our sins we lay;  
Turn not, O Lord! Thy guests away.
- 

7.

C. M.

SPRINGFIELD COLL

THE SABBATH OF THE SOUL.

- 1 O FATHER, though the anxious fear  
May cloud to-morrow's way,  
No fear nor doubt shall enter here;  
All shall be Thine to-day.
- 2 We will not bring divided hearts  
To worship at Thy shrine;  
But each unworthy thought departs,  
And leaves this temple Thine.
- 3 Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,  
Of earth and folly born;  
Ye shall not dim the light that streams  
From this celestial morn.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 4 To-morrow will be time enough  
To feel your harsh control;  
Ye shall not violate this day,  
The sabbath of the soul.
- 

8.

8 & 7s. M.

WESLEY.

LOVE DIVINE.

- 1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,  
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!  
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,  
All Thy faithful mercies crown.  
Father! Thou art all compassion,  
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;  
Visit us with Thy salvation,  
Enter every longing heart.
- 2 Breathe, O, breathe Thy loving spirit  
Into every troubled breast;  
Let us all in Thee inherit,  
Let us find Thy promised rest.  
Come, almighty to deliver,  
Let us all Thy life receive;  
Graciously come down, and never,  
Never more Thy temples leave!
- 

9.

8 & 7s. M.

J. TAYL

SEEKING GOD'S PRESENCE.

- 1 FAR from mortal cares retreating,  
Sordid hopes, and fond desires,  
Here our willing footsteps meeting,  
Every heart to heaven aspires.

OPENING HYMNS.

From the Fount of glory beaming,  
Light celestial cheers our eyes;  
Mercy from above proclaiming  
Peace and pardon from the skies.

2 Who may share this great salvation?—  
Every pure and humble mind;  
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,  
From the dross of guilt refined:  
Blessings all around bestowing,  
God withholds His care from none;  
Grace and mercy ever flowing  
From the fountain of His throne.

3 Every stain of guilt abhorring,  
Firm and bold in virtue's cause,  
Still Thy providence adoring,  
Faithful subjects to Thy laws,  
Lord! with favor still attend us,  
Bless us with Thy wondrous love;  
Thou, our sun and shield, defend us;  
All our hope is from above.

0.

L. M.

GASKELL

"IT IS GOOD TO BE HERE."

1 Unto Thy temple, God of love,  
Once more we come, with willing feet,  
To raise our thoughts this world above,  
And Thy paternal blessing meet.

2 May all Thy purest presence feel,  
And silent keep each vain desire;  
With *humble hearts* before Thee kneel,  
And unto holier strength aspire.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 3 May all be bound in bonds more true  
To Thee, who art our life and light,  
That through each path which we pursue  
We still may keep Thy love in sight.
- 4 And may we, when the day shall close,  
Review its course without a fear;  
And, nearer heaven than when it rose,  
Feel it is good to have been here.
- 

11.

7s. M.

J. TAYLOR

ACCEPTABLE OFFERINGS.

- 1 LORD! what offering shall we bring,  
At Thine altars when we bow?  
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring,  
Whence the kind affections flow:
- 2 Willing hands, to lead the blind,  
Heal the wounded, feed the poor;  
Love, embracing all our kind,  
Charity, with liberal store.
- 3 Teach us, O thou Heavenly King,  
Thus to show our grateful mind,  
Thus the accepted offering bring,  
Love to Thee and all mankind.
- 

12.

S. M.

ANONYMOUS

THE PLACE OF PRAYER.

- 1 HERE, in this place of prayer,  
Father! Thy face we seek:  
Grant us that blessed peace to share,  
Known to the pure and meek.

OPENING HYMNS.

- 2 Come then to holy prayer,  
Souls that seem lost in night;  
Leave to the Lord your heavy care,  
Who giveth life and light.
- 3 Come with a trusting prayer,  
Though fears press down your souls;  
The Saviour's promise, "I am there,"  
Each saddening fear controls.
- 4 Here, in this place of prayer,  
Let hearts in union meet:  
Come, cast the load you cannot bear  
Low at the Saviour's feet.
- 5 Then from this house of prayer  
Shall mingling praise be given,  
And angels, 'mid the holy air,  
Shall bear the notes to heaven.

---

13.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

THE LORD IS IN HIS HOLY TEMPLE.

- 1 Lo! God is here; let us adore,  
And humbly bow before His face;  
Let all within us feel His power,  
Let all within us seek His peace.
- 2 Lo! God is here; Him day and night  
United choirs of angels sing;  
To Him, enthroned above all height,  
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring.
- 3 Being of beings! may our praise  
Thy courts with grateful incense fill:  
Still *may we stand before thy face,*  
*Still hear and do thy sovereign will.*

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 4 More of Thy presence, Lord ! impart  
More of Thine image may we bear :  
O, fix Thy throne in every heart,  
And reign without a rival there.
- 

14.

7s. M.

B.

THE TEMPLE.

- 1 IN Thy courts let peace be found,  
Be Thy temple full of love ;  
Here we tread on holy ground,  
All serene, around, above.
- 2 While the knee in prayer is bent,  
While with praise the heart o'erflow  
Tranquillize the turbulent !  
Give the weary one repose !
- 3 Be the place for worship meet,  
Meet the worship for the place ;  
Contemplation's blest retreat,  
Shrine of guilelessness and grace !
- 4 As an infant knows its home,  
Lord ! may we Thy temples know ;  
Hither for instruction come,  
Hence by Thee instructed go.
- 

15.

7s. M.

SUPPLICATION.

- 1 SUPPLIANT, lo ! Thy children bend,  
Father, for Thy blessing now ;  
Thou canst teach us, guide, defend ;  
We are weak, almighty Thou !

OPENING HYMNS.

With the peace Thy word imparts  
Be the taught and teacher blessed;  
In our lives, and in our hearts,  
Father! be Thy laws impressed.

Pour into each longing mind,  
Light and knowledge from above:  
Charity for all mankind,  
Trusting faith, enduring love.

---

H. M.

\* WATTS.

HOW AMIABLE ARE THY TABERNACLES.

- 1 LORD of the worlds above,  
How pleasant and how fair  
The dwellings of Thy love,  
Thine earthly temples are!  
    To Thine abode  
    My heart aspires,  
    With warm desires  
    To see my God.
- 2 The sparrow for her young  
With pleasure seeks a nest,  
And wandering swallows long  
To find their wonted rest:  
    My spirit faints,  
    With equal zeal  
    To rise and dwell  
    Among Thy saints.
- 3 O happy souls that pray  
To Him that heareth prayer!  
O happy *men that pay*  
*Their constant service there!*

**PUBLIC WORSHIP.**

They praise Thee still ;  
And happy they  
Who love the way  
To Zion's hill.

- 4 They go from strength to strength  
Though oft through pain and tea  
Till each arrives at length,  
Till each in heaven appears :  
O glorious seat !  
Our God and King  
Shall thither bring  
Our willing feet.
- 

**17.**

**7s. M.**

**J.**

**DEVOTION.**

- 1 LORD, before Thy presence come,  
Bow we down with holy fear ;  
Call our erring footsteps home,  
Let us feel that Thou art near.
- 2 Wandering thoughts and languid p  
Come not where devotion kneels ;  
Let the soul expand her stores,  
Glowing with the joy she feels.
- 3 At the portals of Thine house,  
We resign our earth-born cares ;  
Nobler thoughts our souls engross,  
Songs of praise and fervent prayers

OPENING HYMNS.

18.

L. M.

WATTS.

HUNDREDTH PSALM.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;  
Know that the Lord is God alone;  
He can create, and He destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,  
Gave life to clay, and formed us men;  
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,  
He brought us to His fold again.
- 3 We are His people, we His care,  
Our souls and all our mortal frame:  
What lasting honors shall we rear,  
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?
- 4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs;  
High as the heavens our voices raise;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is Thy command,  
Vast as eternity Thy love,  
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

19.

C. M.

BOWRING.

THE HEART'S WORSHIP.

- 1 THE offerings to Thy throne which rise,  
Of mingled praise and prayer,  
Are but a *worthless sacrifice,*  
*Unless the heart be there.*

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 2 Upon Thine all-discerning ear  
Let no vain words intrude;  
No tribute but the vow sincere, —  
The tribute of the good.
  - 3 Our offerings will indeed be blest,  
If sanctified by Thee;  
If Thy pure spirit touch the breast  
With its own purity.
  - 4 O, may that spirit warm each heart  
To piety and love,  
And to life's lowly vale impart  
Some rays from heaven above.
- 

20.

P. M.

BARTON.

WORSHIP IN SPIRIT.

- 1 OUR God is a spirit, and they who aright  
Would offer the worship He loveth,  
In the heart's holy temple will seek with delight  
The spirit the Father approveth.
- 2 This, this is the worship the Saviour made  
known  
When she of Samaria found him  
By the Patriarch's well, sitting weary, alone,  
With the stillness of noontide around him.
- 3 He having once entered hath shown us the way,  
O God! how to worship before Thee,  
Not with the vain forms of that earlier day,  
*But in spirit and truth to adore Thee.*

OPENING HYMNS.

7s. M.

WESLEYAN.

THE LIGHT OF LIFE.

- 1 LIGHT of life, seraphic fire !  
Love divine, Thyself impart :  
Every fainting soul inspire ;  
Enter every drooping heart :  
Every mournful spirit cheer,  
Scatter all our doubt and gloom ;  
Father, in Thy grace appear,  
To Thy human temples come !
  - 2 Come in this accepted hour,  
Bring Thy heavenly kingdom in ;  
Fill us with Thy glorious power,  
Rooting out the seeds of sin :  
Nothing more can we require,  
We can rest in nothing less :  
Be Thou all our heart's desire,  
All our joy and all our peace.
- 

7s. M.

BOWRING.

EVERY GOOD GIFT FROM THE FATHER.

- 1 FATHER ! Thy paternal care  
Has my guardian been, my guide :  
Every hallowed wish and prayer  
Has Thy hand of love supplied :  
Thine is every thought of bliss,  
Left by hours and days gone by ;  
Every hope Thine offspring is,  
*Beaming from futurity.*

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 2 Every sun of splendid ray ;  
Every moon that shines serene ;  
Every morn that welcomes day ;  
Every evening's twilight scene ;  
Every hour which wisdom brings ;  
Every incense at Thy shrine ;  
These,—and all life's holiest things,  
And its fairest,—all are Thine.
- 3 And for all, my hymns shall rise  
Daily to Thy gracious throne :  
Thither let my asking eyes  
Turn unwearied, righteous One !  
Through life's strange vicissitude  
There reposing all my care ;  
Trusting still, through ill and good,  
Fixed, and cheered, and counselled the
- 

23.

L. M.

FROTHINGHAM

FOR SPIRITUAL INFLUENCES.

- 1 O God, whose presence glows in all  
Within, around us, and above !  
Thy word we bless, Thy name we call,  
Whose word is Truth, whose name is Lo
- 2 That truth be with the heart believed  
Of all who seek this sacred place ;  
With power proclaimed, in peace received  
Our spirit's light, Thy spirit's grace.
- 3 That love its holy influence pour,  
To keep us meek, and make us free ;  
And throw its binding blessing more  
Round each with all, and all with Thee.

OPENING HYMNS.

- 4 Send down its angel to our side;  
Send in its calm upon the breast;  
For we would know no other guide,  
And we can need no other rest.
- 

24.

L. M.

H. WARE.

COMING TOGETHER IN THE NAME OF JESUS.

- 1 GREAT God ! the followers of Thy Son,  
We bow before Thy mercy-seat,  
To worship Thee, the Holy One,  
And pour our wishes at Thy feet.
- 2 O, grant Thy blessing here to-day !  
O, give Thy people joy and peace !  
The tokens of Thy love display,  
And favor, that shall never cease.
- 3 We seek the truth which Jesus brought ;  
His path of light we long to tread ;  
Here be his holy doctrines taught,  
And here their purest influence shed.
- 4 May faith, and hope, and love abound ;  
Our sins and errors be forgiven ;  
And we, from day to day, be found  
Children of God, and heirs of heaven.
- 

25.

L. M.

BOWRING.

EVENING WORSHIP.

- 1 How shall we praise Thee, Lord of light !  
How shall we all Thy love declare !  
The earth *is veiled in shades of night,*  
*But heaven is open to our prayer, —*

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

That heaven, so bright with stars and s  
That glorious heaven which has no bou  
Where the full tide of being runs,  
And life and beauty glow around.

- 2 We would adore Thee, God sublime,  
Whose power and wisdom, love and gra  
Are greater than the round of time,  
And wider than the bounds of space.  
Help us to praise Thee, Lord of light !  
Help us Thy boundless love declare ;  
And, while we fill Thy courts to-night,  
Aid us, and hearken to our prayer.

---

26.

L. M.

W. H. BUR

EVENING WORSHIP.

- 1 O HOLY Father ! 'mid the calm  
And stillness of this evening hour,  
We would lift up our solemn psalm  
To praise Thy goodness, and Thy pow  
For over us, and over all,  
Thy tender mercies still extend,  
Nor vainly shall Thy children call  
On Thee, our Father and our Friend !
- 2 Kept by Thy goodness though the day,  
Thanksgiving to Thy name we pour ;  
Night o'er us, with its stars, — we pray  
Thy love, to guard us evermore !  
In grief, console ; in gladness, bless ;  
In darkness, guide ; in sickness, cheer ;  
Till, in the Saviour's righteousness,  
Before Thy throne our souls appear !

PRAYERS.

7.

P. M.

ANONYMOUS.

“TEACH US TO PRAY.”

- 1 Teach us to pray !  
O Father, we look up to Thee,  
And this our one request shall be,  
Teach us to pray !
- 2 Teach us to pray !  
A form of words will not suffice,  
The heart must bring its sacrifice :  
Teach us to pray !
- 3 Teach us to pray !  
To whom shall we Thy children turn ?  
Teach Thou the lesson we would learn,  
Teach us to pray !
- 4 Teach us to pray !  
To Thee alone our hearts look up,  
Prayer is our only door of hope,  
Teach us to pray !

---

8.

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

“AFTER THIS MANNER PRAY YE.”

- 1 OUR Heavenly Father, hear  
The prayer we offer now :  
Thy name be hallowed far and near,  
To Thee all nations bow.
- 2 Thy kingdom come ; Thy will  
On earth be done in love,  
As *saints and seraphim* fulfil  
*Thy perfect law* above.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 3 Our daily bread supply,  
While by Thy word we live;  
The guilt of our iniquity  
Forgive as we forgive.
- 4 From dark temptation's power  
Our feeble hearts defend;  
Deliver in the evil hour,  
And guide us to the end.
- 5 Thine, then, forever be  
Glory and power divine;  
The sceptre, throne, and majesty  
Of heaven and earth are Thine.

29.

C. M.

C. W.

“ THY KINGDOM COME.”

- 1 FATHER and God of all mankind,  
And all the hosts above,  
Let every understanding mind  
Unite to praise Thy love.
- 2 Thy kingdom come, with power and  
To every heart of man;  
Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness  
In all our bosoms reign.
- 3 The righteousness that never ends,  
But makes an end of sin;  
The joy that human thought transcends  
Now to our souls bring in :
- 4 The kingdom of established peace,  
Which can no more remove;  
The perfect powers of godliness,  
The omnipotence of Love.

PRAYERS.

0.

7s. M.

\* CONDER.

"GIVE US OUR DAILY BREAD."

- 1 DAY by day the manna fell ;  
O, to learn this lesson well !  
Still by constant mercy fed,  
Give us, Lord, our daily bread.
- 2 "Day by day," the promise reads ;  
Daily strength for daily needs ;  
Cast foreboding fears away ;  
Take the manna of to-day.
- 3 Lord, our times are in Thy hand ;  
All our sanguine hopes have planned  
To Thy wisdom we resign,  
And would mould our wills to Thine.
- 4 Thou our daily task shalt give ;  
Day by day to Thee we live ;  
So shall added years fulfil  
Not our own, our Father's will.
- 5 O, to live exempt from care,  
By the energy of prayer ;  
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,  
Glowing yet with gratitude !

---

11.

C. M.

\* MONTGOMERY.

A PRAYER.

- 1 God of all grace, we come to Thee,  
With humble, prayerful hearts ;  
Give *what Thine* eye delights to see,  
*Truth in the inward parts :*

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 2 Give deep humility ; the sense  
Of holy sorrow give ;  
A strong, desiring confidence,  
To hear Thy voice and live :
- 3 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,  
Though mercy long delay ;  
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,  
And trust Thee, though Thou slay.
- 4 Give these, —and then Thy will be done  
Thus strengthened with all might,  
We, in the spirit of Thy Son,  
Shall pray, and pray aright.

32.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY

A PRAYER.

- 1 WHAT shall we ask of God in prayer ?  
Whatever good we want ;  
Whatever man may seek to share,  
Or God in wisdom grant.
- 2 Father of all our mercies, — Thou  
In whom we move and live !  
Hear us in heaven, Thy dwelling, now,  
And answer, and forgive.
- 3 When harassed by ten thousand foes,  
Our helplessness we feel,  
O, give the weary soul repose,  
The wounded spirit heal !
- 4 When dire temptations gather round,  
And threaten or allure,  
By storm or calm, in Thee be found  
A refuge strong and sure.

PRAYERS.

- 6 When age advances, may we grow  
In faith, in hope, and love;  
And walk in holiness below  
To holiness above.
- 

33.

11 & 10s. M.

\*

FOR DIVINE STRENGTH.

- 1 FATHER, in Thy mysterious presence kneeling,  
Fain would our souls feel all Thy kindling  
love;  
For we are weak, and need some deep reveal-  
ing  
Of Trust and Strength and Calmness from  
above.
- 2 Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt  
and sorrow,  
And Thou hast made each step an onward  
one;  
And we will ever trust each unknown mor-  
row, —  
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.
- 3 In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy  
Abides, and when pain seems to have her  
will,  
Or we despair, — O, may that peace rise  
slowly,  
Stronger than agony, and we be still !

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 4 Now, Father, now, in Thy dear presence  
    kneeling,  
    Our spirits yearn to feel Thy kindling love;  
Nqw make us strong, we need Thy deep  
    revealing  
    Of Trust and Strength and Calmness from  
    above.
- 

34.

L. M.

GASKELL.

SEEKING STRENGTH.

- 1 O God ! who knowest how frail we are,  
    How soon the thought of good departs ;  
    We pray that Thou wouldst feed the fount  
    Of holy yearning in our hearts.
- 2 Let not the choking cares of earth  
    The precious springs of life o'ergrow ;  
    But, ever guarded by Thy love,  
    Still purer may their waters flow.
- 3 To Thee, with sweeter hope and trust,  
    Be every day our spirits given ;  
    And may we, while we walk on earth,  
    Walk more as citizens of heaven.
- 

35.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS

DRAWING NEAR TO GOD.

- 1 FROM every fear and doubt, O Lord,  
    In mercy set us free,  
    While in the confidence of prayer  
    Our hearts draw near to Thee!

PRAYERS.

- 2 In all our trials, struggles, joys,  
Teach us Thy love to see,  
Which by the discipline of life  
Would draw us unto Thee.
- 3 Our lives, devoted to Thy will,  
Our sacrifice shall be,  
And then will death, whene'er it come,  
But draw us nearer Thee.
- 

36.

L. M.

W. SCOTT.

THE PILLAR AND CLOUD.

- 1 WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,  
Out from the land of bondage came,  
Her fathers' God before her moved,  
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
- 2 By day, along the astonished lands  
The cloudy pillar glided slow;  
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands  
Returned the fiery column's glow.
- 3 Thus present still, though now unseen,  
When brightly shines the prosperous day,  
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,  
To temper the deceitful ray!
- 4 And, O, when gathers on our path  
In shade and storm the frequent night,  
Be Thou, *long-suffering*, slow to wrath,  
*A burning and a shining light!*

37

C. M.

S.

PRAYER FOR WISDOM.

- 1 FATHER of light ! conduct our feet  
Through life's dark, dangerous road  
Let each advancing step still bring  
Us nearer to our God.
- 2 Let heaven-eyed prudence be our guide  
And when we go astray,  
Recall our feet from folly's paths  
To wisdom's better way.
- 3 That heavenly wisdom from above  
Abundantly impart ;  
And let it guard, and guide, and warn  
And penetrate each heart ;
- 4 Till it shall lead us to Thyself,  
Fountain of bliss and love !  
And all our darkness be dispersed  
In endless light above.

---

38

L. M.

MRS. COTT

LIVING TO THE GLORY OF GOD.

- 1 O THOU, who hast at Thy command  
The hearts of all men in Thy hand !  
Our wayward, erring hearts incline  
To know no other will but Thine.
- 2 Our wishes, our desires, control ;  
Mould every purpose of the soul ;  
O'er all may we victorious be  
That stands between ourselves and Th

PRAYERS.

- 3 Thrice blest will all our blessings be,  
When we can look through them to Thee;  
When each glad heart its tribute pays  
Of love, and gratitude and praise.
- 4 And while we to Thy glory live,  
May we to Thee all glory give,  
Until the final summons come,  
That calls Thy willing servants home.
- 

39.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

THE PEACE OF GOD.

- 1 O FATHER! lift our souls above,  
Till we find rest in Thy dear love;  
And still that Peace divine impart  
Which sanctifies the inmost heart,  
And makes each morn and setting sun  
But bring us nearer to Thy throne.
- 2 May we our daily duties meet,  
Tread sin each day beneath our feet,  
And win that strength which doth Thy will  
And seeth Thee, and so is still;  
And, fixed on Thy sustaining arm,  
Find daily food and know no harm.
- 3 Help us with man in peace to live,  
Our brother's wrong in love forgive,  
And day and night the tempter flee  
Through strength which comes alone from  
Thee!  
Thus will our spirits find their rest,  
In Thy deep Peace forever blest.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

40.

6 & 10s. M.

Mrs. I

THE HEART'S INSPIRATION.

1 FATHER, who art on high !  
Weak is the melody  
Of harp or song to reach Thy gracious e  
Unless the heart be there,  
Winging the words of prayer  
With its own fervent faith, or suppliant

2 O, let Thy spirit move  
O'er those who bend in love,  
Be Thou amidst them as a heavenly gue  
So shall our cry have power  
To win from Thee a shower  
Of healing gifts for every wounded breas

3 O, let Thy breath once more  
Within the soul restore  
Thine own first image, Holiest and Most  
As a clear lake is filled  
With hues of heaven instilled,  
Down to the depths of its calm purity.

---

41.

C. M.

H.

FOR GOD'S PRESENCE.

1 FATHER in heaven, to whom our heart:  
Would lift themselves in prayer,  
Drive from our souls each earthly thou  
And show Thy presence there.

2 Each moment of our lives renews  
The mercies of the Lord ;  
Each moment is itself a gift  
To bear us on to God.

PRAYERS.

3 Help us to break the galling chains  
This world has round us thrown;  
Each passion of our hearts subdue,  
Each cherished sin disown.

4 O Father ! kindle in our souls  
A never-dying flame  
Of holy love, of grateful trust,  
In Thine almighty name.

---

42.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

DOING ALL TO GOD.

1 SHINE on our souls, Eternal God,  
With rays of beauty shine;  
O, let Thy favor crown our days,  
And all their round be Thine !

2 Did we not raise our hands to Thee,  
Our hands might toil in vain;  
Small joy success itself could give  
If Thou Thy love restrain.

3 With Thee let every week begin,  
With Thee each day be spent,  
For Thee each fleeting hour improved,  
Since each by Thee is lent.

4 Midst hourly cares may love present  
Its incense at Thy throne;  
And while the world our hands employs,  
*Our hearts be Thine alone.*

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

43.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY

PRAYER FOR WISDOM.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, in humble prayer  
To Thee our souls we lift ;  
Do Thou our waiting minds prepare  
For Thy most needful gift.
  - 2 We ask not golden streams of wealth  
Along our path to flow ;  
We ask not undecaying health,  
Nor length of years below :
  - 3 We ask not honors, which an hour  
May bring and take away ;  
We ask not pleasure, pomp, or power  
Lest we should go astray :
  - 4 We ask for wisdom : Lord, impart  
The knowledge how to live :  
A wise and understanding heart  
To all before Thee give.
  - 5 The young remember Thee in youth  
Before the evil days !  
The old be guided by Thy truth  
In wisdom's pleasant ways !
- 

44.

L. M.

H. 1

MANLINESS AND FREEDOM.

- 1 SUPREME and universal Light !  
Fountain of reason ! Judge of right !  
Parent of good ! whose blessings flow  
On all above, and all below :

PRAYERS.

- 2 Assist us, Lord, to act, to be,  
What nature and Thy laws decree ;  
Worthy that intellectual flame,  
Which from Thy breathing spirit came.
- 3 Our moral freedom to maintain,  
Bid passion serve, and reason reign,  
Self-poised and independent still  
On this world's varying good or ill.
- 4 No slave to profit, shame, or fear,  
O, may our steadfast bosoms bear  
The stamp of heaven, — an upright heart,  
Above the mean disguise of art !
- 5 May our expanded souls disclaim  
The narrow view, the selfish aim ;  
But with a Christian zeal embrace  
Whate'er is friendly to our race.
- 6 O Father ! grace and virtue grant ;  
No more we wish, no more we want :  
To know, to serve Thee, and to love,  
Is peace below, — is bliss above.

45.

C. M.

METHODIST.

H. Moore

MADE PERFECT IN LOVE.

- 1 FATHER, united by Thy grace,  
And each to each endeared,  
With confidence we seek Thy face,  
*And know our prayer is heard.*

- 2 Give deep humility ; the sense  
Of holy sorrow give ;  
A strong, desiring confidence,  
To hear Thy voice and live :
- 3 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,  
Though mercy long delay ;  
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,  
And trust Thee, though Thou slay.
- 4 Give these, — and then Thy will be done !  
Thus strengthened with all might,  
We, in the spirit of Thy Son,  
Shall pray, and pray aright.

32.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

A PRAYER.

- 1 WHAT shall we ask of God in prayer ?  
Whatever good we want ;  
Whatever man may seek to share,  
Or God in wisdom grant.
- 2 Father of all our mercies, — Thou  
In whom we move and live !  
Hear us in heaven, Thy dwelling, now,  
And answer, and forgive.
- 3 When harassed by ten thousand foes,  
Our helplessness we feel,  
O, give the weary soul repose,  
The wounded spirit heal !
- 4 When dire temptations gather round,  
And threaten or allure,  
By storm or calm, in Thee be found  
A refuge strong and sure.

PRAISE.

- 3 Let all Thy goodness by our minds be seen,  
Let all Thy mercy on our souls be sealed,  
Lord, if Thou wilt, Thy power can make us  
clean,  
O, speak the word ! Thy servants shall be  
healed.
- 

47.

8 & 7s. M. ANCIENT HYMNS.

THRICE HOLY.

- 1 " LORD, Thy glory fills the heaven ;  
Earth is with its fulness stored ;  
Unto Thee be glory given,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord !"  
Heaven is still with anthems ringing ;  
Earth takes up the angels' cry,  
" Holy, holy, holy," singing,  
" Lord of hosts, the Lord most High !"

- 2 Ever thus in God's high praises,  
Brethren, let our tongues unite,  
Whilst our thoughts His greatness raises,  
And our love His gifts excite.  
With His seraph train before Him,  
With His holy church below,  
Thus unite we to adore Him,  
Bid we thus our anthem flow :—

- 3 " Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven ;  
Earth is with its fulness stored ;  
Unto Thee be glory given,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord !

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Thus, Thy glorious name confessing,  
We adopt the angels' cry,  
'Holy, holy, holy,'—blessing  
Thee, the Lord our God most High !

---

48.

7s. M.

\* MONTGOM

SONGS OF PRAISE.

- 1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,  
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,  
When, Creation's work begun,  
Spake the Lord, and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,  
When the Prince of Peace was born ;  
Songs of praise arose, when he  
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away,  
Songs of praise shall crown that day ;  
God will make new heavens and earth,  
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And shall man alone be dumb,  
Till that glorious kingdom come ?  
No ; his heart delights to raise  
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,  
Still in songs of praise rejoice,  
Learning here, by faith and love,  
Songs of praise to sing above

PRAISE.

49.

P. M.

HEBER.

THRICE HOLY.

- 1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord God Almighty !  
Early in the morning our song shall rise  
to Thee ;  
Holy, holy, holy ! merciful and mighty !  
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in  
earth, sky, and sea.
- 2 Holy, holy, holy ! all the saints adore Thee,  
Casting down their golden crowns around  
the glassy sea ;  
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before  
Thee,  
Thou who wast, and art, and evermore  
shalt be !
- 3 Holy, holy, holy ! Though the darkness  
hide Thee,  
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory  
may not see,  
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside  
Thee,  
Infinite in power, in love, and purity !



50.

C. M.

PATRICK.

TE DEUM.

- 1 O God ! we praise Thee, and confess  
That Thou the only Lord  
And everlasting Father art,  
By all the earth adored.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 2 To Thee all angels cry aloud ;  
To Thee the powers on high,  
Both cherubim and seraphim,  
Continually do cry :
- 3 " O holy, holy, holy Lord,  
Whom heavenly hosts obey,  
The world is with the glory filled  
Of Thy majestic sway."
- 4 The apostles' glorious company,  
And prophets crowned with light,  
With all the martyrs' noble host,  
Thy constant praise recite.
- 5 The holy church throughout the world  
O Lord, confesses Thee,  
That Thou the Eternal Father art,  
Of boundless majesty.

---

51.

8 & 7s. M.

DUBLIN

PRAISE YE THE LORD.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord ! ye heavens adore Him  
Praise Him, angels in the height ;  
Sun and moon rejoice before Him ;  
Praise Him, all ye stars of light !  
Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken ;  
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed ;  
Laws, which never can be broken,  
For their guidance He hath made.
- 2 Praise the Lord ! for He is glorious ;  
Never shall His promise fail ;  
God hath made His saints victorious,  
Sin and death shall not prevail :

PRAISE.

praise the God of our salvation,  
Hosts on high His power proclaim;  
Heaven and earth, and all creation,  
Praise and magnify His name!

---

P. M.

\* BOWRING.

GLAD HOMAGE.

ARMY of Spirits! humbly bent before Thee,  
Angels of glad homage unto Thee we bring;  
Led by Thy spirit, O, teach us to adore  
Thee;

Let Thy light attend us,  
Let Thy love befriend us,  
Father of our spirits, Everlasting King!

Forth Thy mandate, gather in the  
nations,  
Through the wide universe Thy name be  
known,  
Thousands of voices shall join in adorations,  
Every soul invited,  
Every voice united,  
Singing to adore Thee, Everlasting One!

---

7s. M.

J. TAYLOR.

GLORY TO GOD.

GLORY be to God on high,  
God whose glory fills the sky!  
Peace on earth to man forgiven,  
*Man, the well-beloved of heaven!*

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 2 Favored mortals, raise the song;  
Endless thanks to God belong;  
Hearts o'erflowing with His praise,  
Join the hymns your voices raise.
- 3 Mark the wonders of His hand;  
Power, no empire can withstand;  
Wisdom, angels' glorious theme;  
Goodness, one eternal stream!
- 4 Gracious Being! from Thy throne  
Send Thy promised blessings down  
Let Thy light, Thy truth, Thy pea  
Bid our selfish passions cease.

---

54.

7s. M.

Bow

LOWLY PRAISE.

- 1 LORD, in heaven, Thy dwelling-place  
Hear the praises of our race,  
And, while hearing, let Thy grace  
Dews of sweet forgiveness pour;  
While we know, benignant King,  
That the praises which we bring  
Are a feeble offering,  
Till Thy blessing makes it more.
- 2 More of truth, and more of might,  
More of love, and more of light,  
More of reason, and of right,  
From Thy pardoning grace be given  
This can make the humblest song  
Sweet, acceptable, and strong,  
As the strains the angels' throng  
Pour around the throne of heaven.

PRAISE.

5.

P. M.

Hogg.

PRAISE TO THE GOD OF NATURE.

- 1 BLESSED be Thy name forever,  
Thou of life the Guard and Giver !  
Thou who slumberest not nor sleepest,  
Blest are they Thou kindly keepest !  
God of stillness and of motion,  
Of the rainbow, and the ocean,  
Of the mountain, rock, and river,  
Blessed be Thy name forever !
- 2 God of evening's peaceful ray !  
God of every dawning day,  
Rising from the distant sea  
Breathing of eternity ;  
Thine the flaming sphere of light,  
Thine the darkness of the night !  
God of life, that fade shall never !  
Glory to Thy name forever !

---

56.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

PERPETUAL PRAISE.

- 1 MY GOD ! in morning's radiant hour  
To Thee will I lift up my heart ;  
The shades of night obey Thy power,  
And at Thy sun's bright beams depart.
- 2 Father and Guardian ! to Thy shrine  
The life Thou shieldedst will I bring ;  
All, great *Creator !* all is Thine ;  
*The heart my noblest offering !*

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 3 The morning light shall see my pray  
The noonday calm shall know my p  
And evening's still and fragrant air  
My grateful hymn to Thee shall rais
- 4 So shall sweet thoughts and hopes su  
My constant inspirations be ;  
And every shifting scene of time  
Reflect, my God, a light from Thee !
- 

57.

7s. M.

DOXOLOGY.

FATHER ! glory be to Thee,  
Source of all the good we see !  
Glory for the blessed Light  
Rising on the ancient night !  
Glory for the hopes that come  
Streaming through the silent ton  
Glory for Thy spirit given,  
Guiding us in peace to heaven !

---

58.

8 & 7s. M.

BICE

CLOSING HYMN.

- 1 ISRAEL's Shepherd, guide us, feed u  
Through our pilgrimage below,  
And beside the waters lead us,  
Where Thy flock rejoicing go.
- 2 Lord, Thy guardian presence ever,  
Meekly kneeling, we implore ;  
We have found Thee, and would  
Never wander from Thee more

CLOSING HYMNS.

59.

L. M.      CHR. PSALMIST.

THE HEAVENLY GUARDIAN.

- 1 As every day Thy mercy spares  
Will bring its trials or its cares,  
O Father, till my life shall end,  
Be Thou my counsellor and friend !  
Teach me Thy statutes all divine,  
And let Thy will be always mine !
  - 2 When each day's scenes and labors close,  
And wearied nature seeks repose,  
With pardoning mercy, richly blest,  
Guard me, my Father, while I rest ;  
And as each morning sun shall rise,  
O, lead me onward to the skies !
- 

60.

8 & 7s. M.    SARAH F. ADAMS.

PEACE BE WITH YOU.

- 1 PART in peace ! is day before us ?  
Praise His name for life and light ;  
Are the shadows lengthening o'er us ?  
Bless His care who guards the night.
- 2 Part in peace ! with deep thanksgiving,  
Rendering, as we homeward tread,  
Gracious service to the living,  
Tranquil memory to the dead.
- 3 Part in peace ! such are the praises  
God, our Maker, loveth best ;  
Such the *worship* that upraises  
*Human hearts* to heavenly rest.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

61.

8 & 7s. M.

AND

THE PEACE OF GOD.

PEACE of God, which knows no measure  
Heavenly sunlight of the soul,  
Peace beyond all earthly treasure,  
Come and all our hearts control !  
Come, almighty to deliver !  
Naught shall make us then afraid  
We will trust in Thee forever,  
Thou on whom our hope is stayed

---

62.

7s. M.

BEARD

PRAYER FOR GUIDANCE.

- 1 GUIDE us, Lord ! while, hand in hand  
Journeying toward the better land ;  
Foes we know are to be met,  
Snares the pilgrim's path beset ;  
Clouds upon the valley rest,  
Rough and dark the mountain's breast  
And our home may not be gained,  
Save through trials well sustained.
- 2 Guide us, while we onward move,  
Linked in closest bonds of love,  
Striving for the holy mind,  
And the soul from sense refined ;  
That when life no longer burns,  
And the dust to dust returns,  
With the strength which Thou hast  
We may rise to Thee and heaven.

CLOSING HYMNS.

- 1 God of mercy ! on Thee, all  
Humbly for Thy guidance call ;  
Save us from the evil tongue,  
From the heart that thinketh wrong,  
From the sins, whate'er they be,  
That divide the soul from Thee.  
God of grace ! on Thee we rest ;  
Bless us, and we shall be blest.

63.

L. M.

WATTS.

DOXOLOGY.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies  
Let the Creator's praise arise !  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,  
Through every land, by every tongue !
- 2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord !  
Eternal truth attends Thy word ;  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

64.

8 & 7s. M.

ANONYMOUS

GO IN PEACE.

- 1 Go in peace !—serene dismissal  
To the loving heart made known,  
When it pours in deep contrition  
Prayer before the eternal throne.
- 2 Go in peace ! thy sins forgiven,  
Christ hath healed thee, set thee free ;  
*Every spirit-fetter riven,  
Go in peace, and liberty !*

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 3 Saviour! breathe this benediction  
O'er our spirits while we pray;  
Let us part in sweet conviction  
Thou hast blessed our souls to-day.
- 

65.

C. M.

HEBN

THE SEED OF THE WORD.

- 1 O God, by whom the seed is given,  
By whom the harvest blest;  
Whose word, like manna showered from  
heaven,  
Is planted in our breast;
- 2 Preserve it from the passing feet,  
And plunderers of the air;  
The sultry sun's intenser heat,  
And weeds of worldly care!
- 3 Though buried deep, or thinly strewn,  
Do Thou Thy grace supply;  
The hope, in earthly furrows sown,  
Shall ripen in the sky.
- 

66.

L. M.

GASKE

WALKING WITH GOD.

- 1 THROUGH all this life's eventful road,  
Fain would I walk with Thee, my God  
And make Thy presence light around,  
And every step on holy ground.

CLOSING HYMNS.

- 2 Each blessing would I trace to Thee,  
In every grief Thy mercy see;  
And through the paths of duty move,  
Conscious of Thine encircling love.
- 3 And when the angel Death stands by,  
Be this my strength, that Thou art nigh;  
And this my joy, that I shall be  
With those who dwell in light with Thee.
- 

67.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

CHRISTIAN FAREWELL.

- 1 Thy presence, ever living God !  
Wide through all nature spreads abroad;  
Thy watchful eyes, which never sleep,  
In every place Thy children keep.
- 2 While near each other we remain,  
Thou dost our lives and powers sustain;  
When separate, we rejoice to share  
Thy counsels, and Thy gracious care.
- 3 To Thee we now commit our ways,  
And still implore Thy heavenly grace.  
Still cause Thy face on us to shine,  
And guard and guide us still as Thine.
- 4 Give us within Thy house to raise  
Again united songs of praise;  
Or, if that joy no more be known,  
*Give us to meet around Thy throne.*

68

C. M.

ANONYMOUS

## FOR GUIDANCE AND PROTECTION.

- 1 God of our fathers ! by whose hand  
Thy people still are blest,  
Be with us through our pilgrimage,  
Conduct us to our rest.
  - 2 Through each perplexing path of life  
Our wandering footsteps guide ;  
Give us each day our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide.
  - 3 O, spread Thy sheltering wings around,  
Till all our wanderings cease,  
And at our Father's loved abode  
Our souls arrive in peace.
  - 4 To Thee, our Father and our God,  
We our whole souls resign ;  
And thankful own, that all we are  
And all we have is Thine.
- 

69.

7s. M.

\*NEWTON

## GOD EVER NEAR.

- 1 As the sun's enlivening eye  
Shines on every place the same ;  
So the Lord is always nigh  
To the souls that love His name.
- 2 When they move at duty's call,  
He is with them by the way ;  
He is ever with them all,  
Those who go and those who stay.

CLOSING HYMNS.

- 3 From His holy mercy-seat  
Nothing can their souls confine;  
Still in spirit they may meet,  
And in sweet communion join.
- 4 Father, hear our humble prayer!  
Tender Shepherd of Thy sheep,  
Let Thy mercy and Thy care  
All our souls in safety keep.
- 5 In Thy strength may we be strong;  
Sanctify each cross and pain;  
Give us, if Thou wilt, ere long  
Here to meet in peace again.
- 

8, 7, & 4s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

DISMISSION.

LORD! dismiss us with Thy blessing,  
Hope and comfort from above;  
Let us each, Thy peace possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming love:  
Still support us  
While in duty's path we move.

Thanks we give, and adoration,  
For the gospel's joyful sound;  
May the fruits of Thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound;  
May Thy presence  
With us evermore be found!

## II. GOD.

---

71.

L. M.

L

### THE MOST HIGH GOD.

- 1 UNCHANGEABLE, all-perfect Lord !  
Essential life's unbounded sea !  
What lives and moves, lives by Thy wo  
It lives and moves and is, from Thee !  
Whate'er in earth, or sea, or sky,  
Or shuns, or meets, the wandering thoug  
Escapes, or strikes, the searching eye,  
By Thee was to existence brought.
- 2 High is Thy power above all height,  
Whate'er Thy will decrees is done;  
Thy wisdom, holiness and might  
Can by no finite mind be known.  
What our dim eyes could never see,  
Is plain and naked in Thy sight;  
What thickest darkness veils, to Thee  
Shines clearly as the morning light.
- 3 Thine, Lord, is holiness, alone :  
Justice and Truth before Thee stand :  
Yet, nearer to Thy sacred throne,  
Love ever dwells at Thy right hand.  
And to Thy love and ceaseless care,  
FATHER ! this light, this breath, we owe ;  
And all we have, and all we are  
From Thee, great Source of Life ! doth

GOD.

7s. M.

GASKELL.

THE ALL-SEEING GOD.

My God! the first, the last!  
Are ages, in Thy sight,  
As yesterday when past,  
Watch within the night?

That being ever knew,  
Far back, ere time had birth,  
Is as clear within Thy view  
The present things of earth.

That being e'er shall know  
Till on, through farthest years,  
Eternity can show,  
That before Thee now appears.

Thine all-embracing sight,  
Thy change its purpose meets,  
Thy cloud floats into light,  
Thy woe its glory greets.

Soe'er our lot may be,  
Lying in this thought we'll rest,—  
That we see as Thou dost see,  
Should choose it as the best.

---

8 & 7s. M.

BOWRING.

GOD IS TRUTH AND LOVE.

His love; His mercy brightens  
The path in which we move;  
He wakes, and woe He lightens;  
His wisdom, God is love.

GOD.

- 2 Chance and change are busy ever ;  
Man decays, and ages move ;  
But His mercy waneth never ;  
God is wisdom, God is love.
  - 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth  
Will His changeless goodness prove :  
From the gloom His brightness streameth ;  
God is wisdom, God is love.
  - 4 He with earthly cares entwineth  
Hope and comfort from above ;  
Everywhere His glory shineth ;  
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 

74.

P. M.

ANONYMOUS.

GOD IS LOVE.

- 1 I CANNOT always trace the way  
Where Thou, almighty One, dost move,  
But I can always, always say  
That God is love.
- 2 When fear her chilling mantle throws  
O'er earth, my soul to heaven above,  
As to her native home, upsprings,  
For God is love.
- 3 When mystery clouds my darkened path,  
I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove ;  
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,  
That God is love.

GOD.

- 4 Yes, God is love;—a thought like this  
Can every gloomy thought remove  
And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss,  
For God is love.
- 

75.

L. M.

STERLING

LOVE SUPREME IN GOD.

- 1 O SOURCE divine, and Life of all,  
The Fount of being's wondrous sea!  
Thy depth would every heart appall,  
That saw not Love supreme in Thee.
- 2 We shrink before Thy vast abyss,  
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood;  
We know Thee truly but in this,  
That Thou bestowest all our good.
- 3 And so, 'mid boundless time and space,  
O, grant us still in Thee to dwell,  
And through the ceaseless web to trace  
Thy presence working all things well!
- 4 Nor let Thou life's delightful play  
Thy truth's transcendent vision hide;  
Nor strength and gladness lead astray  
From Thee, our nature's only guide.
- Bestow on every joyous thrill  
Thy deeper tone of reverent awe;  
Make pure Thy children's erring will,  
*And teach their hearts to love Thy law!*

GOD.

76.

L. M.

GOD KNOWN THROUGH LOVE.

- 1 No human eyes Thy face may see;  
No human thought Thy form may know  
But all creation dwells in Thee,  
And Thy great life through all doth flow
- 2 And yet, O strange and wondrous thought  
Thou art a God who hearest prayer,  
And every heart with sorrow fraught  
To seek Thy present aid may dare.
- 3 And though most weak our efforts seem  
Into one creed these thoughts to bind,  
And vain the intellectual dream,  
To see and know the Eternal Mind, —
- 4 Yet Thou wilt turn them not aside,  
Who cannot solve Thy life divine,  
But would give up all reason's pride  
To know their hearts approved by Thine
- 5 And Thine unceasing love gave birth  
To our dear Lord, Thy holy Son,  
Who left a perfect proof on earth,  
That Duty, Love, and Truth are one.
- 6 So, though we faint on life's dark hill,  
And Thought grow weak, and Knowledge  
flee,  
Yet Faith shall teach us courage still,  
And Love shall guide us on to Thee!

GOD.

10s. M.

JONES VERY

GOD'S FATHERLY CARE.

! there is no change to live with Thee,  
that in Christ I grow from day to day;  
a new word I hear, each thing I see,  
rejoicing hasten on my way.

Morning comes, with blushes overspread,  
new-wakened, find a morn within;  
its modest dawn around me shed,  
hear'st the prayer and the ascending  
hymn.

Follows hour, the lengthening shades  
descend;  
they could never reach as far as me,  
but Thy love its kind protection lend,  
Thy child, might sleep in peace with  
Thee.

---

L. M.

BRYANT.

LOVING-KINDNESS OF GOD.

For, to Thy kind love we owe  
that is fair and good below;  
Power of the health that lies  
Fearless cheeks and cheerful eyes!

For of sunshine and of rain!  
For of fruits on hill and plain!  
Garden of light, that rayed afar,  
the vast urns of sun and star!

GOD.

- 3 Who send'st Thy storms and frosts  
The plagues that rise to waste man  
Then breathe'st, o'er the naked scer  
Spring gales, and life, and tender g
- 4 Yet deem we not that thus alone,  
Thy mercy and Thy love are show  
For we have learned, with higher  
And holier names, to speak Thy w
- 5 In woe's dark hour, our kindest sta  
Sole trust when life shall pass awa  
Teacher of hopes that light the glo  
Of death, and consecrate the tomb !

---

79.

10s. M.

JONH

GOD NOT AFAR OFF.

- 1 FATHER ! Thy wonders do not singly  
Nor far removed where feet have  
strayed ;  
Around us ever lies the enchanted lar  
In marvels rich to Thine own sons dis
- 2 In finding Thee are all things round us  
In losing Thee are all things lost besid  
Ears have we, but in vain sweet voices  
And to our eyes the vision is denied.
- 3 Open our eyes that we that world ma  
Open our ears that we Thy voice ma  
And in the spirit-land may ever be,  
And feel Thy presence with us alway

GOD.

- 4 No more to wander 'mid the things of time,  
No more to suffer death or earthly change;  
But with the Christian's joy and faith sub-  
lime,  
Through all Thy vast, eternal scenes to range.
- 

80.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

THE EARTH FULL OF GOD.

- 1 God, in the high and holy place,  
Looks down upon the spheres;  
Yet in His providence and grace  
To every eye appears.
- 2 He bows the heavens; the mountains stand,  
A highway for our God:  
He walks amidst the desert-land;  
'Tis Eden where He trod.
- 3 The forests in His strength rejoice;  
Hark! on the evening breeze,  
As once of old, the Lord God's voice  
Is heard among the trees.
- 4 In every stream His bounty flows,  
Diffusing joy and wealth;  
In every breeze His Spirit blows,—  
The breath of life and health.
- 5 His blessings fall in plenteous showers  
Upon the lap of earth,  
That teems with foliage, fruits, and flowers,  
And rings with infant mirth.

GOD.

- 6 If God hath made this world so fair,  
Where sin and death abound,  
How beautiful beyond compare  
Will Paradise be found !
- 

81.

L. M.

PIERP

EVERY PLACE A TEMPLE.

- 1 O THOU, to whom, in ancient time,  
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung;  
Whom kings adored in songs sublime,  
And prophets praised with glowing tongue
- 2 Not now on Zion's height alone  
Thy favored worshippers may dwell;  
Nor where, at sultry noon, Thy Son  
Sat weary, by the Patriarch's well.
- 3 From every place below the skies,  
The grateful song, the fervent prayer, —  
The incense of the heart, — may rise  
To heaven, and find acceptance there.
- 4 To Thee shall age, with snowy hair,  
And strength, and beauty, bend the knee  
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,  
Its praises and its prayers to Thee !
- 5 O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,  
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,  
To Thee, at last, in every clime,  
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung !

GOD.

2.

7s. M.

METHODIST.

GOD EVERYWHERE PRESENT.

- 1 THEY who seek the throne of grace  
Find that throne in every place;  
If we live a life of prayer,  
God is present everywhere.
  - 2 In our sickness and our health,  
In our want, or in our wealth,  
If we look to God in prayer,  
God is present everywhere.
  - 3 When our earthly comforts fail,  
When the woes of life prevail,  
'Tis the time for earnest prayer;—  
God is present everywhere.
  - 4 Then, my soul, in every strait  
To thy Father come, and wait;  
He will answer every prayer;—  
God is present everywhere.
- 

3.

L. M.

MOORE.

GOD IN ALL.

THERE'S nothing bright, above, below,  
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,  
But in its light *my soul* can see  
*Some feature of the Deity.*

GOD.

1 There's nothing dark, below, above,  
But in its gloom I trace Thy love,  
And meekly wait the moment when  
Thy touch shall make all bright again.

3 The heavens, the earth, where'er I look  
Shall be one pure and shining book,  
Where I may read, in words of flame,  
The glories of Thy wondrous name.

---

84.

L. M.

MO

GOD'S PRESENCE IN NATURE.

1 THOU art, O God, the life and light  
Of all this wondrous world we see;  
Its glow by day, its smile by night,  
Are but reflections caught from Thee:  
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

2 When day, with farewell beam, delays  
Among the opening clouds of even,  
And we can almost think we gaze  
Through golden vistas into heaven,  
Those hues that make the sun's decli  
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine.

3 When night, with wings of starry g  
O'ershadows all the earth and skies  
Like some dark, beauteous bird, wh  
Is sparkling with unnumbered eye  
That sacred gloom, those fires div  
So grand, so countless, Lord, are

## GOD IN NATURE.

When youthful spring around us breathes,  
My spirit warms her fragrant sigh;  
And every flower the summer wreathes  
Born beneath Thy kindling eye:  
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

---

C. M.

WHITTIER

### NATURE'S WORSHIP.

- 1 THE ocean looketh up to heaven,  
As 't were a living thing;  
The homage of its waves is given,  
In ceaseless worshipping.
- 2 They kneel upon the sloping sand  
As bends the human knee;  
A beautiful and tireless band,  
The priesthood of the sea.
- 3 The mists are lifted from the rills,  
Like the white wing of prayer;  
They kneel above the ancient hills,  
As doing homage there.
- 4 The forest-tops are lowly cast  
O'er breezy hill and glen,  
As if a prayerful spirit passed  
On nature as on men.
- 5 The sky is as a temple's arch:  
The blue and wavy air  
Is glorious *with the spirit march*  
*Of messengers at prayer.*

GOD.

86.

L. M.     H. M. WILLIAMS.

GOD IN NATURE.

- 1 My God ! all nature owns Thy sway ;  
Thou giv'st the night and Thou the day :  
When all Thy loved creation wakes,  
When morning, rich in lustre, breaks,  
And bathes in dew the opening flower,  
To Thee we owe her fragrant hour ;  
And when she pours her choral song,  
Her melodies to Thee belong.
- 2 Or when, in paler tints arrayed,  
The evening slowly spreads her shade,  
That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,  
Can, more than day's enlivening bloom,  
Still every fond and vain desire,  
And calmer, purer thoughts inspire ;  
From earth the longing spirit free,  
And lead the softened heart to Thee.
- 3 As o'er Thy work the seasons roll,  
And soothe, with change of bliss, the soul,  
O, never may their smiling train  
Pass o'er the human sense in vain !  
But, oft as on their charms we gaze,  
Attune the wondering soul to praise ;  
And be the joys that most we prize  
The joys that from Thy favor rise !

GOD IN NATURE.

L. M.

WRETFORD.

GOD IN HIS WORKS AND WORD.

f the ocean, earth, and sky,  
y bright presence we rejoice;  
el Thee, see Thee ever nigh,  
ladly hear Thy gracious voice.

el Thee in the sunny beam;  
e Thee walk the mountain waves;  
ear Thee in the murmuring stream,  
when the tempest wildly raves.

n the lonely hills we meet,  
n the vale and fragrant grove,  
birds and whispering winds repeat,  
God is there,—the God of love.

eet Thee in the pensive hour  
weari'd nature sinks to rest;  
dies the breeze, and sleeps the flower,  
eace is given to every breast.

e Thee when, at eve, afar  
pward lift our wondering sight,  
e Thee in each silent star  
glorifies the gloom of night.

etter still, and still more clear,  
in Thy holy Son we see;  
Thy own glorious words we hear,  
earn the way to heaven and Thee.

GOD

88.

L. M.

FOX'S HYMNS

THE GREAT TEMPLE.

- 1 THOUGH wandering in a stranger-land,  
Though on the waste no altar stand,  
Take comfort ! thou art not alone,  
While Faith hath marked thee for her own
- 2 Wouldst thou a temple ? look above, —  
The heavens stretch over all in love ;  
A book ? for thine evangel scan  
The wondrous history of man.
- 3 And though no organ-peal be heard,  
In harmony the winds are stirred ;  
And there the morning stars upraise  
Their ancient songs of deathless praise.

89.

L. M.

W. H. BURTON

THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE GLORY OF GOD.

- 1 NOT only doth the voiceful day  
Thy loving kindness, Lord ! proclaim,  
But night, with its sublime array  
Of worlds, doth magnify Thy name.  
Yea, while adoring seraphim  
Before Thee bend the willing knee,  
From every star a choral hymn  
Goes up unceasingly to Thee.
- 2 Day unto day doth utter speech,  
And night to night Thy voice makes  
Through all the earth, where thou  
reach,  
*Is heard the glad and solemn tone*

GOD IN THE SOUL.

worlds, beyond the farthest star  
the light hath reached a human eye,  
the high anthem from afar,  
rolls along immensity.

---

L. M.

BULFINCH.

VOICE OF GOD IN THE SOUL.

Has not thy heart within thee burned  
evening's calm and holy hour,  
if its inmost depths discerned  
the presence of a loftier power?

Hasst thou not heard 'mid forest glades,  
while ancient rivers murmured by,  
a voice from forth the eternal shades,  
that spake a present Deity?

Hasst thou, upon the sacred page,  
thy eye in rapt attention turned  
to records of a holier age,  
has not thy heart within thee burned?

Was the voice of God that spake  
silence to thy silent heart;  
and bade each worthier thought awake,  
and every dream of earth depart.

Be the voice of our God, O, yet be near!  
Low, sweet accents, whisper peace;  
Direct us on our pathway here,  
And bid in heaven our wanderings cease!

GOD.

91.

C. M.

JONES VERF.

THE LIGHT FROM WITHIN.

- 1 I SAW on earth another light  
Than that which lit my eye  
Come forth, as from my soul within,  
And from a higher sky.
- 2 Its beams still shone unclouded on,  
When in the distant west  
The sun I once had known had sunk  
Forever to his rest.
- 3 And on I walked, though dark the night,  
Nor rose his orb by day;  
As one to whom a surer guide  
Was pointing out the way.
- 4 'Twas brighter far than noonday's beam,  
It shone from God within;  
And lit, as by a lamp from heaven,  
The world's dark track of sin.

---

92.

7s. M.

ANONYM

SILENT WORSHIP.

- 1 WOULDST thou in thy lonely hour  
Praises to the Eternal pour?  
I will teach thy soul to be  
Temple, hymn, and harmony.
- 2 Sweeter songs than poets sing  
Thou shalt for thine offering bring  
Softly murmured hymns, that dw  
In devotion's deepest cell.

## COMMUNION WITH GOD.

- 3 Know that music's holiest strain  
Loves to linger, loves to reign,  
In that calm of quiet thought  
Which the passions trouble not.
  - 4 Wouldst thou in thy lonely hour  
Praises to the Eternal pour?  
Thus thy soul may learn to be  
Temple, hymn, and harmony.
- 

7 & 6s. M.

METHODIST.

### QUIET WORSHIP.

- 1 OPEN, Lord, mine inward ear,  
And bid my heart rejoice;  
Bid my quiet spirit hear  
The comfort of Thy voice;  
Never in the whirlwind found,  
Or where earthquakes rock the place,  
Still and silent is the sound,  
The whisper of Thy grace.
- 2 From the world of sin, and noise,  
And hurry, I withdraw;  
For the small and inward voice  
I wait with humble awe;  
Silent am I now and still,  
Will not in Thy presence move.  
To my waiting soul reveal  
The secret of Thy love!

GOD.

94.

C. M.

COWPER.

RETIREMENT.

- 1 FAR from the world, O Lord ! I flee,  
From strife and tumult far ;  
From scenes where sin is waging still  
Its most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,  
With prayer and praise agree ;  
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made,  
For those who follow Thee.
- 3 There, if Thy presence cheer the soul,  
And grace her mean abode,  
O, with what peace, and joy, and love,  
She communes with her God !
- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours  
Her solitary lays ;  
Nor asks a witness of her song,  
Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and Guardian of my life,  
Sweet source of light divine,  
And,—all harmonious names in one,—  
My Father ! Thou art mine !

95.

C. M.

H. M. WILLIAMS

HABITUAL DEVOTION.

- 1 WHILE Thee I seek, protecting Power !  
Be my vain wishes stilled ;  
And may this consecrated hour  
With better hopes be filled.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

Thy love the powers of thought bestowed;  
To Thee my thoughts would soar;  
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;  
That mercy I adore!

In each event of life, how clear  
Thy ruling hand I see!  
Each blessing to my soul more dear,  
Because conferred by Thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,  
In every pain I bear,  
My heart shall find delight in praise,  
Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favored hour,  
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;  
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,  
My soul shall meet Thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,  
The gathering storm shall see;  
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;  
That heart shall rest on Thee!

).

P. M.

MOORE

THE HEART'S PRAYER.

As, down in the sunless retreats of the ocean,  
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can  
see,  
So, deep in my soul, the still prayer of devotion,  
Unheard by the world, rises, silent, to Thee,  
My God! silent, to Thee,—  
Pure, warm, silent, to Thee.

GOD.

- 2 As still to the star of its worship, the  
clouded,  
The needle points faithfully o'er the  
sea,  
So, dark when I roam, in this wintry w  
shrouded,  
The hope of my spirit turns, trembling  
Thee,  
My God! trembling, to Thee, —  
True, sure, trembling, to Thee.
- 

97.

7 & 6s. M.

ANONYM

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.

- 1 Go when the morning shineth,  
Go when the noon is bright,  
Go when the eve declineth,  
Go in the hush of night;  
Go with pure mind and feeling,  
Put earthly thoughts away,  
And, in God's presence kneeling,  
Do thou in secret pray.
- 2 Remember all who love thee,  
All who are loved by thee;  
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,  
If any such there be;  
Then for thyself, in meekness,  
A blessing humbly claim,  
And blend with each petition  
Thy great Redeemer's name.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

- 3 Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee  
In solitude to pray,  
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee  
When friends are round thy way,  
E'en then, the silent breathing  
Thy spirit lifts above  
Will reach His throne of glory,  
Where dwells eternal love.
- 4 O, not a joy or blessing  
With this can we compare,—  
The grace our Father gives us  
To pour our souls in prayer :  
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,  
On Him who saveth, call !  
Remember, in thy gladness,  
His love who gave thee all.
- 

3.

7s. M.

MRS. HEMANS.

ALL MUST PRAY.

- 1 CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,  
While the red light fades away ;  
Mother, with thine earnest eye,  
Ever following silently ;
- 2 Father, by the breeze of eve  
Called thy daily toil to leave ;  
Pray ! ere yet the dark hours be,  
Lift the heart, and bend the knee !
- 3 Traveller in the stranger's land,  
Far from thine own household band ;  
*Mourner, haunted by the tone  
Of a voice from this world gone ;*

GOD.

- 4 Captive, in whose narrow cell  
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;  
Sailor, on the darkening sea,  
Lift the heart, and bend the knee!
  - 5 Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,  
Kindred by one holy tie,  
Heaven's first star alike ye see;  
Lift the heart, and bend the knee!
- 

99.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY

WHAT IS PRAYER?

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
Unuttered or expressed,  
The motion of a hidden fire,  
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear,  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try;  
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air,  
His watchword at the gates of death.  
He enters heaven with prayer.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice  
Returning from his ways;  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"
  - 6 In prayer, on earth, the saints are one;  
They're one in word and mind;  
When with the Father and the Son  
Sweet fellowship they find.
  - 7 O Thou by whom we come to God,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way,  
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;  
Lord, teach us how to pray!
- 

100.

L. M.

HART.

PRAYER THE LIFE OF THE SOUL.

- 1 PRAYER is to God the soul's sure way;  
So flows the grace he waits to give;  
Long as they live should Christians pray;  
They learn to pray when first they live.
- 2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,  
If cares distract, or fears dismay,  
If guilt deject, if sin distress,  
In every need, still watch and pray.
- 3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,  
Though poor and broken be its word;  
Pray if thou canst, or canst not, speak;  
*The breathings of the soul are heard.*

GOD.

- 4 Depend on Him ; thou shalt prevail ;  
Make all thy wants and wishes known ;  
Fear not, His mercy will not fail ;  
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

---

101.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

SILENT PRAYER.

- 1 SWEET is the prayer whose holy stream  
In earnest pleading flows ;  
Devotion dwells upon the theme,  
And warm and warmer glows.
- 2 Faith grasps the blessing she desires,  
Hope points the upward gaze ;  
And love, untrembling love, inspires  
The eloquence of praise.
- 3 But sweeter far the still, small voice,  
Heard by no human ear,  
When God hath made the heart rejoice,  
And dried the bitter tear.
- 4 Nor accents flow, nor words ascend ;  
All utterance faileth there ;  
But listening spirits comprehend,  
And God accepts the prayer.

### III. JESUS CHRIST.

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102.

7s. M.

BOWRING.

#### ADVENT.

- 1 **WATCHMAN!** tell us of the night,  
What its signs of promise are;  
**Traveller!** o'er yon mountain's height,  
See that glory-beaming star!  
**Watchman!** does its beauteous ray  
Aught of hope or joy foretell?  
**Traveller!** yes; it brings the day,  
Promised day of Israel!
- 2 **Watchman!** tell us of the night,  
Higher yet the star ascends;  
**Traveller!** blessedness and light,  
Peace and truth, its course portends.  
**Watchman!** will its beams alone  
Gild the spot that gave them birth?  
**Traveller!** ages are its own;  
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
- 3 **Watchman!** tell us of the night,  
For the morning seems to dawn;  
**Traveller!** darkness takes its flight;  
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.  
**Watchman!** let thy wanderings cease;  
Hie thee to thy quiet home;  
**Traveller!** *lo! the Prince of Peace,*  
*Lo! the Son of God, is come.*

JESUS CHRIST.

103.

11s. M.

DRUMMOND

“PREPARE YE THE WAY OF THE LORD!”

- 1 A VOICE from the desert comes awful and shrill  
The Lord is advancing; prepare ye the way  
The word of Jehovah he comes to fulfil,  
And o'er the dark world pour the splendor of  
day.
- 2 Bring down the proud mountain, though  
towering to heaven,  
And be the low valley exalted on high;  
The rough path and crooked be made smooth  
and even,  
For, Zion! your King, your Redeemer, is nigh
- 3 The beams of salvation his progress illumine,  
The lone, dreary wilderness sings of her God  
The rose and the myrtle there suddenly bloom  
And the olive of peace spreads its branches  
abroad.

---

104.

8 & 7s. M.

GASKELL

THE DAYSPRING FROM ON HIGH.

- 1 DARKNESS o'er the world was brooding  
Sadder than Egyptian gloom;  
Souls by myriads lay in slumber  
Deep as of the sealed tomb.
- 2 Earth had lost the links which bound it  
To the throne of light above;  
Yet an eye was watching o'er it,  
And that eye was full of love.

ADVENT.

- 3 Like a glorious beam of morning,  
Straight a ray pierced through the cloud,  
Spirits mightily awakening  
From their dark and heavy shroud.
- 4 Still that ray shines on and brightens,  
Chasing mist and gloom away;  
Happy they on whom it gathers  
With its full and perfect day!
- 

105.

C. M.

PATRICK.

THE NATIVITY.

- 1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by  
night,  
All seated on the ground,  
The angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around.
- 2 "Fear not," said he, — for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled mind, —  
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind.
- 3 "To you, in David's town, this day  
Is born, of David's line,  
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;  
And this shall be the sign:
- 4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find  
To human view displayed,  
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,  
And in a manger laid."

JESUS CHRIST.

- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith  
    Appeared a shining throng  
Of angels, praising God, who thus  
    Address their joyful song :
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,  
    And to the earth be peace!  
Good-will henceforth, from heaven to men,  
    Begin and never cease!"

106.

C. M.

E. H. SEARS

THE BIRTH-SONG OF CHRIST.

- 1 CALM on the listening ear of night  
    Come heaven's melodious strains,  
Where wild Judea stretches far  
    Her silver-mantled plains!
- 2 Celestial choirs from courts above  
    Shed sacred glories there;  
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,  
    Make music on the air.
- 3 The answering hills of Palestine  
    Send back the glad reply;  
And greet, from all their holy heights,  
    The dayspring from on high.
- 4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee  
    There comes a holier calm,  
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,  
    Her silent groves of palm.
- 5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies  
    Loud with their anthems ring,  
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,  
    From heaven's Eternal King!"

HIS MISSION.

- 6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem !  
The Saviour now is born !  
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains  
Breaks the first Christmas morn.
- 

107.

P. M.

MRS. HEMANS.

HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS.

- 1 O LOVELY Voices of the sky,  
Which hymned the Saviour's birth,  
Are ye not singing still on high,  
Ye that sang, "Peace on earth"?  
To us yet speak the strains,  
Wherewith, in time gone by,  
Ye blessed the Syrian swains,—  
O Voices of the sky!
- 2 O clear and shining Light, whose beams,  
That hour, heaven's glory shed  
Around the palms, and o'er the streams,  
And on the shepherds' head!  
Be near, through life and death,  
As in that holiest night  
Of hope, and joy, and faith;  
O clear and shining Light!
- 3 O Star which led to Him whose love  
Brought down man's ransom free!  
Where art thou? — 'midst the host above  
May we still gaze on thee?  
In heaven thou art not set,  
Thy rays earth may not dim;  
*Send them to guide us yet,*  
*O Star which led to Him!*

JESUS CHRIST.

108.

11 & 10s. M.

HEBER.

EPIPHANY.

- 1 **BRIGHTEST** and best of the sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine  
aid!  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!
  - 2 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?  
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the  
mine?
  - 3 Vainly we offer each costly oblation;  
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
  - 4 **Brightest** and best of the sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine  
aid!  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
- 

109.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

MISSION OF CHRIST.

- 1 **HARK!** the glad sound! the Saviour comes,  
The Saviour promised long;  
Let every heart prepare a home,  
And every voice a song.

### HIS MISSION.

- 2 On him the Spirit, largely poured,  
Abides with holy fire;  
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,  
His sacred breast inspire.
- 3 He comes the prisoners to release,  
In wretched bondage held;  
The gates of brass before him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure,  
And, with the treasures of his grace,  
Enrich the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace!  
Thy welcome shall proclaim;  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With thy beloved name.

110.

C. M.

WATTS.

### CHRIST'S COMING.

- 1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come!  
Let earth receive her King;  
25 Let every heart prepare him room,  
And heaven and nature sing.
- 35 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns!  
Let men their songs employ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,  
Repeat the sounding joy.

JESUS CHRIST.

- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground ;  
He comes to make his blessings flow  
As far as sin is found.
  - 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of his righteousness,  
And wonders of his love.
- 

111.

7s. M.

C. WESLEY.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

- 1 Sons of men, behold from far,  
Hail the long-expected Star !  
Star of truth, that, 'mid the night,  
Guides bewildered man aright.
- 2 Mild it shines on all beneath,  
Piercing through the shades of death,  
Scattering error's wide-spread night,  
Kindling darkness into light.
- 3 Nations all, remote and near,  
Haste to see your Lord appear ;  
Haste, for him your hearts prepare,  
Meet him manifested there !
- 4 There behold the dayspring rise,  
Pouring light on mortal eyes ;  
See it chase the shades away,  
Shining to the perfect day.

HIS MISSION.

112.

S. M.

NEEDHAM.

THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

- 1 BEHOLD, the Prince of Peace,  
The chosen of the Lord,  
God's well beloved Son, fulfils  
The sure prophetic word !
- 2 No royal pomp adorns  
This King of Righteousness ;  
Meekness and patience, truth and love,  
Compose his princely dress.
- 3 The Spirit of the Lord,  
In rich abundance shed,  
On this great prophet gently lights,  
And rests upon his head.
- 4 Jesus, the light of men !  
His doctrine life imparts ;  
O, may we feel its quickening power  
To warm and glad our hearts !
- 5 Cheered by its beams, our souls  
Shall run the heavenly way ;  
The path which Christ has marked and trod  
Will lead to endless day.

113.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

TEMPTED AS WE ARE.

- 1 As oft, with worn and weary feet,  
We tread earth's rugged pathway o'er,  
The thought how comforting and sweet, —  
Christ trod this very path before ;  
Our *wants*, our *weaknesses*, he knows,  
*From life's first dawning to its close.*

JESUS CHRIST.

- 2 If we, beneath temptation's stress,  
Do fight against dark powers within,  
So, in Judea's wilderness,  
Christ wrestled with the thoughts of sin,  
When, in a weary, lonely hour,  
The tempter came with all his power.
- 3 So, tried as I, this earth he trod,  
Knew every human ill but sin,  
And though the holiest Son of God,  
As I am now so hath he been;  
Jesus, my Saviour! look on me;  
For help and strength I turn to thee!
- 

114.

7s. M.

BULFINCH

“THE WORKS WHICH I DO BEAR WITNESS OF ME.”

- 1 HOLY Son, of God most high!  
Clothed in heavenly majesty,  
Many a miracle and sign,  
In thy Father's name divine,  
Manifested forth thy might  
In the chosen people's sight.
- 2 But, O Saviour! not alone  
Thus thy glory was made known;  
With the mourner thou didst grieve,  
Every human want relieve;  
Far thy matchless power above  
Stands the witness of thy love.
- 3 Thou, who by the open grave,  
Ere thy voice was raised to save,  
Didst with those fond sisters shed  
Tears above the faithful dead;  
Even thy word of might appears  
Less resistless than thy tears.

HIS MIRACLES.

- 4 Lord! it is not ours to gaze  
On thy works of ancient days;  
But thy love, unchanged and bright,  
More than all those works of might,  
More than miracle or sign,  
Makes us ever, ever thine.
- 

15.

C. M.

MRS. HEMANS

CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.

FEAR was within the tossing bark,  
When stormy winds grew loud;  
And waves came rolling high and dark,  
And the tall mast was bowed.

But the wind ceased,—it ceased,—a word  
Passed through the gloomy sky;  
The troubled billows knew their Lord,  
And sank beneath his eye.

And slumber settled on the deep,  
And silence on the blast;  
They sank as flowers that fold to sleep  
When sultry day is past.

O Thou that in its wildest hour  
Didst rule the tempest's mood,  
Send now thy Spirit forth in power  
O'er our dark souls to brood!

Thou that didst bow the billows' pride,  
Thy mandate to fulfil,  
Speak, speak to passion's raging tide,  
Speak, and say, "Peace, be still!"

116.

C. M.

BULFINCH

THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

- 1 THE aged sufferer waited long  
Upon Bethesda's brink ;  
Till hopes, once rising warm and strong,  
Began in fears to sink ;  
And heavy were the sighs he drew,  
And fervent was his prayer,  
For he, with safety full in view,  
Still languished helpless there.
- 2 His hope grew dim ; but one was nigh  
Who saw the sufferer's grief ;  
That gentle voice, that pitying eye,  
Gave promise of relief.  
Each pang that human weakness knows  
Obeyed that powerful word ;  
He spake, and lo ! the sick arose,  
Rejoicing in his Lord.
- 3 Father of Jesus, when oppressed  
With grief and pain we lie,  
And, longing for Thy heavenly rest,  
Despair to look on high,  
O, may the Saviour's words of peace  
Within the wounded heart  
Bid every doubt and suffering cease,  
And strength and joy impart !

HIS MIRACLES.

117.

C. M.

BULFINCH.

CHRIST WALKING ON THE SEA.

- 1 LORD, in whose might the Saviour trod  
The dark and stormy wave,  
And trusted in his Father's arm,  
Omnipotent to save ;
- 2 When darkly round our footsteps rise  
The floods and storms of life,  
Send Thou Thy Spirit down to still  
The dark and fearful strife.
- 3 Strong in our trust, on Thee reposed,  
The ocean-path we'll dare,  
Though waves around us rage and foam,  
Since Thou art present there.

118.

P. M.

BOWRING.

" HE WAS THERE ALONE."

- 1 HE was there alone, when even  
Had round earth its mantle thrown,  
Holding intercourse with heaven :  
He was there alone.
- 2 There his inmost heart's emotion  
Made he to his Father known ;  
In the spirit of devotion  
Musing there alone.
- 3 So let us, from earth retiring,  
Seek our God and Father's throne ;  
*And, to other scenes aspiring,  
Train our hearts, alone.*

JESUS CHRIST.

119.

L. M.

BOWE

JESUS TEACHING THE PEOPLE.

- 1 How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound  
From lips of gentleness and grace,  
When listening thousands gathered round  
And joy and reverence filled the place.
  - 2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spok  
To heaven he led his followers' way ;  
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,  
Unveiling an immortal day.
  - 3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home  
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest !"  
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,  
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.
  - 4 Decay, then, tenements of dust !  
Pillars of earthly pride, decay !  
A nobler mansion waits the just,  
And Jesus has prepared the way.
- 

120.

7s. M.

AND

THE MIND WHICH WAS IN CHRIST JESUS

- 1 EVER patient, loving, meek,  
Holy Saviour, was thy mind ;  
Vainly in myself I seek  
Likeness to my Lord to find ;  
Yet the mind that was in thee  
May be, must be, formed in me.

HIS SPIRIT.

- 2 Since such griefs were thine to bear,  
For each sufferer thou couldst feel,  
Every mourner's burden share,  
Every wounded spirit heal.  
Saviour, let thy grace in me  
Form that mind which was in thee.
- 3 When my pain is most intense,  
Let thy cross my lesson prove;  
Let me hear thee even thence;  
Breathing words of peace and love;  
Thus thy grace shall form in me  
The same mind which was in thee.
- 

121.

7s. M.

BARBAULD.

CHRIST'S INVITATIONS.

- 1 COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,  
Come and make my paths your choice;  
I will guide you to your home;  
Weary pilgrim! hither come.
- 2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,  
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,  
Long hast roamed the barren waste,  
Weary pilgrim! hither haste.
- 3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,  
Seek for ease, and seek in vain;  
Ye whose swoln and sleepless eyes  
Watch to see the morning rise;
- 4 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,  
In remorse for *guilt* who mourn,  
*Here repose your heavy care;*  
*Who the stings of sin can bear?*

JESUS CHRIST.

- 5 Sufferer ! come, for here is found  
Balm that flows for every wound ;  
Peace that ever shall endure,  
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.
- 

122.

C. M.

GARR

SPIRIT OF JESUS.

- 1 O, not to crush with abject fear  
The burdened soul of man  
Did Jesus on the earth appear,  
And open heaven's high plan :  
He came to bid him find repose,  
And God his Father know ;  
And thus with love to raise up those  
That once were bowed low.
- 2 O, not in coldness nor in pride  
His holy path he trod ;  
'Twas his delight to turn aside  
And win the lost to God ;  
And unto sorrowing guilt disclose  
The fount whence peace should flow  
And thus with love to raise up those  
That once were bowed low.
- 3 O, not with cold, unfeeling eye  
Did he the suffering view ;  
Not on the other side pass by,  
And deem their tears untrue ;  
'Twas joy to him to heal their woes,  
And heaven's sweet refuge show ;  
And thus with love to raise up those  
That once were bowed low.

HIS SPIRIT.

123.

L. M.

BACHE.

“BEHOLD HOW HE LOVED HIM.”

- 1 “SEE how he loved !” exclaimed the Jews,  
When Jesus o’er his Lazarus wept ;  
My grateful heart the words shall use,  
While on his life my eye is kept.
- 2 See how he loved, who travelled on,  
Teaching the doctrine from the skies ;  
Who bade disease and pain be gone,  
And called the sleeping dead to rise.
- 3 See how he loved, who, firm yet mild,  
With patience bore the scoffing tongue ;  
Though oft provoked, yet ne’er reviled,  
Nor did his greatest foe a wrong.
- 4 See how he loved, who never shrank  
From toil or danger, pain or death ;  
Who all the cup of sorrow drank,  
And meekly yielded up his breath.

---

124.

L. M.

A. C. COXE

DIVINE BEAUTY OF CHRIST’S CHARACTER.

- 1 How beauteous were the marks divine,  
That in thy meekness used to shine,  
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod  
In wondrous love, O Son of God !
- 2 O, who like thee,—so calm, so bright,  
So pure, so made to live in light ?  
*O, who like thee did ever go  
So patient through a world of woe ?*

**JESUS CHRIST.**

- 3 O, who like thee so humbly bore  
The scorn, the scoffs, of men before ?  
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,  
So glorious in humility ?
- 4 The bending angels stooped to see  
The lisping infant clasp thy knee,  
And smile, as in a father's eye,  
Upon thy mild divinity.
- 5 And death, which sets the prisoner free,  
Was pang and scoff and scorn to thee ;  
Yet love through all thy torture glowed,  
And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.
- 6 O, in thy light be mine to go,  
Illuming all my way of woe ;  
And give me ever on the road  
To trace thy footsteps, Son of God !

**125.**

**L. M.**

**BRETTELL.**

**THE LIFE OF JESUS.**

- 1 He lived as none but he has lived,  
That wisest Teacher from above ;  
He died as none but he has died, —  
His every act an act of love.
- 2 His fervent piety was breathed  
To the lone waste, the desert hill ;  
And in the haunts of men he sought  
To do his Heavenly Father's will.
- 3 He preached the gospel to the poor,  
Beside the couch of anguish stood,  
Consoled the sufferer, healed the sick,  
And went about still doing good.

HIS SPIRIT.

- 4 With sinners he conversed, and gave  
Peace to the weary, troubled mind ;  
Yet free from stain till life's last hour,  
In him his foes no fault could find.
- 5 Born 'midst the humblest sons of earth,  
All earth's temptations he withstood ;  
And yet all human praise renounced,  
Declaring God alone is good.
- 

26.

P. M.

ANONYMOUS.

HE HAD NOT WHERE TO LAY HIS HEAD.

1 BIRDS have their quiet nest,  
BEEES their holes, and man his peaceful bed ;  
All creatures have their rest,  
But Jesus had not where to lay his head.

2 And yet he came to give  
The weary and the heavy-laden rest :  
To bid the sinner live,  
And soothe our griefs to slumber on his breast.

3 Let the birds seek their nest,  
BEEES their holes, and man his peaceful bed ;  
Come, Saviour, in my breast  
Come and repose thine oft rejected head !

4 Come ! give me rest, and take  
The only rest on earth thou lov'st, within  
A heart that for thy sake  
Will purify *itself from every sin.*

JESUS CHRIST.

127.

L. M.

RUSSELL.

THROUGH HIS POVERTY MADE RICH.

- 1 ON the dark wave of Galilee  
The gloom of twilight gathers fast ;  
And o'er the waters heavily  
Sweeps cold and drear the evening blast.
- 2 Still near the lake, with weary tread,  
Lingers a form of human kind ;  
And on his lone, unsheltered head,  
Flows the chill night-damp of the wind.
- 3 Why seeks he not a home of rest ?  
Why seeks he not the pillowed bed ?  
Beasts have their dens, the bird his nest ;—  
He hath not where to lay his head.
- 4 Such was the lot he freely chose,  
To bless, to save, the human race ;  
And through his poverty there flows  
A rich, full stream of heavenly grace.

128.

L. M.

\* GASKELL.

CHRIST THE SUFFERER.

- 1 DARK were the paths our Master trod,  
Yet never failed his trust in God ;  
Cruel and fierce the wrongs he bore,  
Yet he but felt for man the more.
- 2 Unto the cross in faith he went,  
His Father's willing instrument ;  
Upon the cross his prayer arose  
In pity for his ruthless foes.

HIS SUFFERINGS.

O, may we all his kindred be,  
By holy love and sympathy;  
Still loving man through every ill,  
And trusting in our Father's will!

---

29.

L. M.

BULFINCH

CHRIST THE SUFFERER.

O SUFFERING Friend of human kind !  
How, as the fatal hour drew near,  
Came thronging on thy holy mind  
The images of grief and fear.

Gethsemane's sad midnight scene,  
The faithless friends, the exulting foes,  
The thorny crown, the insult keen,  
The scourge, the cross, before thee rose.

Did not thy spirit shrink dismayed,  
As the dark vision o'er it came ;  
And though in sinless strength arrayed,  
Turn, shuddering, from the death of shame ?

Onward, like thee, through scorn and dread,  
May we our Father's call obey,  
Steadfast thy path of duty tread,  
And rise, through death, to endless day.

---

30.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

"THY WILL, NOT MINE, BE DONE."

"FATHER divine !" the Saviour cried,  
While horrors pressed on every side,  
And prostrate on the ground he lay,  
*"Remove this bitter cup away.*

JESUS CHRIST.

- 2 "But if these pangs must still be borne,  
Or helpless man be left forlorn,  
I bow my soul before thy throne,  
And say,—Thy will, not mine, be done!"
- 3 Thus our submissive souls would bow,  
And, taught by Jesus, lie as low;  
Our hearts, and not our lips alone,  
Would say,—Thy will, not ours, be done!

131.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

"LET THIS CUP PASS FROM ME."

- 1 A VOICE upon the midnight air,  
Where Kedron's moonlit waters stray,  
Weeps forth in agony of prayer,  
"O Father, take this cup away!"
- 2 Ah, thou who sorrow'st unto death,  
We conquer in thy mortal fray;  
And earth for all her children saith,  
"O God, take not this cup away!"
- 3 O Lord of sorrow, meekly die;  
Thou'lt heal or hallow all our woe;  
Thy peace shall still the mourner's sigh;  
Thy strength shall raise the faint and low.
- 4 Great chief of faithful souls, arise;  
None else can lead the martyr band,  
Who teach the soul how peril flies,  
When faith, unarmed, uplifts the hand.
- 5 O King of earth, the cross ascend;  
O'er climes and ages 't is thy throne;  
Where'er thy fading eye may bend,  
The desert blooms and is thine own.

HIS SUFFERINGS.

- 6 Thy parting blessing, Lord, we pray ;  
Make but one fold below, above ;  
And when we go the last, lone way,  
O, give the welcome of thy love.
- 

132.

C. H. M.

MRS. HEMANS.

THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

- 1 He knelt ; the Saviour knelt and prayed,  
When but his Father's eye  
Looked, through the lonely garden's shade,  
On that dread agony ;  
He poured in prayer his suppliant breath,  
Bowed down with sorrow unto death.
- 2 The sun went down in fearful hour ;  
The heavens might well grow dim,  
When this mortality had power  
Thus to o'ershadow him ;  
That he who came to save might know  
The very depths of human woe.
- 3 He knew them all,—the doubt, the strife,  
The faint, perplexing dread ;  
The mists that hang o'er parting life  
All darkened round his head ;  
And the Deliverer knelt to pray ;  
Yet passed it not, that cup, away.
- 4 It passed not, though the stormy wave  
Had sunk beneath his tread ;  
It passed not, though to him the grave  
Had yielded up its dead ;  
But there *was sent him, from on high,*  
*A gift of strength, for man to die.*

JESUS CHRIST.

5 And was his mortal hour beset  
With anguish and dismay?  
How may we meet our conflict yet  
In the dark, narrow way?  
How, but through him that path who trod?  
Save, or we perish, Son of God!

---

133.

6 & 10s. M.

BULFINCH.

BEARING THE CROSS.

1 BURDEN of shame and woe!  
How does the heart o'erflow  
At thought of him the bitter cross who bore!  
But we have each our own,  
To others oft unknown,  
Which we must bear till life shall be no more.

2 And shall we fear to tread  
The path where Jesus led,  
The pure and holy one, for man who died?  
Or shall we shrink from shame,  
Endured for Jesus' name,  
Our glorious Lord, once spurned and crucified?

3 Then, 'mid the woes that wait  
On this our mortal state,  
Patience shall cheer affliction, toil, and loss,  
And though the tempter's art  
Assail the struggling heart,  
Still, Saviour! in thy name we bear the cross.

HIS CRUCIFIXION.

134.

7s. M.

BULFINCH

THE CRUCIFIXION.

- 1 In the Saviour's hour of death,  
Bound upon the cross of fear,  
While his quick and struggling breath  
Spoke the fatal moment near,  
While his proud, triumphant foes  
Mocked the sufferings that he bore,  
Then his loving spirit rose  
More sublime than e'er before.
- 2 He has taught us to forgive,  
By his words in days gone by;  
He has taught us how to live;  
Can he teach us how to die?  
Listen! as the cross they raise,  
One brief prayer ascends to heaven;  
For his murderers he prays,—  
Father, may they be forgiven!

---

135.

P. M.

W. J. Fox.

STABAT MATER.

- 1 Jews were wrought to cruel madness,  
Christians fled in fear and sadness,  
Mary stood the cross beside.
- 2 At its foot her foot she planted,  
By the dreadful scene undaunted,  
Till the gentle sufferer died.
- 3 Poets oft have sung her story;  
*Painters decked her brow with glory;*  
*Priests her name have deified;*

**JESUS CHRIST.**

- 4 But no worship, song, or glory,  
Touches like that simple story,—  
“ Mary stood the cross beside.”
- 5 And when under fierce oppression  
Goodness suffers like transgression,  
Christ again is crucified.
- 6 But if love be there, true-hearted,  
By no grief or terror parted,  
Mary stands the cross beside.
- 

**136.**

**7s. M.**

**BUL**

**“ IT IS FINISHED.”**

- 1 It is finished ! glorious word  
From thy lips, our suffering Lord !  
Words of high, triumphant might,  
Ere thy spirit takes its flight.  
It is finished ! all is o'er ;  
Pain and scorn oppress no more.
- 2 Now, no more foreboding dread  
Shades the path thy feet must tread ;  
No more fear, lest in thine hour  
Pain should patience overpower ;  
On the perfect sacrifice  
Not a stain of weakness lies.
- 3 Champion ! lay thine armor by ;  
’Tis thine hour of victory !  
All thy toils are now o’erpast ;  
Thou hast found thy rest at last ;  
*All hath faithfully been done,*  
*And the world’s salvation won.*

HIS RESURRECTION.

37.

P. M.

H. WARE.

EASTER HYMN.

LIFT your glad voices in triumph on high,  
For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die.  
Sin were the terrors that gathered around him,  
And short the dominion of death and the grave;  
He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound  
him,  
Resplendent in glory, to live and to save.  
Loud was the chorus of angels on high,—  
“The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not  
die.”

Glory to God, in full anthems of joy;  
The being he gave us death cannot destroy.  
And were the life we must part with to-morrow,  
Tears were our birthright, and death were our  
end;  
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sor-  
row,  
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.  
Lift, then, your voices in triumph on high,  
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

---

38.

6 & 4s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

“LET THERE BE LIGHT.”

1 On earth was darkness spread,  
One boundless night;  
“*Let there be light,*” God said,—  
*And there was light!*

JESUS CHRIST.

- 2 There hung a deeper gloom  
O'er quick and dead,  
But Jesus burst the tomb,  
And darkness fled.
- 3 God by His word arrayed  
Darkness with light;  
God by His Son displayed  
Day without night.
- 4 For thee, O man, arose  
Creation's ray;  
For thee, too, brighter glows  
Salvation's day.
- 5 The beams first poured on earth  
For mortals shone;  
The light of later birth  
Immortals own.

#### IV. REMEMBRANCE OF CHRIST.

---

19.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

"IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME."

- 1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,  
In meek humility,  
This will I do, my dying Lord,  
I will remember thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,  
My bread from heaven shall be;  
Thy testamental cup I take,  
And thus remember thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget?  
Or there thy conflict see,  
Thine agony and bloody sweat,  
And not remember thee?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,  
And rest on Calvary,  
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!  
I must remember thee;—
- 5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,  
And all thy love to me;  
*Yea, while a breath, a pulse, remains,*  
*Will I remember thee.*

REMEMBRANCE OF CHRIST.

140.

P. M.

WHITTIER.

WATCHING WITH JESUS.

- 1 O THOU, who in the garden's shade  
Didst wake thy weary ones again,  
Who slumbered at that fearful hour,  
Forgetful of thy pain, —
  - 2 Bend o'er us now, as over them,  
And set our sleep-bound spirits free,  
Nor leave us slumbering in the watch  
Our souls should keep with thee!
- 

141.

P. M.

F. H. HEDGE.

STRENGTH FROM THE CROSS.

- 1 "It is finished!" Man of sorrows!  
From thy cross our frailty borrows  
Strength to bear and conquer thus.
- 2 While extended there we view thee,  
Mighty Sufferer! draw us to thee;  
Sufferer victorious!
- 3 Not in vain for us uplifted,  
Man of sorrows, wonder-gifted!  
May that sacred emblem be;
- 4 Lifted high amid the ages,  
Guide of heroes, saints, and sages,  
May it guide us still to thee!
- 5 Still to thee! whose love unbounded  
Sorrow's depths for us has sounded,  
Perfected by conflicts sore.

REMEMBRANCE OF CHRIST.

Honored be thy cross forever;  
Star, that points our high endeavor  
Whither thou hast gone before!

---

6 & 10s. M.

\* MRS. MILES.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

1 It was no path of flowers,  
Which, through this world of ours,  
ved of the Father, thou didst tread;  
And shall we in dismay  
Shrink from the narrow way,  
n clouds and darkness are around it spread?

2 O thou, who art our life,  
Be with us through the strife;  
holy head by earth's fierce storms was  
bowed;  
Raise thou our eyes above,  
To see a Father's love  
n, like a bow of promise, through the cloud.

3 And, O, if thoughts of gloom  
Should hover o'er the tomb,  
t light of love our guiding star shall be;  
Our spirits shall not dread  
The shadowy way to tread,  
nd, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to  
thee.

REMEMBRANCE OF CHRIST.

3.

7s. M.

MONTGOMERY.

MADE PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

- 1 Go to dark Gethsemane,  
Ye that feel temptation's power,  
Your Redeemer's conflict see,  
Watch with him one bitter hour;  
Turn not from his griefs away,  
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray!
- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall,  
View the Lord of life arraigned;  
O the wormwood and the gall!  
O the griefs his soul sustained!  
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;  
Learn of him to bear the cross!
- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;  
There, admiring at his feet,  
Mark that miracle of time,  
Love's own sacrifice complete;  
"It is finished," hear him cry;  
Learn of Jesus Christ to die!

---

144.

7s. M.

ANONYM

STRENGTH THROUGH CHRIST'S SUFFERINGS.

- 1 WHEN my love to Christ grows wea'  
When for deeper faith I seek,  
Then in thought I go to thee,  
Garden of Gethsemane!
- 2 There I walk amid the shades,  
While the lingering twilight fades  
See that suffering, friendless One  
Weeping, praying there alone.

REMEMBRANCE OF CHRIST.

- 3 When my love for Christ grows weak,  
When for stronger faith I seek,  
Hill of Calvary ! I go  
To thy scenes of fear and woe ; —
- 4 There behold his agony,  
Suffered on the bitter tree ;  
See his anguish, see his faith ;  
Love triumphant still in death.
- 5 Then to life I turn again,  
Learning all the worth of pain,  
Learning all the might that lies  
In a full self-sacrifice.
- 

45.

8 & 7s. M.

BOWRING.

GLORYING IN THE CROSS.

- 1 In the cross of Christ we glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake us,  
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy ;  
Never shall the cross forsake us,  
Lo ! it glows with peace and joy !

When the sun of bliss is beaming  
Light and love upon our way ;  
From the cross the radiance streaming  
Adds more lustre to the day.

One and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
By the cross are sanctified ;  
None is there that knows no measure,  
None that through all time abide.

REMEMBRANCE OF CHRIST.

- 5 In the cross of Christ we glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.

146.

L. M.

EMILY TAYLOR.

LOOKING TO JESUS

- 1 If love, the noblest, purest, best,  
If truth, all other truth above,  
May claim return from every breast,  
O, surely Jesus claims our love!
- 2 There's not a hope with comfort fraught,  
Triumphant over death and time,  
But Jesus mingles in that thought,  
Forerunner of our course sublime.
- 3 His image meets us in the hour  
Of joy, and brightens every smile;  
We see him, when the tempests lower,  
Each terror soothe, each grief beguile.
- 4 We see him in the daily round  
Of social duty, mild and meek;  
With him we tread the hallowed ground  
Communion with our God to seek.
- 5 We see his pitying, gentle eye,  
When lonely want appeals for aid;  
We hear him in the frequent sigh,  
That mourns the waste that sin has made.
- 6 We meet him at the lowly tomb,  
And weep where Jesus wept before;  
And there, above the grave's dark gloom  
We see him rise, — and weep no more.

REMEMBRANCE OF CHRIST.

47.

L. M.

THE DIVINE EXAMPLE.

- 1 My dear Redeemer, and my Lord,  
I read my duty in thy word ;  
But in thy life the law appears  
Drawn out in living characters.
  - 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,  
Such deference to thy Father's will,  
Such love, and meekness so divine,  
I would transcribe, and make them mine.
  - 3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,  
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;  
'The desert thy temptations knew,  
'Thy conflict, and thy victory too.
  - 4 Be thou my pattern ; may I bear  
More of thy gracious image here ;  
And, by the paths which thou hast trod,  
Press on to holiness and God.
- 

48.

7s. M.

GASKELL.

CHRIST WHO STRENGTHENETH ME.

- 1 WHEN arise the thoughts of sin,  
When the world our hearts would win,  
When, to selfish pleasure given,  
Droops the love that blooms for heaven ;  
Lord we would remember thee, —  
*Thou wilt our Redeemer be.*

REMEMBRANCE OF CHRIST.

- 2 When, with footsteps faint and slow,  
Duty's upward path we go;  
When, by toils and hardship pressed,  
Round we turn to look for rest;  
Lord, we would remember thee,  
Thou our Guide and Strength wilt be.
- 3 When the way grows dark and drear,  
When, beset by doubt and fear,  
We can see no beam of light  
Struggling through the thickening night;  
Lord, we would remember thee,  
Thou our Comforter wilt be.

149.

C. M.

GASKELL.

FOLLOWING AFTER JESUS.

- 1 IN vain we thus recall to mind  
The cross our Master bore,  
Unless a holier strength we find,  
And love his spirit more.
- 2 May we, like him, though thanked with ill,  
Insulted, and withstood,  
In hope and patience labor still  
To do our brethren good.
- 3 Like him may we, unmurmuring, go  
Our heaven-appointed way,  
And learn, 'midst gathering storms of woe,  
"God's will be done!" to say.

REMEMBRANCE OF CHRIST.

10.

11s. M.

WHITTIER.

CHRIST PRESENT IN THE SPIRIT.

O, WHAT though our feet may not tread where  
Christ trod,  
Nor our ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,  
Nor our eyes see the cross that he bowed him  
to bear,  
Nor our knees press Gethsemane's garden of  
prayer !

Yet, Loved of the Father ! thy spirit is near  
To the meek and the lowly and penitent here ;  
And the voice of thy love is the same, even  
now,  
As at Bethany's tomb, or on Olivet's brow.

O, the Outward has gone, but in glory and  
power  
The Spirit surviveth the things of an hour ;  
Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost flame  
On the heart's secret altar is burning, the same.

---

11.

C. M.

EMILY TAYLOR.

"I PRAY NOT FOR THESE ALONE."

- 1 "O, NOT for these alone I pray,"  
The dying Saviour said ;  
Though on his breast that moment lay  
The loved disciple's head ;
- 2 Though to his eye that moment sprung  
The kind, the pitying tear  
For *those that eager round him hung,*  
*His words of love to hear.*

REMEMBRANCE OF CHRIST.

- 3 No, not for them alone he prayed,—  
For all of mortal race,  
Whene'er their fervent prayer is made,  
Where'er their dwelling-place.
- 4 Sweet is the thought, when here we meet  
His feast of love to share;  
And, 'mid the toils of life, how sweet  
The memory of his prayer!

152.

L. M.

GASKE

BEARING WITH US THE DYING OF JESUS.

- 1 Not in this simple rite alone  
May Calvary's cross to us be shown;  
But may we turn, in many an hour,  
To feel its soul-constraining power.
- 2 When indolence would have its will,  
And selfish ease would keep us still,  
Then to the Saviour may we look,  
And meet his eye's serene rebuke.
- 3 When men have done us cruel wrong,  
And angry thoughts are rising strong,  
May we with softened hearts turn there,  
And learn the Lord's forgiving prayer.
- 4 When sin looks tempting in our eyes,  
May Jesus on the cross arise,  
And ask if we will him forsake,  
And wear the chains he died to break.
- 5 When pain, or sickness, or distress,  
Our fainting souls would overpress,  
To him on Calvary looking still,  
May we find strength to bear God's will

THE COMMUNION.

53.

7s. M.

PRATT'S COLL

BREAD OF HEAVEN.

- 1 BREAD of heaven, on thee we feed,  
For thy flesh is meat indeed ;  
Ever let our souls be fed  
With this true and living bread.
  - 2 Vine of heaven, thy blood suppli's  
This blest cup of sacrifice ;  
Lord, thy wounds our healing give;  
To thy cross we look and live.
  - 3 Day by day with strength supplied,  
Through the life of him who died,  
Lord of life, O, let us be  
Rooted, grafted, built on thee !
- 

54.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

THE PRESENCE OF JESUS.

- 1 WHEN, blest Redeemer, thou art near,  
The soul enjoys a sacred peace ;  
Thy presence calms our every fear,  
And gives from every doubt release.
- 2 Be with us now, in truth and love,  
In strength that conquers every sin ;  
O, cleanse, and bless, and lift above,  
And may thy cross our hearts still win.
- 3 In suffering may we strength receive  
From memory of thy victory won ;  
*In doubt our drooping hopes revive ; —  
Thus be thy presence with us shown !*

REMEMBRANCE OF CHRIST.

- 4 Be ever near our spirits, Lord ;  
And, drawn by sympathy, may we  
Still, through thy cross, thy life, thy word,  
In faith and love come near to thee !

---

155.

S. M.

C. WESLEY

PRESENCE OF JESUS.

- 1 Not in the name of pride  
Or selfishness we 're met ;  
From worldly paths we turn aside,  
And worldly thoughts forget.
- 2 Jesus, we look to thee,  
Thy promised presence claim !  
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,  
Assembled in thy name.
- 3 Present we know thou art ;  
But, O, thyself reveal !  
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart  
Thy peace and gladness feel !
- 4 O, may thy quickening voice  
The death of sin remove ;  
And bid our inmost souls rejoice  
In hope of perfect love !

---

156.

10s. M.

T. PARKER

CHRIST THE WAY, THE TRUTH AND THE LIFE.

- 1 O THOU great Friend to all the sons of men,  
Who once appeared in humblest guise below  
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,  
And call thy brethren forth from want and  
woe ;

THE COMMUNION.

We look to thee ! thy truth is still the Light,  
Which guides the nations, groping on their  
way,  
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,  
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

Yes ! thou art still the Life ; thou art the  
Way  
The holiest know ; — Light, Life, and Way  
of heaven !  
And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray,  
Toil by the light, life, way, which thou hast  
given.

---

57.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

ONE IN CHRIST.

- 1 A HOLY air is breathing round,  
A fragrance from above ;  
Be every soul from sense unbound,  
Be every spirit love.
- 2 O God, unite us heart to heart,  
In sympathy divine,  
That we be never drawn apart,  
And love not Thee nor Thine ;
- 3 But, by the cross of Jesus taught,  
And all Thy gracious word,  
Be nearer to each other brought,  
And nearer to the Lord.

10\*

REMEMBRANCE OF CHRIST.

158.

C. M.

EMILY TAYL

COMMUNION.

- 1 O, HERE, if ever, God of love!  
Let strife and hatred cease;  
And every thought harmonious move,  
And every heart be peace.
- 2 Not here, where met to think of him  
Whose latest thoughts were ours,  
Shall mortal passions come to dim  
The prayer devotion pours.
- 3 No, gracious Master, not in vain  
Thy life of love hath been;  
The peace thou gav'st may yet remain,  
Though thou no more art seen.
- 4 Thy kingdom come! we watch, we wa  
To hear thy cheering call;  
When heaven shall ope its glorious gate  
And God be all in all.

---

159.

8 & 7s. M.

ANONYMC

INVITATION.

- 1 "COME who will," the voice from heaven,  
Like a silver trumpet, calls;  
"Come who will," — the church hath giv  
Back the echo from its walls.
- 2 Come, to rivers ever flowing  
From the high, eternal throne;  
Come, where God, his gifts bestowing,  
In the church on earth is known.

THE COMMUNION.

- 3 Heavenly music ! he who listens,  
Longing for his spirit's home,  
While his eye with rapture glistens,  
Yearning says, — "I come, I come !"
- 

160. 11 & 10s. M. ANONYMOUS.

"COME UNTO ME."

- 1 COME unto me, when shadows darkly gather,  
When the sad heart is weary and distress,  
Seeking for comfort from your Heavenly  
Father,  
Come unto me, and I will give you rest !
- 2 Ye who have mourned when the spring-  
flowers were taken,  
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground,  
When the loved slept, in brighter homes to  
waken,  
Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths  
are crowned ;
- 3 Large are the mansions in thy Father's  
dwelling,  
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim ;  
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,  
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly  
hymn ;
- 4 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,  
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely  
pressed ;  
*Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,  
Come unto me, and I will give you rest !*

REMEMBRANCE OF CHRIST.

161.

8, 7, & 4s. M.

ANON

THE WEARY AND HEAVY-LADEN.

- 1 COME to Jesus, O my brothers,  
Come in this accepted hour;  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love, and power;  
He is able,  
He is willing, — doubt no more.
- 2 Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness he requireth  
Is to feel your need of him;  
This he gives you, —  
'T is the spirit's struggling beam.
- 3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden;  
Wait not, — 't is your Saviour's call  
If you tarry till you 're better,  
You will never come at all.  
Not the righteous,  
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

162.

P. M.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

- 1 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish  
Come, at the shrine of God fervently  
Here bring your wounded hearts, here  
your anguish;  
Earth has no sorrow that heaven can  
heal.

THE COMMUNION.

- 1 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,  
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,  
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name  
saying,  
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot  
cure.
- 2 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing  
Forth from the throne of God, living and  
pure;  
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing  
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot  
cure.
- 

163.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

PARTING HYMN.

- 1 THROUGH thee as we together came,  
In singleness of heart,  
And met, O Jesus! in thy name,  
So in thy name we part.
- 2 Nearer to thee our spirits lead,  
And still thy love bestow,  
Till thou hast made us free indeed,  
And spotless, here below.
- 3 When to the right or left we stray,  
Leave us not comfortless,  
But guide our feet into the way  
Of everlasting peace.

HYMNS OF COMMUNION.

164.

6 & 10s. M.

BRIGGS' COL

BENEDICTION.

1 THE peace which God bestows  
Through him who died and rose,  
The peace the Father giveth through the Son,  
Be known in every mind,  
The broken heart to bind,  
And bless each traveller as he journeys on.

2 Ye who have known to weep,  
Where your beloved sleep;  
Ye who have raised the deep, the bitter cry—  
God's blessing be as balm,  
The fevered heart to calm,  
And wondrous peace the troubled mind suppl

3 Ere daily strifes begin  
The war without, within,  
The God of love, with spirit and with power,  
Now on each bended head  
His deepest blessing shed,  
And keep us all through every troubled hour.

## V. CHRISTIANITY AND THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

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165.

C. M.

GASKELL.

### THE HERALDS OF THE CROSS.

- 1 FORTH went the heralds of the cross,  
No dangers made them pause;  
They counted all the world but loss,  
For their great Master's cause.
- 2 Through looks of fire, and words of scorn,  
Serene their path they trod;  
And to the dreary dungeon borne,  
Sang praises unto God.
- 3 Friends dropped the hand they clasped before,  
Love changed to cruel hate;  
And home to them was home no more;  
Yet mourned they not their fate.
- 4 In all his dark and dread array,  
Death rose upon their sight;  
But calmly still they kept their way,  
And shrank not from the fight.
- 5 They knew to whom their trust was given,  
They could not doubt His word;  
*Before them beamed the light of heaven,  
The presence of their Lord.*

CHRISTIANITY.

- 6 O, may a faith as true be ours,  
And shed as pure a light  
Of peace across the darkest hours,  
And make the last one bright!

166.

7s. M.

THE PREACHERS OF THE WORD.

- 1 THANKS to God for those who came  
In the Saviour's glorious name ;  
Who upon the green earth trod  
But to teach the truth of God.
- 2 For the great Apostles, first,  
Who from life's endearments burst,  
Going from the Cross, and then  
Leading to the Cross again :
- 3 For the next, who meekly poured  
Willing blood to serve the Lord ;  
Fearless bore the racks of pain,  
Felon's death, or captive's chain ;
- 4 And for all, from shore to shore,  
Who the blessed tidings bore ;  
All who wrought for liberty  
When 't was treason to be free.
- 5 Ye, who now, in better days,  
Live to spread your Maker's praise,  
Shedding, each man's home around,  
Light that consecrates the ground ;
- 6 Teachers of the word of light,  
Go forth in your Master's might !  
Speed your embassy where'er  
Life has grief, or death has fear !

THE GOSPEL.

67.

S. M.

ANCIENT HYMNS.

THANKS FOR ALL SAINTS.

- 1 For all Thy saints, O God,  
Who strove in Christ to live,  
Who followed him, obeyed, adored,  
Our grateful hymn receive.
- 2 For all Thy saints, O God,  
Accept our thankful cry,  
Who counted Christ their great reward,  
And yearned for him to die.
- 3 They all, in life and death,  
With him, their Lord, in view,  
Learned from Thy holy spirit's breath  
To suffer and to do.
- 4 For this Thy name we bless,  
And humbly pray that we  
May follow them in holiness,  
And live and die in Thee.

---

168.

S. M.

ANONYMOUS.

THE WORD OF GOD.

- 1 God of the prophets' power !  
God of the gospel's sound !  
Move glorious on, — send out Thy voice  
To all the nations round.
- 2 With hearts and lips unfeigned,  
We bless Thee for Thy word ;  
*We praise Thee for the joyful news  
Of our ascended Lord.*

CHRISTIANITY.

- 3 O, may we treasure well  
The counsels that we hear,  
Till righteousness and solemn joy  
In all our hearts appear.
- 4 Water the sacred seed,  
And give it large increase;  
May neither fowls, nor rocks, nor thorns,  
Prevent the fruits of peace.
- 5 And though we sow in tears,  
Our souls at last shall come,  
And gather in our sheaves with joy,  
At heaven's great harvest-home.

169.

H. M.

DODDRIDGE.

THE GOSPEL.

- 1 MARK the soft falling snow  
And the diffusive rain!  
To heaven, from whence it fell,  
It turns not back again;  
Till, watering earth  
Through every pore,  
It calls forth all  
Her secret store.
- 2 Arrayed in beauteous green,  
The hills and valleys shine,  
And man and beast are fed  
By providence divine:  
The harvest bows  
Its golden ears,  
The copious seed  
Of future years.

THE GOSPEL.

- 3 "So," saith the God of grace,  
"My gospel shall descend,  
Almighty to effect  
The purpose I intend;  
Millions of souls  
Shall feel its power,  
And bear it down  
To millions more."
- 

170.

S. M.

MOORE.

CHRISTIANITY.

- 1 BEHOLD the sun, how bright  
From yonder east he springs,  
As if the soul of life and light  
Were breathing from his wings.
- 2 So bright the gospel broke  
Upon the souls of men;  
So fresh the dreaming world awoke  
In truth's full radiance then.
- 3 Before yon sun arose,  
Stars clustered through the sky;  
But, O, how dim, how pale, were those,  
To his one burning eye!
- 4 So truth lent many a ray,  
To bless the Pagan's night;  
But, Lord, how faint, how cold, were they,  
To Thy *one glorious light!*

CHRISTIANITY AND

171.

L. M.

EMILY TAYLOR

THY KINGDOM COME!

- 1 "Thy kingdom come!" The heathen land  
In error sunk, Thy presence crave;  
And victims bound by tyrant hands  
Implore Thee, Father, come and save!
- 2 "Thy kingdom come!" Each troubled mind  
In doubt and darkness calls for Thee;  
For Thou hast eyes to give the blind,  
And strength to set the captive free.
- 3 Thy reign of peace and love begin!  
Too oft the Christian's sacred name  
Is stained by wrath and shamed by sin;  
O, come, assert the gospel's claim!
- 4 O, never in that righteous cause  
Our hearts be slow, our voices dumb;  
Upon the glorious theme we pause,  
And fervent pray, "Thy kingdom come!"

---

172.

C. M.

GARRETT

THY KINGDOM COME!

- 1 O God! the darkness roll away  
Which clouds the human soul,  
And let the bright, the perfect day,  
Speed onward to its goal.
- 2 Let every hateful passion die,  
Which makes of brethren foes;  
And war no longer raise its cry,  
To mar the world's repose.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

- 3 Let faith, and hope, and charity,  
Go forth through all the earth;  
And man, in heavenly bearing, be  
True to his heavenly birth.
- 4 Yea, let Thy glorious kingdom come  
Of holiness and love,  
And make this world a portal meet  
For Thy bright courts above.

73.

S. M.

\* H. MARTINEAU

THE COMING OF CHRIST IN POWER.

- 1 LORD Jesus, come! for here  
Our path through wilds is laid;  
We watch, as for the dayspring near,  
Amid the breaking shade.
- 2 Lord Jesus, come! for hosts  
Meet on the battle-plain;  
Our holiest hopes seem vainest boasts,  
And tears are shed like rain.
- 3 Lord Jesus, come! the slave  
Still bears his heavy chains;  
Their daily bread the hungry crave,  
While teem the fruitful plains.
- 4 Hark! herald voices near  
Lead on thy happier day;  
Come, Lord, and our hosannas hear!  
We wait to strew thy way.
- 5 Come, as in days of old,  
With words of grace and power;  
*Gather us all within thy fold,*  
*And let us stray no more!*

CHRISTIANITY AND

174.

6 & 4s. M.

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

- 1 'THOU, whose almighty word  
Chaos and darkness heard,  
And took their flight!  
Hear us, we humbly pray,  
And where the gospel day  
Sheds not its glorious ray,  
Let there be light!
- 2 Thou, who didst come to bring  
On Thy redeeming wing,  
Healing and sight!  
Health to the sick in mind,  
Light to the inly blind,  
O, now to all mankind  
Let there be light!
- 3 Descend Thou from above,  
Spirit of truth and love,  
Speed on Thy flight!  
Move o'er the waters' face,  
Spirit of hope and grace,  
And in earth's darkest place  
Let there be light!
- 4 Blessed and glorious three,  
Thrice holy trinity,  
Wisdom, love, might!  
Boundless as ocean's tide,  
Rolling in fullest pride,  
Through the world, far and w  
Let there be light!

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

175.

C. M.

\* MOORE.

THE LATTER DAY.

- 1 Who shall behold the glorious day,  
When, throned on Zion's brow,  
The Lord shall rend the veil away  
Which hides the nations now !  
When earth no more beneath the fear  
Of His rebuke shall lie ;  
When pain shall cease, and every tear  
Be wiped from every eye.
- 2 Then shall the world no longer mourn  
Beneath oppression's chain ;  
The days of splendor shall return,  
And all be new again.  
The fount of life shall then be quaffed  
In peace by all who come,  
And every wind that blows shall waft  
Some long-lost exile home.

---

176.

L. M.

WATTS

CHRIST'S KINGDOM.

- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run ;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made,  
And praises throng to crown his head ;  
*His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise*  
*With every morning sacrifice.*

•

# CHRISTIANITY AND

- 3 People, and realms, of every tongue,  
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;  
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Let every creature rise and bring  
Peculiar honors to our King;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud amen !



177.

10s. M.

ASHW

## TRIUMPH OF THE GOSPEL.

- 1 POUR, blessed gospel, glorious news for n  
Thy stream of life o'er springless de  
roll :  
Thy bond of peace the mighty earth can s  
And make one brotherhood from pol  
pole.
- 2 On, piercing gospel, on ! of every heart,  
In every latitude, thou own'st the key  
From their dull slumbers savage souls :  
start,  
With all their treasures first unlocked  
thee !

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

3 Tread, kingly gospel, through the nations  
tread!

With all the noblest virtues in thy train :  
Be all to thy blest freedom captive led ;  
And Christ, the true emancipator, reign !

4 Spread, giant gospel, spread thy growing  
wings !

Gather thy scattered ones from every land :  
Call home the wanderers to the King of kings :  
Proclaim them all thine own ;—'t is His  
command !

---

178.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

HYMN OF THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

1 TRIUMPHANT Zion ! lift thy head  
From dust, and darkness, and the dead ;  
Though humbled long, awake at length  
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength !

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,  
And let thine excellence be known ;  
Decked in the robes of righteousness,  
Thy glories shall the world confess.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,  
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread ;  
No more shall sin's insulting host  
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 Thy God on high has heard thy prayer,  
His hand thy ruin shall repair ;  
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease  
*To guard thee in eternal peace.*

179.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY

DAUGHTER OF ZION.

- 1 DAUGHTER of Zion ! from the dust  
Exalt thy fallen head ;  
Again in thy Redeemer trust,  
He calls thee from the dead.
- 2 Awake, awake ! put on thy strength,  
Thy beautiful array ;  
The day of freedom dawns at length,  
The Lord's appointed day.
- 3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,  
And send thy heralds forth ;  
Say to the south, " Give up thy charge,  
And keep not back, O north !"
- 4 They come, they come ;—thine exiled band  
Where'er they rest or roam,  
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,  
And hasten to their home.

180.

8 & 7s. M.

NEW

THE CHURCH EVERLASTING.

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God !  
He whose word cannot be broken  
Formed thee for His own abode.
- 2 On the Rock of Ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose ?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

- 3 See ! the streams of living waters,  
Springing from eternal love,  
Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove:
- 4 Who can faint while such a river  
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?  
Love, which, like the Lord, the giver,  
Never fails from age to age.
- 5 Round each habitation hovering,  
See the cloud and fire appear!  
For a glory and a covering,  
Showing that the Lord is near:
- 6 Thus deriving from their banner  
Light by night and shade by day,  
Safe they feed upon the manna  
Which he gives them when they pray.

181.

L. M.

WHITTIER.

CHRISTIANITY.

- 1 O FAIREST-BORN of Love and Light,  
Yet bending brow and eye severe  
On all which pains the holy sight,  
Or wounds the pure and perfect ear, —
- 2 The generous feeling, pure and warm,  
Which owns the rights of all divine,  
The pitying heart, the helping arm,  
The prompt self-sacrifice, are thine!
- 3 Beneath thy broad, impartial eye,  
How fade the lines of caste and birth!  
How *equal* in their sufferings lie  
The *groaning* multitudes of earth!

CHRISTIANITY AND

- 4 Still to a stricken brother true,  
Whatever clime hath nurtured him;  
As stooped to heal the wounded Jew  
The worshipper of Gerizim.
- 5 In holy words which cannot die,  
In thoughts which angels leaned to know,  
Christ gave thy message from on high,  
Thy mission to a world of woe.
- 6 That voice's echo hath not died;  
From the blue lake of Galilee,  
From Tabor's lonely mountain-side,  
It calls a struggling world to thee.

182.

C. M.

H. MARTINEAU

CHRISTIAN EQUALITY.

- 1 ALL men are equal in their birth,  
Heirs of the earth and skies;  
All men are equal, when that earth  
Fails from their dying eyes.
- 2 God greets the throngs who pay their vow  
In courts their hands have made;  
And hears the worshipper who bows  
Beneath the plantain shade.
- 3 'Tis man alone who difference sees,  
And speaks of high and low;  
And worships those, and tramples these,  
While the same path they go.
- 4 O, let man hasten to restore  
To all their rights of love!  
In power and wealth exult no more,  
In wisdom lowly move.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

5. Ye great ! renounce your earth-born pride ;  
Ye low ! your shame and fear ;  
Live, as ye worship, side by side ;  
Your brotherhood revere.
- 

183.

C. M.

BULFINCH

“ THAT THEY MAY BE ONE.”

- 1 WAS it in vain that Jesus prayed  
For those he came to save,  
When darkly o'er his path was laid  
The shadow of the grave ?
- 2 Hath Jesus loved and prayed in vain ?  
O doubting heart, be still !  
Yet holds the Lord his glorious reign,  
Despite of wrong and ill.
- 3 Though nations with their battle-cries  
Profane the Almighty's name,  
Though bigots to the offended skies  
Their own wild wrath proclaim, —
- 4 Thousands, in every Christian land,  
Have never bowed the knee  
In worship to the idol-band  
Of strife and perfidy.
- 5 And these are one ; — though some may bend  
Before the Virgin's shrine,  
While others' prayers and thanks ascend,  
Father ! alone at Thine, —
- 6 Yet they are one ; if through their hearts  
The soul of love be poured,  
As swells some strain of various parts,  
Yet all in sweet accord.

CHRISTIANITY AND

34.

S. M.

JOHN

HUMAN BROTHERHOOD.

- 1 Hush the loud cannon's roar,  
The frantic warrior's call !  
Why should the earth be drenched with gore  
Are we not brothers all ?
- 2 Want, from the wretch depart !  
Chains, from the captive fall !  
Sweet mercy, melt the oppressor's heart, —  
Sufferers are brothers all.
- 3 Churches and sects, strike down  
Each mean partition-wall !  
Let love each harsher feeling drown, —  
Christians are brothers all.
- 4 Let love and truth alone  
Hold human hearts in thrall,  
That heaven its work at length may own  
And men be brothers all.

---

185.

C. M.

GAS

PEACE.

- 1 How long, O Lord, his brother's blood  
Shall man in battle spill ?  
How long that mandate be withstood  
Which cries, "Thou shalt not kill
- 2 How long shall glory still be found  
In scenes of cruel strife,  
Where misery walks, a giant crew  
Crushing the flowers of life ?

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

- 3 O, hush, great God ! the sounds of war,  
And make Thy children feel  
That he, with Thee, is noblest far,  
Who toils for human weal ;—
- 4 And though forgotten, he alone  
Can be a Christian true  
Who would his foes as brethren own,  
And still their good pursue.
- 

186.

7s. M.

MILMAN.

HE REBUKED THE WIND AND THE SEA.

- 1 LORD ! thou didst arise and say  
To the troubled waters, Peace !  
And the tempest died away ;  
Down they sank, the foaming seas,  
And a calm and heaving sleep  
Spread o'er all the glassy deep ;  
All the azure lake serene  
Like another heaven was seen.
- 2 Lord ! thy gracious word repeat  
To the billows of the proud !  
Quell the tyrant's martial heat,  
Quell the fierce and changing crowd !  
Then the earth shall find repose  
From oppressions, and from woes ;  
And an imaged heaven appear  
In the world of darkness here.

CHRISTIANITY AND

187.

L. M.

THE HOPE OF MAN.

- 1 THE Past is dark with sin and shame,  
The Future dim with doubt and fear;  
But, Father, yet we praise Thy name,  
Whose guardian love is always near.
- 2 For man has striven, ages long,  
With faltering steps to come to Thee,  
And in each purpose high and strong  
The influence of Thy grace could see.
- 3 He could not breathe an earnest prayer,  
But Thou wast kinder than he dreamed,  
As age by age brought hopes more fair,  
And nearer still Thy kingdom seemed.
- 4 But never rose within his breast  
A trust so calm and deep as now; —  
Shall not the weary find a rest?  
Father, Preserver, answer Thou!
- 5 'T is dark around, 't is dark above,  
But through the shadow streams the sun;  
We cannot doubt Thy certain love;  
And Man's true aim shall yet be won!

---

188.

6s. M.

ANONYMOUS

BEHOLD, HE COMETH.

- 1 HARK! through the waking earth,  
Hark! through the echoing sky,  
Herald of freedom's birth,  
There comes a glorious cry

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

- 2 The triple chains that bind  
Fall from the weary limb,  
And from the down-crushed mind,  
As soundeth that high hymn.
- 3 Unto man's waiting heart  
It saith, — "Arise, be strong!  
Bear thou an earnest part  
Against all forms of wrong.
- 4 "Wouldst live in earth as lives  
The glorious One above?  
He for thy model gives  
Himself, and he is Love.
- 5 "Love in each brother man  
The God who loveth him;  
Revere the stamp of heaven,  
However marred and dim.
- 6 "Bid fear give place to love;  
Bid doubt and passion cease;  
Be every word of hate  
Forever hushed in peace."
- 7 Sound, sound through all the earth!  
Sound through the echoing sky!  
Proclaim the world's new birth;  
Proclaim the Lord is nigh!

39.

7s. M.

\* MONTGOMERY.

THE LIBERTY OF THE SONS OF GOD.

- 1 God made all his creatures free;  
Life itself is liberty;  
God *ordained* no other bands  
*Than united hearts and hands.*

CHRISTIANITY AND

- 2 Sin the primal charter broke, —  
Sin, itself earth's heaviest yoke;  
Tyranny with sin began,  
Man o'er brute, and man o'er man.
- 3 But a better day shall be,  
Life again be liberty,  
And the wide world's only bands  
Love-knit hearts and love-linked ha
- 4 So shall every slavery cease,  
All God's children dwell in peace,  
And the new-born earth record  
Love, and Love alone, is Lord.

190.

P. M.

H. W

FREEDOM.

- 1 OPPRESSION shall not always reign;  
There comes a brighter day,  
When freedom, burst from every chain  
Shall have triumphant way.  
Then right shall over might prevail,  
And truth, like hero armed in mail,  
The hosts of tyrant wrong assail,  
And hold eternal sway.
- 2 What voice shall bid the progress stay  
Of truth's victorious car?  
What arm arrest the growing day,  
Or quench the solar star?  
What reckless soul, though stout and str  
Shall dare bring back the ancient wro  
Oppression's guilty night prolong,  
And freedom's morning bar?

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

191.

C. M.

• WHITTIER.

THE REFORMERS.

- 1 O PURE Reformers ! not in vain  
Your trust in human kind ;  
The good which bloodshed could not gain,  
Your peaceful zeal shall find.
  - 2 The truths ye urge are borne abroad  
By every wind and tide ;  
The voice of nature and of God  
Speaks out upon your side.
  - 3 The weapons which your hands have found  
Are those which Heaven hath wrought,  
Light, Truth, and Love, — your battle-ground,  
The free, broad field of Thought.
  - 4 O, may no selfish purpose break  
The beauty of your plan,  
Nor lie from throne or altar shake  
Your steady faith in man.
  - 5 Press on ! and if we may not share  
The glory of your fight,  
We 'll ask at least, in earnest prayer,  
God's blessing on the Right.
- 

192.

8 & 7s. M.

COWPER.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

- 1 HEAR what God, the Lord, hath spoken ;  
O my people, faint and few,  
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,  
*Fair abodes I build for you ;*

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

Scenes of heartfelt tribulation

Shall no more perplex your ways ;  
You shall name your walls salvation,  
And your gates shall all be praise.

- 2 There, in undisturbed possession,  
Peace and righteousness shall reign ;  
Never shall you feel oppression,  
Never hear of war again ;  
God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,  
Change to day the gloom of night ;  
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,  
God your everlasting light.

## VI. THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

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193.

P. M.

SP. OF PSALMS

### THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed  
His tender, last farewell,  
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed,  
With us to dwell.
- 2 He came, in tongues of living flame,  
To teach, convince, subdue;  
All powerful as the wind he came,  
As viewless too.
- 3 He came sweet influence to impart,  
A gracious, willing guest,  
While he can find one humble heart  
Wherein to rest.
- 4 And his that gentle voice we hear,  
Soft as the breath of even,  
That checks each fault, that calms each fear  
And speaks of heaven.
- 5 And every virtue we possess,  
And every victory won,  
And every thought of holiness,  
*Are his alone.*

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

- 6 Spirit of purity and grace,  
Our weakness pitying see;  
O, make our hearts Thy dwelling  
And worthier Thee !

194.

S. M.

A

THE SPIRIT SAITH "COME !"

- 1 THE Spirit in our hearts  
Is whispering, "Wanderer, come !"  
The Bride, the church of Christ,  
To all his children, "Come !"
- 2 Let him that heareth say  
To all about him, "Come !"  
Let him that thirsts for righteous  
To Christ, the fountain, come !
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,  
O, let him freely come,  
And freely drink the stream of life  
'Tis Jesus bids you come.
- 4 Lo ! Jesus, who invites,  
Declares, "I quickly come !"  
Lord, even so ! I wait thine hour  
Jesus, my Saviour, come !

195.

7s. M.

A

THE PRODIGAL.

- 1 BROTHER, hast thou wandered far  
From thy Father's happy home,  
With thyself and God at war ?  
Turn thee, brother, homeward

SPIRITUAL INFLUENCES.

ast thou wasted all the powers  
od for noble uses gave?  
wandered life's most golden hours?  
urn thee, brother, God can save!

a mighty famine now  
thy heart and in thy soul?  
iscontent upon thy brow?  
urn thee, God will make thee whole!

e can heal thy bitterest wound,  
e thy gentlest prayer can hear;  
ek Him, for He may be found;  
all upon Him; He is near.

).

L. M.

BEARD'S COLL.

TURN, CHILD OF DOUBT.

URN, child of doubt, estranged from God!  
o error's joyless waste betrayed;  
o light will there illumine thy road,  
o friendly voice will give thee aid.

turn, and leave that cheerless waste!  
he shade of death,—the maze of woe!  
here is a path that leads to rest,  
fount of life is given below.

ry friend, thy Lord, from heaven revealed,  
ie lost, the erring, to recall,  
at sacred fountain hath unsealed;  
ith voice of love he speaks to all.

abids the dying wanderer turn,  
o walk in duty's way, and live;  
o speaks to wounded souls that mourn,  
o speaks,—to heal and to forgive.

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

197.

7s. M.

BRIGGS' C

COME HOME!

- 1 SOUL! celestial in thy birth,  
Dwelling yet in lowest earth,  
Panting, shrinking to be free,  
Hear God's spirit whisper thee.
- 2 Thus it saith, in accents mild,—  
“Weary wanderer, wayward child,  
From thy Father's earnest love  
Still forever wilt thou rove?
- 3 “Turn to hope, and peace, and light,  
Freed from sin, and earth, and night;  
I have called, entreated thee,  
In my mercies gentle, free.
- 4 “Human soul, in love divine  
I have sought to make thee mine;  
Still for thee good angels yearn;  
Human soul, return, return!”

---

198.

C. M.

WHIT

THE CALL.

- 1 O, NOT alone with outward sign  
Of fear, or voice from heaven,  
The message of a truth divine,  
The call of God, is given;  
Awakening in the human heart  
Love for the True and Right,  
Zeal for the Christian's better part,  
Strength for the Christian's fight.

SPIRITUAL INFLUENCES.

- 2 Though heralded by naught of fear,  
Or outward sign, or show ;  
Though only to the inward ear  
It whisper soft and low ;  
Though dropping as the manna fell,  
Unseen, yet from above,  
Holy and gentle, heed it well, —  
The call to Truth and Love.
- 

199.

11s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

ACQUAINT THEE WITH GOD.

- 1 ACQUAINT thee, O spirit, acquaint thee with  
God,  
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on  
thy road ;  
And peace, like the dew, shall descend round  
thy head,  
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.
- 2 Acquaint thee, O spirit, acquaint thee with  
God,  
And he shall be with thee when fears are  
abroad ;  
Thy safeguard in danger that threatens thy  
path,  
Thy joy in the valley and shadow of death.

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

200.

S. M.

JOHN

THOU MUST BE BORN AGAIN.

- 1 Thou must be born again !  
Such was the solemn word  
To him who came, not all in vain,  
By night to seek his Lord.
- 2 Thou must be born again !  
But not the birth of clay ;  
The immortal seed must thence obtain  
Deliverance into day.
- 3 Thou, in thy inmost mind,  
Must own the same control ;  
The same regenerating wind  
Must move and guide thy soul.
- 4 Thou canst not choose but trace  
The steps the Master trod,  
If once thou feel his truth and grace,  
A conscious child of God.
- 5 The mortal's birth is past ;  
The immortal's birth must be ;  
Seek well and thou shalt find at last  
That blest nativity.

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201.

7s. M.

\* JOHN TAYLOR

A PENITENTIAL HYMN.

- 1 GOD of mercy ! God of love !  
Hear our sad, repentant songs ;  
Listen to Thy suppliant ones,  
Thou, to whom all grace belongs !

## PENITENCE.

- 2 Deep regret for follies past,  
Talents wasted, time misspent;  
Hearts debased by worldly cares,  
Thankless for the blessings lent;—
- 3 Foolish fears and fond desires,  
Vain regrets for things as vain;  
Lips too seldom taught to praise,  
Oft to murmur and complain;—
- 4 These, and every secret fault,  
Filled with grief and shame, we own;  
Humbled at Thy feet we bow,  
Seeking strength from Thee alone.
- 5 God of mercy! God of love!  
Hear our sad, repentant songs;  
O, restore Thy suppliant ones,  
Thou to whom all grace belongs!

---

02.

10s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

### THE BROKEN SHIELD.

O, SEND me not away! for I would drink,  
Even I, the weakest, at the fount of life;  
Chide not my steps, that venture near the  
brink,  
Weary and fainting from the deadly strife.

Went I not forth undaunted and alone,  
Strong in the majesty of human might?  
Lo! I return, all wounded and forlorn,  
*My dream of glory lost in shades of night.*

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

- 3 Was I not girded for the battle-field ?  
Bore I not helm of pride and glittering sword  
Behold the fragments of my broken shield  
And lend to me Thy heavenly armor, Lord

203.

C. M.

FULL

THE PENITENT SON.

- 1 O, RICHLY, Father, have I been  
Blest evermore by Thee !  
And morning, noon, and night Thou hast  
Preserved me tenderly.
- 2 And yet the love which Thou shouldst cleave  
To idols I have given ;  
Too oft have bound to earth the hopes  
That know no home but heaven.
- 3 Unworthy to be called Thy son,  
I come with shame to Thee,  
Father !—O, more than Father, Thou  
Hast always been to me !
- 4 Help me to break the heavy chains  
The world has round me thrown,  
And know the glorious liberty  
Of an obedient son.
- 5 That I may henceforth heed whate'er  
Thy voice within me saith,  
Fix deeply in my heart of hearts  
A principle of faith,—
- 6 Faith that, like armor to my soul,  
Shall keep all evil out,  
More mighty than an angel host,  
Encamping round about.

PENITENCE.

204.

7s. M.

MILMAN.

LORD, HAVE MERCY.

1 LORD, have mercy when we pray  
Strength to seek a better way ;  
When our wakening thoughts begin  
First to loathe their cherished sin ;  
When our weary spirits fail,  
And our aching brows are pale ;  
Then Thy strengthening grace afford ;  
Then, O, then, have mercy, Lord !

2 Lord, have mercy when we know  
First how vain this world below ;  
When its darker thoughts oppress,  
Doubts perplex, and fears distress ;  
When the earliest gleam is given  
Of the bright but distant heaven ;  
Then Thy strengthening grace afford ;  
Then, O, then, have mercy, Lord !

---

205.

L. M.

\*

I WILL ARISE AND GO UNTO MY FATHER.

1 To Thine eternal arms, O God,  
Take us, Thine erring children, in ;  
From dangerous paths too boldly trod,  
From wandering thoughts and dreams of sin.

2 Those arms were round our childish ways,  
A guard through helpless years to be ;  
O leave not our maturer days,  
*We still are helpless without Thee !*

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

- 3 We trusted hope and pride and strength :  
Our strength proved false, our pride was vain  
Our dreams have faded all at length,—  
We come to Thee, O Lord, again !
  - 4 A guide to trembling steps yet be !  
Give us of Thine eternal powers !  
So shall our paths all lead to Thee,  
And life smile on like childhood's hours.
- 

206.

L. M.

FLINT'S C

THE STRENGTH OF THE ERRING.

- 1 YES ! prayer is strong, and God is good ;  
Man is not made for endless ill ;  
The offending soul, in darkest mood,  
Hath yet a hope, a refuge still.
  - 2 Thou, God, wilt hear ; these pangs are mine  
To heal the spirit, not destroy ;  
And even remorse, for chastening sent,  
When Thou commandest, works for joy.
- 

207.

C. M.

\* WREFO

PRAYER FOR INCREASE OF FAITH.

- 1 LORD ! I believe ; Thy power I own ,  
Thy word I would obey ;  
I wander comfortless and lone,  
When from Thy truth I stray.
- 2 Lord ! I believe ; but gloomy fears  
Sometimes bedim my sight ;  
I look to Thee with prayers and tears,  
And cry for strength and light.

INWARD STRUGGLE.

- 3 Lord! I believe; but oft, I know,  
My faith is cold and weak;  
Make strong my weakness, and bestow  
The confidence I seek!
  - 4 Yes, I believe; and only Thou  
Canst give my soul relief;  
Lord! to Thy truth my spirit bow,  
Help Thou my unbelief!
- 

08.

C. M.

BARTNUM.

MY GOD, REMEMBER ME.

- 1 O, FROM these visions dark and drear,  
Kind Father, set me free;  
I struggle yet with darkness here,—  
My God, remember me!
- 2 Refresh my drooping soul with grace  
And quickening energy;  
Still running, toiling in the race,—  
My God, remember me!
- 3 Some cheering ray of hope impart,  
Sweet influence from Thee;  
And raise this feeble, drooping heart,—  
My God, remember me!
- 4 For the inheritance in light,  
On trembling wings I flee;  
With sins, and doubts, and fears, I fight,—  
My God, remember me!

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

209.

C. M.

MILMAN.

PRAYER FOR HELP.

- 1 O, HELP us, Lord ! each hour of need  
Thy heavenly succor give ;  
Help us in thought, in word, in deed,  
Each hour on earth we live.
- 2 O, help us, when our spirits bleed,  
With doubt and anguish sore ;  
And when our hearts are cold and dead,  
O, help us, Lord, the more.
- 3 O, help us, through the prayer of faith,  
More firmly to believe ;  
For still the more the servant hath,  
The more shall he receive.
- 4 O, help us, Father ! from on high ;  
We know no help but Thee ;  
O, help us so to live and die,  
As Thine in heaven to be !

---

210.

7s. M.

RUSSIAN.

IN DOUBT.

- 1 WHY, thou never-setting Light,  
Is thy brightness veiled from me ?  
Why does this unwonted night  
Cloud thy blest benignity ?
- 2 I am lost without thy ray ;  
Guide my wandering footsteps, Lord !  
Light my dark and erring way  
To the noontide of Thy word.

INWARD STRUGGLE.

211.

C. M.

HUMPHRIES.

GOOD LORD, REMEMBER ME.

- 1 O Thou, from whom all goodness flows,  
I lift my soul to Thee;  
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,  
Good Lord, remember me!
- 2 When on my aching, burdened heart  
My sins lie heavily,  
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;  
Good Lord, remember me!
- 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,  
And ills I cannot flee,  
O, let my strength be as my day;  
Good Lord, remember me!
- 4 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,  
This feeble body see;  
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;  
Good Lord, remember me!
- 5 When in the solemn hour of death  
I wait Thy just decree,  
Be this the prayer of my last breath,—  
Good Lord, remember me!
- 6 And when before Thy throne I stand,  
And lift my soul to Thee,  
Then, with the saints at Thy right hand,  
Good Lord, remember me!

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

212.

P. M.

MRS. FOLLEN.

LORD, TO WHOM SHALL WE GO?

- 1 WHEN, with error bewildered, our path  
becomes dreary,  
And tears of despondency flow,  
When the whole head is sick, and the whole  
heart is weary,  
Despairing,—to whom shall we go?
- 2 When the thirsting soul turneth away from  
the springs  
Of the pleasures this world can bestow,  
And sighs for another, and flutters its wings,  
Impatient,—to whom shall it go?
- 3 O, blest be that light which has parted the  
clouds,  
And a path to the wanderer can show;  
That pierces the veil which the future en-  
shrouds,  
And tells us to whom we should go!

---

213.

C. M.

BULFINCH

HELP THOU OUR UNBELIEF.

- 1 FATHER, when o'er our trembling hearts  
Doubt's shadows gathering brood,  
When faith in Thee almost departs,  
And gloomiest fears intrude;  
Forsake us not, O God of grace,  
But send those fears relief;  
Grant us again to see Thy face;  
Lord, help our unbelief!

INWARD STRUGGLE.

- 2 When sorrow comes, and joys are flown,  
And fondest hopes lie dead,  
And blessings, long esteemed our own,  
Are now forever fled;  
When the bright promise of our spring  
Is but a withered leaf,  
Lord, to Thy truths still let us cling;  
Help Thou our unbelief!
- 3 And when the powers of nature fail  
Upon the couch of pain,  
Nor love nor friendship can avail  
The spirit to detain;  
Then, Father, be our closing eyes  
Undimmed by tears of grief;  
And, if a trembling doubt arise,  
Help Thou our unbelief!
- 

14.

7s. M.

FURNESS.

CHRIST WHO STRENGTHENETH ME.

- 1 FREEBLE, helpless, how shall I  
Learn to live and learn to die?  
Who, O God, my guide shall be?  
Who shall lead thy child to Thee?
- 2 Blessed Father, gracious One,  
Thou hast sent thy holy Son;  
He will give the light I need,  
He my trembling steps will lead.
- 3 Through this world, uncertain, dim,  
Let me ever learn of him;  
*From his precepts wisdom draw,*  
*Make his life my solemn law.*

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

4 Thus in deed, and thought, and word  
Led by Jesus Christ the Lord,  
In my weakness, thus shall I  
Learn to live and learn to die :

5 Learn to live in peace and love,  
Like the perfect ones above ; —  
Learn to die without a fear,  
Feeling Thee, my Father, near.

215.

L. M.

ANONYM

ANGELS FROM HEAVEN STRENGTHENING HIM.

- 1 WHEN in thine hour of conflict, Lord,  
The tempter to thy soul was nigh,  
Or when that bitter cup was poured  
In thy deep garden-agony, —
- 2 Not then, when uttermost thy need,  
Seemed light across thy soul to break ;  
No seraph form was seen to speed,  
Nor yet the voice of comfort spake ;
- 3 Till, by thine own triumphant word,  
The victory over ill was won ;  
Until the voice of faith was heard,  
“ Thy will, O God, not mine, be done !
- 4 Lord, bring those precious moments back  
When fainting against sin we strain ;  
Or in thy counsels fail to track.  
Aught but the present grief and pain.
- 5 In weakness, help us to contend ;  
In darkness, yield to God our will ;  
And true hearts, faithful to the end,  
Cheer by thine holy angels still !

ASPIRATION.

216.

7s. M.

MONTGOMERY.

IN TEMPTATION.

- 1 HASTEN, Lord, to my release;  
Haste to help me, O my God!  
Foes like armed bands increase; —  
Turn them back the way they trod.
- 2 Dark temptations round me press,  
Evil thoughts my soul assail;  
Doubts and fears, in my distress,  
Rise, till flesh and spirit fail.
- 3 Thou mine only helper art,  
My redeemer from the grave;  
Strength of my desiring heart,  
Father! Helper! haste to save!

217.

11 & 10s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

SPIRITUAL BLESSINGS.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Father! Thou hast many a blessing  
In store for every erring child of Thine;  
For this I pray, — Let me, Thy grace pos-  
sessing,  
Seek to be guided by Thy will divine.
- 2 Not for earth's treasures, for her joys the  
dearest,  
Would I my supplications raise to Thee;  
Not for the hopes that to my heart are nearest,  
*But only that I give that heart to Thee.*

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

- 3 I pray that Thou wouldst guide and guard  
me ever;  
Cleanse, by Thy power, from every stain  
of sin;  
I will Thy blessing ask on each endeavor,  
And thus Thy promised peace my soul  
shall win.
- 

218.

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

THE SOUL'S REST.

- 1 RETURN, my soul, unto thy rest,  
From vain pursuits and maddening cares;  
From lonely woes that wring thy breast,  
The world's allurements, toils, and snares.
- 2 Return unto thy rest, my soul,  
From all the wanderings of thy thought;  
From sickness unto death made whole;  
Safe through a thousand perils brought.
- 3 Then to thy rest, my soul, return,  
From passions every hour at strife;  
Sin's works, and ways, and wages, spurn,  
Lay hold upon eternal life.
- 4 God is thy rest; with heart inclined  
To keep His word, that word believe;  
Christ is thy rest; with lowly mind,  
His light and easy yoke receive.

ASPIRATION.

19.

L. M.

MORAVIAN.

SEEKING GOD.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,  
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows;  
I see from far Thy beauteous light,  
Inly I sigh for Thy repose.  
My heart is pained; nor can it be  
At rest, till it find rest in Thee.

Thy secret voice invites me still  
The sweetness of Thy yoke to prove;  
And fain I would; but though my will  
Seem fixed, yet wide my passions rove;  
Yet hindrances strew all the way;  
I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.

'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought  
My mind to seek her peace in Thee;  
Yet, while I seek, but find Thee not,  
No peace my wandering soul shall see.  
O, when shall all my wanderings end,  
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend!

Is there a thing beneath the sun,  
That strives with Thee my heart to share?  
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,  
The Lord of every motion there!  
Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
When it hath found repose in Thee.

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

220.

P. M.

ANONYMOUS.

LEAD THOU ME ON!

- 1 SEND kindly light amid the encircling gloom,  
And lead me on!  
The night is dark, and I am far from home;  
Lead Thou me on!  
Keep Thou my feet: I do not ask to see  
The distant scene; one step enough for me.
- 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou  
Shouldst lead me on;  
I loved to choose and see my path; but now  
Lead Thou me on!  
I loved day's dazzling light, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years!
- 3 So long Thy power hath blessed me, surely still  
'T will lead me on  
Through dreary doubt, through pain and sorrow, till  
The night is gone,  
And with the morn those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

---

221.

L. M.

WATTS.

DEVOUT RETIREMENT AND MEDITATION.

- 1 My God! permit me not to be  
A stranger to myself and Thee;  
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,  
Forgetful of my highest love.

ASPIRATION.

- 3 Why should my passions mix with earth,  
And thus debase my heavenly birth?  
Why should I cleave to things below,  
And let my God, my Saviour, go?
  - 3 Call me away from flesh and sense;  
One sovereign word can draw me thence;  
I would obey Thy voice divine,  
And all inferior joys resign.
  - 4 Be earth, with all her strife, withdrawn;  
Let noise and vanity be gone;  
In secret silence of the mind,  
My heaven, and there my God, I find.
- 

22.

L. M.

MORAVIAN.

ASPIRATION.

- 1 O, DRAW me, Father, after Thee!  
So shall I run and never tire;  
With gracious words still comfort me;  
Be Thou my hope, my sole desire;  
Free me from every weight; nor fear  
Nor sin can come, if Thou art near.
- 2 From all eternity, with love  
Unchangeable Thou hast me viewed;  
Ere knew this beating heart to move,  
Thy tender mercies me pursued;  
Ever with me may they abide,  
And close me in on every side

14\*

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

- 3 In suffering be Thy love my peace;  
In weakness be Thy love my power;  
And when the storms of life shall cease,  
O Father! in my latest hour,  
In death as life, be Thou my guide,  
And draw me closer to Thy side.
- 

223.

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

SPIRITUAL NEEDS.

- 1 I WANT the spirit of power within,  
Of love, and of a healthful mind : •  
Of power to conquer every sin ;  
Of love to God and all mankind ;  
Of health that pain and death defies,  
Most vigorous when the body dies.
- 2 O, that the Comforter would come,  
Nor visit as a transient guest,  
But fix in me his constant home,  
And keep possession of my breast ;  
And make my soul his loved abode,  
The temple of indwelling God !
- 

224.

C. M.

C. WESLEY

WATCHFULNESS.

- 1 I WANT a principle within  
Of jealous, godly fear ;  
A sensibility to sin,  
A pain to find it near.

**SPIRITUAL DESIRES.**

- 2 I want the first approach to feel  
Of pride, or fond desire;  
To catch the wandering of my will,  
And quench the kindling fire.
  - 3 From Thee that I no more may part,  
No more Thy goodness grieve,  
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,  
The tender conscience give.
  - 4 Quick as the apple of an eye,  
O God, my conscience make!  
Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,  
And keep it still awake.
- 

**25.**

**S. M.**

**C. WESLEY.**

**SPIRITUAL WANTS.**

- 1 My God, my strength, my hope,  
On Thee I cast my care,  
With humble confidence look up,  
And know Thou hear'st my prayer.  
Give me on Thee to wait,  
Till I can all things do;  
On Thee, almighty to create,  
Almighty to renew.
- 2 I want a sober mind,  
A self-renouncing will,  
That tramples down and casts behind  
The baits of pleasing ill;

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

A soul inured to pain,  
To hardship, grief, and loss,  
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,  
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,  
A quick-discerning eye,  
That looks to Thee when sin is near,  
And bids the tempter fly;  
A spirit still prepared,  
And armed with jealous care,  
Forever standing on its guard,  
And watching unto prayer.

4 I want a true regard,  
A single, steady aim,  
Unmoved by threatening or reward,  
To Thee and Thy great name;  
This blessing above all,  
Always to pray, I want:  
Out of the deep on Thee to call,  
And never, never faint.

5 I rest upon Thy word;  
The promise is for me;  
My succor and salvation, Lord,  
Shall surely come from Thee;  
But let me still abide,  
Nor from my hope remove,  
Till Thou my patient spirit guide  
Into Thy perfect love.

SPIRITUAL DESIRES.

226.

7s. M.

MONTGOMERY.

THE SOUL THIRSTING FOR GOD.

- 1 As the hart, with eager looks,  
Panteth for the water-brooks,  
So my soul, athirst for Thee,  
Pants the living God to see;  
When, O, when, without a fear,  
Lord, shall I to Thee draw near?
- 2 Why art thou cast down, my soul?  
God, thy God, shall make thee whole;  
Why art thou disquieted?  
God shall lift thy fallen head,  
And His countenance benign  
Be the saving health of thine.

---

27.

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

SEEKING REST.

- 1 O, WHERE shall rest be found,  
Rest for the weary soul?  
'T were vain the ocean depths to sound,  
Or pierce to either pole:
- 2 The world can never give  
The rest for which we sigh;  
'T is not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 In Thee we end our quest;  
Alone are found in Thee  
The *life of perfect love*, — the rest  
Of *immortality*.

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

228.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

THERE REMAINETH A REST FOR THE PEOPLE OF GOD.

- 1 LORD, I believe a rest remains,  
To all Thy people known;  
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,  
And Thou art loved alone.
- 2 A rest, where all our soul's desire  
Is fixed on things above;  
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,  
Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 O, that I now that rest might know,  
Believe, and enter in;  
Now, Father, now the power bestow,  
And let me cease from sin.
- 4 Remove all hardness from my heart,  
All unbelief remove;  
To me the rest of faith impart,  
The sabbath of Thy love.

229.

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

DESIRE FOR HOLINESS.

- 1 THAT blessed law of Thine,  
Father, to me impart; —  
The Spirit's law of life divine,  
O, write it in my heart!
- 2 Implant it deep within,  
Whence it may ne'er remove, —  
The law of liberty from sin,  
The perfect law of love

**SPIRITUAL DESIRES.**

- 3 Thy nature be my law,  
Thy spotless sanctity,  
And sweetly every moment draw  
My happy soul to Thee.
- 

**230.**

**C. P. M.**

**ANONYMOUS.**

**SELF-RENUNCIATION.**

- 1 O LORD! how happy should we be,  
If we could leave our cares to Thee,  
If we from self could rest,  
And feel at heart that One above,  
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,  
Is working for the best.
- 2 For when we kneel and cast our care  
Upon our God in humble prayer,  
With strengthened souls we rise;  
Sure that our Father, who is nigh  
To hear the ravens when they cry,  
Will hear His children's cries.
- 3 O, may these trustless hearts of ours  
The lesson learn from birds and flowers,  
And learn from self to cease, —  
Leave all things to our Father's will,  
And, on His mercy, leaning still,  
Find, in each trial, peace!

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

231.

S. M.

MONTGOM

FOREVER WITH THE LORD.

- 1 FOREVER with the Lord !  
So, Father, let it be ;  
Life from the dead is in that word,  
'T is immortality.
- 2 Here in the body pent,  
Absent from Thee I roam ;  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home.
- 3 My Father's house on high !  
Home of my soul, how near  
At times to faith's foreseeing eye  
'Thy golden gates appear !
- 4 I hear at morn and even,  
At noon and midnight hour,  
The choral harmonies of heaven  
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.
- 5 And then I feel, that He,  
Remembered or forgot,  
The Lord, is never far from me,  
Though I perceive Him not.
- 6 Forever with the Lord !  
Father, if 't is Thy will,  
The promise of that blessed word  
Even here to me fulfil.
- 7 Be Thou at my right hand,  
Then can I never fail ;  
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand ;  
Help, and I must prevail.

SPIRITUAL DESIRES.

32.

L. M.

MONTGOMERY

HEAVEN.

- 1 HEAVEN is a state of rest from sin ;  
But all who hope to enter there  
Must here that holy course begin,  
Which shall their souls for rest prepare.
- 2 Clean hearts, O God, in us create !  
Right spirits, Lord, in us renew !  
Commence we now that higher state,  
Now do Thy will as angels do.
- 3 In Jesus' footsteps may we tread,  
Learn every lesson of his love ;  
And be from grace to glory led,  
From heaven below to heaven above.

---

33.

L. M.

WESLEYAN.

DESIRE FOR UNION WITH GOD.

- 1 O LOVE, how cheering is Thy ray !  
All pain before Thy presence flies ;  
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,  
Where'er Thy healing beams arise :  
O Father ! nothing may I see,  
And nought desire or seek, but Thee.
- 2 Unwearied may I this pursue,  
Dauntless to this high prize aspire ;  
Each hour within my soul renew  
This holy flame, this heavenly fire ;  
And day and night be all my care  
*To guard the sacred treasure there.*

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

- 3 O, that I as a little child  
May follow Thee, and never rest,  
Till sweetly Thou hast breathed a mild  
And lowly mind into my breast !  
Nor ever may we parted be,  
Till I become as one with Thee.
- 4 Still let Thy love point out my way ;  
How wondrous things that love hath wrought  
Still lead me, lest I go astray ;  
Direct my word, inspire my thought ;  
And if I fall, soon may I hear  
Thy voice, and know Thy love is near.
- 

234.

7s. M.

\* NEWT

FOR A CHILDLIKE SPIRIT.

- 1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart ;  
Make me loving, meek, and mild,  
Upright, simple, free from art ;  
Make me as a little child ;  
From distrust and envy free ;  
Pleased with all that pleaseth Thee.
- 2 What Thou shalt to-day provide  
Let me as a child receive ;  
What to-morrow may betide  
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave ;  
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care ;  
Why should I the burden bear ?

**SPIRITUAL DESIRES.**

- 3 As a little child relies  
On a care beyond his own,  
Knows beneath his father's eyes  
He is never left alone;  
So would I with Thee abide,  
Thou my Father, Guard, and Guide!
- 

**35.**

**S. M.**

**BRIGGS' COLL**

**WALKING WITH GOD.**

- 1 FATHER, I will not pray  
Freedom from earthly ill;  
But may Thy peace be o'er my way  
With its dove-pinion still!
- 2 O, let a sense of Thee,  
Of Thy sustaining love,  
My bosom-guest forever be,  
Where'er I rest or move!
- 3 A heavenly light serene,  
With its unfading beams,  
Within my trusting heart be seen,  
More bright than childhood's dreams!
- 4 So let me walk with Thee,  
Thy presence round my way;  
Made by Thine aiding spirit free;  
Thy love, my joy and stay.

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

236.

L. M.

MISS BREMER

THIRST FOR LIVING WATERS.

- 1 I THIRST!—O, grant the waters pure  
Which they who drink shall thirst no more;  
O give me of that living stream,  
Which ever flows, with heavenly gleam,  
Forth from the presence of our God,  
Through fields by holy angels trod!
- 2 I thirst!—O bounteous Source of Truth,  
Give coolness to my fevered youth;  
Make the sick heart more strong and wise;  
Take spectral visions from mine eyes;  
O, let me quench my thirst in Thee,  
And pure, and strong, and holy be!
- 3 I thirst!—O God, great Source of Love!  
Infinite Life streams from above.  
O, give one drop, and let me live!  
The barren world has naught to give;  
No solace have its streams for me;  
I thirst alone for heaven and Thee.

---

237.

P. M.

JONES VERY.

DESIRES FOR GOD'S PRESENCE.

- 1 WILT Thou not visit me?  
The plant beside me feels Thy gentle dew;  
Each blade of grass I see,  
From Thy deep earth its quickening moisture  
drew.

## SPIRITUAL DESIRES.

2 Wilt Thou not visit me?  
Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone;  
And every hill and tree  
And but one voice, the voice of Thee alone.

3 Come! for I need Thy love,  
More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain;  
Come, like Thy holy dove,  
And let me in Thy sight rejoice to live again.

4 Yes! Thou wilt visit me;  
Nor plant nor tree Thy eye delights so well,  
As when, from sin set free,  
Man's spirit comes with Thee in peace to dwell.

---

38.

7 & 6s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

### ASPIRATION.

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,  
Thy better portion trace!  
Rise, from transitory things,  
Towards heaven, thy native place!  
Sun, and moon, and stars decay;  
Time shall soon this earth remove;  
Rise, my soul, and haste away  
To seats prepared above!

2 Rivers to the ocean run,  
Nor stay in all their course;  
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;  
Both speed them to their source;  
So the spirit, born of God,  
Pants to view His glorious face;  
*Upward tends to His abode,*  
*To rest in His embrace.*

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

239.

P. M.

SARAH F. ADAM

NEARER TO THEE.

- 1 NEARER, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee !  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me ;  
Still all my song shall be, —  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee !
- 2 Though, like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone ;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee, —  
Nearer to Thee !
- 3 There let the way appear,  
Steps unto heaven ;  
All that Thou sendest me,  
In mercy given ;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee, —  
Nearer to Thee !
- 4 Then with my waking thoughts,  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs,  
Bethel I'll raise ;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee, —  
Nearer to Thee !

SELF-CONSECRATION.

- 5 Or if on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly;  
Still all my song shall be,—  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!
- 

40.

S. M.

MME. GUION.

LIVING WATERS.

- 1 THE fountain in its source  
No drought of summer fears;  
The further it pursues its course,  
The nobler it appears.
- 2 But shallow cisterns yield  
A scanty, short supply;  
The morning sees them amply filled,  
At evening they are dry.
- 3 The cisterns I forsake,  
O Fount of life, for Thee!  
My thirst with living waters slake,  
And drink eternity.
- 

41.

L. M.

• MRS. STEELE.

SELF-CONSECRATION.

- 1 My soul no more shall strive in vain,  
Slave to the world, and slave to sin  
A nobler toil I will sustain,  
A nobler satisfaction win.

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

- 2 I will resolve, with all my heart,  
With all my powers, to serve the Lord;  
Nor from His precepts e'er depart,  
Whose service is a rich reward.
- 3 O, be His service all my joy!  
Around let my example shine,  
Till others love the blest employ,  
And join in labors so divine.
- 4 O, may I never faint nor tire,  
Nor, wandering, leave His sacred ways  
Great God! accept my soul's desire,  
And give me strength to live Thy praise

---

242.

L. M.

OBERLIN

SELF-DEDICATION.

- 1 O LORD, Thy heavenly grace impart,  
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;  
Henceforth my chief desire shall be  
To dedicate myself to Thee.
- 2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,  
One thought shall fill my soul with joy;  
That silent, secret thought shall be,  
That all my hopes are fixed on Thee.
- 3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;  
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place;  
And, wheresoe'er my lot may be,  
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee.
- 4 Renouncing every worldly thing,  
And safe beneath Thy sheltering wing,  
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be  
That all I want I find in Thee.

SELF-CONSECRATION.

243.

C. P. M.

JANE ROSCOR.

SELF-CONSECRATION.

1 O God, to Thee, who first hast given  
To mortal frame the spark of heaven,  
I consecrate my powers;  
Thine is its hoped eternity,  
And Thine its earthly life shall be,  
Through years, and days, and hours.

2 Here at Thy shrine I bow, resigned  
Each struggling passion of my mind,  
With all its hopes and fears;  
To bend each thought to Thy control  
Is the one wish that fills my soul,  
Through all my future years.

---

244.

12s. M.

\* GASKELL

THE NEW BIRTH.

1 I AM free! I am free! I have broken away,  
From the chambers of night, to the splendors  
of day;  
All the phantoms that darkened around me  
are gone,  
And a spirit of light is now leading me on.

2 Earth appeareth in garments of beauty new  
drest;  
Brighter thoughts, brighter feelings, spring  
forth in my breast;  
*Happy voices are floating in music above;*  
*All creation is full of the glory of love.*

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

- 3 God of truth ! it is Thou who hast shed down  
each ray  
Of the sunshine that blesses and gladdens my  
way ;  
From the depths of my spirit, to Thee will  
give  
Ever-thankful affection, as long as I live.
- 

245.

8 & 7s. M.    EPISCOPAL COLL

SONG OF THE REDEEMED.

- 1 FATHER, source of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to grateful lays !  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.
- 2 Teach me some melodious measure,  
Sung by raptured saints above ;  
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,  
While I sing redeeming love.
- 3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold above ;  
Thou, to save my soul from danger,  
Didst redeem me with Thy love.
- 4 By Thy hand restored, defended,  
Safe through life thus far I've come ;  
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,  
Bring me to my heavenly home.

THE NEW BIRTH.

46.

S. M.

BULFINCH.

BORN AGAIN.

- 1 O LORD! through Thee we own  
A new and heavenly birth,  
Kindred to spirits round Thy throne,  
Though sojourners of earth.
  - 2 How glorious is the hour,  
When first our souls awake,  
Through Thy mysterious spirit's power,  
And of new life partake.
  - 3 With richer beauty glows  
The world, before so fair;  
Her holy light religion throws,  
Reflected everywhere.
  - 4 The life which Thou hast given,  
O Lord! shall never end;  
The grave is but the path to heaven,  
And death is now our friend.
- 

47.

11s. M.

MONTGOMERY.

GOD OUR SHEPHERD.

THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I  
know;  
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;  
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,  
Restores *me when wandering*, redeems when  
*opprest*.

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

- 2 Through the valley and shadow c  
    though I stray,  
Since Thou art my guardian, no evil  
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff  
    stay;  
No harm can befall with my Comfor
- 3 In the midst of affliction my table is  
With blessings unmeasured my cup  
    o'er;  
With perfume and oil Thou anoin  
    head;  
O, what shall I ask of Thy providenc
- 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountif  
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee  
I seek, by the path which my fo  
    trod  
Through the land of their sojour  
    kingdom of love.
- 

248.

7s. M.      SP. OF THE

HE SHALL GIVE HIS ANGELS CHARGE OVER

- 1 THEY, who on the Lord rely,  
Safely dwell, though danger's nig  
Lo, His sheltering wings are sprea  
O'er each faithful servant's head.
- 2 Vain temptation's wily snare;  
They shall be the Father's care;  
Harmless flies the shaft by day,  
Or in darkness wings its way.

TRUST IN GOD.

- 3 When they wake, or when they sleep,  
Angel guards their vigils keep ;  
Death and danger may be near.  
Faith and love can never fear.
- 

49.

L. M.

GERMAN.

THE CHILD OF GOD.

- 1 None loves me, Father, with Thy love,  
None else can meet such needs as mine ;  
O, grant me, as Thou shalt approve,  
All that befits a child of Thine !  
From every doubt and fear release,  
And give me confidence and peace.
- 2 Give me a faith shall never fail,  
One that shall always work by love ;  
And then, whatever foes assail,  
They shall but higher courage move  
More boldly for the truth to strive,  
And more by faith in Thee to live :
- 3 A heart, that, when my days are glad,  
May never from Thy way decline,  
And when the sky of life grows sad,  
May still submit its will to Thine, —  
A heart that loves to trust in Thee,  
A patient heart, create in me !

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

250.

L. M.

GAM

FAITH IN GOD'S LOVE.

- 1 O FATHER ! humbly we repose  
Our souls on Thee, who dwell'st above  
And bless Thee for the peace which flows  
From faith in Thine encircling love.
- 2 'Though every earthly trust may break  
Infinite might belongs to Thee;  
Though every earthly friend forsake,  
Unchangeable Thou still wilt be.
- 3 Though griefs may gather darkly round  
They cannot veil us from Thy sight;  
Though vain all human aid be found,  
Thou every grief canst turn to light.
- 4 All things Thy wise designs fulfil,  
In earth beneath, and heaven above,  
And good breaks out from every ill,  
Through faith in Thine encircling love

251.

L. M.

•D

ALL THINGS WORK FOR GOOD.

- 1 WE all, O Father, all are Thine;  
All feel Thy providential care;  
And, through each varying scene of life  
Alike Thy constant love we share.
- 2 And whether grief oppress the heart;  
Or whether joy elate the breast;  
Or life still keep its little course;  
Or death invite the heart to rest;—

TRUST IN GOD.

- 1 All are Thy messengers, and all  
Thy sacred pleasure, Lord, obey;  
And all are training man to dwell  
Nearer to heaven, and nearer Thee.
- 

252.

L. M.

• BOWRING.

RESIGNATION.

- 1 O LET my trembling soul be still,  
While darkness veils this mortal eye,  
And wait Thy wise and holy will,  
Though wrapped in fears and mystery:  
I cannot, Lord, Thy purpose see;  
Yet all is well since ruled by Thee!
- 2 When, mounted on Thy clouded car,  
Thou send'st Thy darker spirits down,  
I can discern Thy light afar,  
Thy light sweet beaming through their frown;  
And, should I faint a moment, then  
I think of Thee, and smile again.
- 3 So, trusting in Thy love, I tread  
The narrow path of duty on;  
What though some cherished joys are fled?  
What though some flattering dreams are  
gone?  
Yet purer, nobler joys remain,  
And peace is won through conquered pain.

253.

7 & 6s. M.

• C. W<sup>h</sup>

TRUST.

- 1 SEE the Lord, thy keeper, stand,  
Omnipotently near;  
Lo! He holds thee by the hand,  
And banishes thy fear;  
Shadows with His wings thy head;  
Guards from all impending harms;  
Round thee and beneath are spread  
The everlasting arms.
- 2 God shall bless thy going out,  
Shall bless thy coming in;  
Kindly compass thee about,  
And guard from every sin.  
Lean upon thy Father's breast;  
He thy quiet spirit keeps;  
Rest in Him, securely rest;  
Thy Guardian never sleeps.
- 3 O, my soul, unceasing pray,  
And in thy God confide!  
He our faltering steps shall stay,  
Nor suffer us to slide:  
He is still our sure defence,  
We his ceaseless care shall prove,  
Kept by watchful Providence  
And ever-waking love.

TRUST IN GOD.

254.

S. M.

MORAVIAN.

RELIANCE.

- 1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs  
And ways into His hands,  
To His sure trust and tender care,  
Who earth and heaven commands;
- 2 Who points the clouds their course,  
Whom winds and seas obey;  
He shall direct thy wandering feet,  
He shall prepare thy way.
- 3 No profit canst thou gain  
By self-consuming care;  
To Him commend thy cause, — His ear  
Attends the softest prayer.
- 4 Then on the Lord rely,  
So safe shalt thou go on;  
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,  
So shall thy work be done.

---

255.

C. M.

ALFORD.

GOD OUR REFUGE.

Psalm xlv.

- 1 God is our refuge and our strength,  
When trouble's hour is near;  
A very present help is He;  
*Therefore we will not fear.*

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

- 2 Although the pillars of the earth  
Shall clean removed be,  
The very mountains carried forth,  
And cast into the sea ;
- 3 Although the waters rage and swell,  
So that the earth shall shake ;  
Yea, and the solid mountain roots  
Shall with the tempest quake ;
- 4 There is a river that makes glad  
The city of our God ;  
The tabernacle's holy place  
Of the Most High's abode.
- 5 The Lord is in the midst of her,  
Removed she shall not be ;  
Because the Lord our God himself  
Shall help her speedily.
- 6 The Lord our strength and refuge is,  
When trouble's hour is near ;  
A very present help is He ;  
Therefore we will not fear.

---

256.

S. M.

MORAV

BE OF GOOD COURAGE.

- 1 GIVE to the winds thy fears !  
Hope and be undismayed !  
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tear  
God shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Through waves, through clouds and stor  
He gently clears thy way ;  
Wait thou His time, so shall the night  
Soon end in joyous day.

## TRUST IN GOD.

- 3 He everywhere hath rule,  
And all things serve His might;  
His every act pure blessing is,  
His path, unsullied light.
- 4 Thou comprehend'st Him not;  
Yet earth and heaven tell,  
God sits as sovereign on the throne;  
He ruleth all things well.
- 5 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,  
Our hearts are known to Thee;  
O, lift Thou up the sinking hand,  
Confirm the feeble knee!
- 6 Let us, in life or death,  
Boldly Thy truth declare;  
And publish, with our latest breath,  
Thy love and guardian care.

257.

S. M.

ANONYMOUS.

### REJOICE IN THE LORD ALWAYS.

- 1 REJOICE in God alway;  
When earth looks heavenly bright,  
When joy makes glad the livelong day,  
And peace shuts in the night.
- 2 Rejoice when care and woe  
The fainting soul oppress;  
When tears at wakeful midnight flow,  
And morn brings heaviness.
- 3 Rejoice in hope and fear;  
Rejoice in life and death;  
*Rejoice when threatening storms are near,  
And comfort languisheth.*

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

- 4 When should not they rejoice,  
Whom Christ his brethren calls;  
Who hear and know his guiding voice  
When on their hearts it falls?
  - 5 So, though our path is steep,  
And many a tempest lowers,  
Shall his own peace our spirits keep  
And Christ's dear love be ours.
- 

258.

S. M.

• DOB

GOD WILL PROVIDE.

- 1 How gentle God's commands!  
How kind His precepts are!  
Come, leave your burdens to the Lord  
And trust His constant care.
- 2 His bounty will provide;  
Ye shall securely dwell;  
The hand that bears creation up  
Shall guard His children well.
- 3 O, why should anxious thought  
Press down your weary mind?  
Come, seek your Heavenly Father's  
And peace and gladness find.
- 4 His goodness stands for all  
Unchanged from day to day;  
We'll drop our burden at His feet,  
And bear a song away.

TRUST IN GOD.

59.

C. M.

COWPER.

THE MYSTERIES OF GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up His vast designs,  
And works His sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints! fresh courage take;  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and will break  
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain;  
God is His own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain.

260.

C. M.

MERRIC

“HE KNOWETH WHAT YE HAVE NEED OF.”

- 1 AUTHOR of good, we rest on Thee;  
Thine ever watchful eye  
Alone our real wants can see,  
Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 In Thine all-gracious providence  
Our cheerful hopes confide;  
O, let Thy power be our defence,  
Thy love our footsteps guide!
- 3 And since, by passion's force subdued,  
Too oft, with stubborn will,  
We blindly shun the latent good,  
And grasp the specious ill,—
- 4 Not what we wish, but what we want,  
Thy mercy still supply!  
The good unasked, O Father, grant;  
The ill, though asked, deny!

261.

L. M.

COLLE

RELIANCE.

- 1 THROUGH all the various shifting scene  
Of life's mistaken ill or good,  
Thy hand, O God! conducts, unseen,  
The beautiful vicissitude.
- 2 Thou givest with paternal care,  
Howe'er unjustly we complain,  
To all their necessary share  
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

TRUST IN GOD.

- 3 All things on earth, and all in heaven,  
On Thine eternal will depend;  
And all for greater good were given,  
Would man pursue the appointed end.
- 4 Be this my care! — to all beside  
Indifferent let my wishes be;  
Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,  
And fixed my soul, great God! on Thee.

---

262.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

TRUST IN THE LORD.

- 1 WHEN grief and anguish press me down,  
And hope and comfort flee,  
I cling, O Father, to Thy throne,  
And stay my heart on Thee.
- 2 When death invades my peaceful home,  
The sundered ties shall be  
A closer bond, in time to come,  
To bind my heart to Thee.
- 3 Lord, not my will, but Thine, be done!  
My soul, from fear set free,  
Her faith shall anchor at Thy throne,  
And trust alone in Thee.

---

263.

P. M.

ANONYMOUS.

THY WILL BE DONE.

- 1 My God, my Father, while I stray  
Far from my home on life's rough way,  
O, teach me from my heart to say,  
*Thy will, my God, be done!*

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

- 2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,  
Let me be still, and murmur not,  
But breathe the prayer divinely taught,  
Thy will, my God, be done!
- 3 What though in lonely grief I sigh  
For friends beloved, no longer nigh?  
Submissive still would I reply,  
Thy will, my God, be done!
- 4 If Thou shouldst call me to resign  
What most I prize, — it ne'er was mine, —  
I only yield Thee what is Thine;  
Thy will, my God, be done!
- 5 Should pining sickness waste away  
My life in premature decay,  
In life or death teach me to say,  
Thy will, my God, be done!
- 6 Renew my will from day to day,  
Blend it with Thine, and take away  
Whate'er now makes it hard to say,  
Thy will, my God, be done!

---

264.

L. M.

SARAH F. ADAMS

THY WILL BE DONE!

- 1 He sendeth sun, He sendeth shower;  
Alike they're needful for the flower;  
And joys and tears alike are sent  
To give the soul fit nourishment:  
As comes to me or cloud or sun,  
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done!

TRUST IN GOD.

- 2 Can loving children e'er reprove  
With murmurs whom they trust and love?  
Creator! I would ever be  
A trusting, loving child to Thee.  
As comes to me or cloud or sun,  
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done!
  - 3 O, ne'er will I at life repine!  
Enough that Thou hast made it mine.  
When falls the shadow cold of death,  
I yet will sing, with parting breath,—  
As comes to me or shade or sun,  
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done!
- 

65.

P. M.

BOWRING

THY WILL BE DONE!

- 1 Thy will be done! In devious way  
The hurrying stream of life may run;  
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say  
Thy will be done!
- 2 Thy will be done! If o'er us shine  
A gladdening and a prosperous sun,  
This prayer shall make it more divine:—  
Thy will be done!
- 3 Thy will be done! Though shrouded o'er  
Our path with gloom, one comfort, one,  
Is ours,—to breathe, while we adore,  
Thy will be done!

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

266.

L. M.

MRS. GILMAN

A FATHER'S CARE.

- 1 Is there a lone and dreary hour,  
When worldly pleasures lose their power;  
My Father! let me turn to Thee,  
And set each thought of darkness free.
- 2 Is there a time of racking grief,  
Which scorns the prospect of relief;  
My Father! break the cheerless gloom,  
And bid my heart its calm resume.
- 3 Is there an hour of peace and joy,  
When hope is all my soul's employ;—  
My Father! still my hopes will roam,  
Until they rest with Thee, their home.
- 4 The noontide blaze, the midnight scene,  
The dawn, or twilight's sweet serene,  
The glow of health, the dying hour,  
Shall own my Father's grace and power

---

267.

7s. M.

HEN

CONSIDER THE LILIES.

- 1 Lo, the lilies of the field!  
How their leaves instruction yield!  
Hark to nature's lesson given  
By the blessed birds of heaven!  
Every bush and tufted tree  
Warbles trust and piety:—  
Mortals, banish doubt and sorrow,  
God provideth for the morrow.

TRUST IN GOD.

- 2 One there lives, whose guardian eye  
Guides our earthly destiny;  
One there lives, who, Lord of all,  
Keeps His children lest they fall:  
Pass we, then, in love and praise,  
Trusting Him through all our days,  
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow,—  
God provideth for the morrow.
- 

10s. M.

JONES VERY.

THE SON.

FATHER ! I wait Thy word. The sun doth  
stand

neath the mingling line of night and day,  
listening servant, waiting Thy command,  
roll rejoicing on its silent way.

he tongue of time abides the appointed hour,  
ill on our ear its solemn warnings fall;  
he heavy cloud withholds the pelting  
shower,—

hen, every drop speeds onward at Thy call.

he bird reposes on the yielding bough,  
ith breast unswollen by the tide of song;—  
does my spirit wait Thy presence now,  
pour Thy praise in quickening life along.

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

269.

7s. M.

BOWRING.

“FATHER! GLORIFY THY NAME!”

- 1 FATHER! glorify Thy name!  
Whatsoe'er our portion be,  
Wheresoever led by Thee,  
If to glory, — if to shame, —  
Father! glorify Thy name!
- 2 Let Thy name be glorified!  
If in doubt and darkness lost,  
Hope deceived and purpose crost,  
Naught amiss can e'er betide, —  
Let Thy name be glorified!
- 3 Father! glorify Thy name!  
Vain and blind our wishes are;  
This can be no idle prayer,  
This can be no worthless claim, —  
Father! glorify Thy name!

270.

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

GOD LEADS US RIGHT.

- 1 LEADER of Israel's host, and Guide  
Of all who seek the land above,  
Beneath Thy shadow we abide,  
The cloud of Thy protecting love;  
Our strength Thy grace, our rule Thy word,  
Our end the glory of the Lord.
- 2 By Thine unerring Spirit led,  
We shall not in the desert stray,  
We shall not full direction need,  
Nor miss our providential way;  
As far from danger as from fear,  
While love, almighty love, is near.

FAITH.

7s. M.

• COWPER.

THE CROSS.

my happiness below  
to live without the cross,  
the Saviour's power to know,  
tidying every loss:  
as must and will befall;  
with humble faith to see  
inscribed upon them all, —  
is happiness to me.

in Israel sows the seeds  
fiction, pain, and toil;  
they spring up, and choke the weeds  
which would else o'erspread the soil;  
as make our faith sublime,  
as give new life to prayer,  
as is to a holier clime,  
as us strong to do and bear.

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8 & 7s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

TAKING UP THE CROSS.

OUR ! I my cross have taken,  
to leave, and follow thee;  
though by all things else forsaken,  
thou shalt my Redeemer be.

h every fond ambition,  
I've sought, or hoped, or known,  
how rich is my condition!  
and heaven are still mine own.

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

- 3 Know, my soul, thy full salvatio  
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and cal  
Joy to find, in every station,  
Something still to do and bear.
- 4 Think what Spirit dwells within  
Think what Father's smiles a  
Think that Jesus died to win the  
Child of heaven, canst thou re
- 5 Haste thee on from cross to glory  
Armed by faith and winged by  
Heaven's eternal day 's before th  
God's own hand shall lead the

273.

C. M.

FAITH.

- 1 THE dove, let loose in Eastern sk  
Returning fondly home,  
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, n  
Where idle warblers roam ;
- 2 But high she shoots through air  
Above all low delay,  
Where nothing earthly bounds h  
Nor shadow dims her way.
- 3 So grant me, Lord, from every s  
And stain of passion free,  
Aloft, through faith's serener air,  
To urge my course to Thee :
- 4 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay,  
My soul, as home she springs ;  
Thy sunshine on her joyful way  
Thy freedom on her wings !

## HOPE.

274.

C. M.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

### THE STRENGTH OF HOPE.

- 1 THE world may change from old to new,  
From new to old again;  
Yet hope and heaven, forever true,  
Within man's heart remain.  
The dreams that bless the weary soul,  
The struggles of the strong,  
Are steps towards some happy goal,  
The story of hope's song.
- 2 Hope leads the child to plant the flower,  
The man to sow the seed;  
Nor leaves fulfilment to her hour, —  
But prompts again to deed.  
And ere upon the old man's dust  
The grass is seen to wave,  
We look through falling tears, to trust  
Hope's sunshine on the grave.
- 3 O, no! it is no flattering lure,  
No fancy weak or fond,  
When hope would bid us rest secure  
In better life beyond.  
Nor love, nor shame, nor grief, nor sin,  
Her promise may gainsay;  
The voice divine hath spoke within,  
And God did ne'er betray.

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

275.

C. M.

CHR. REGIST

FAITH TRIUMPHANT OVER SORROW.

- 1 Not that Thy boundless love, my God,  
Sheds blessing on my way,  
And gilds as with a heavenly beam  
The darkness of earth's day,—  
Not now for breath of summer flowers,  
For smiles of sunny skies,  
The still, small voice of gratitude  
Shall to Thine ear arise.
- 2 I bless Thee for the ministry  
Of sorrow's lonely hour,  
When darkly o'er my stricken head  
I see the storm-clouds lower;  
Thy love can still the billows' roar,  
And whisper, "Peace; be still!"  
While faith doth on Thy promise rest,  
And bless the Father's will.
- 3 The shadow and the storm must come;  
O, grant that faith divine  
Which triumphs o'er the might of grief,  
And moulds man's will to Thine!  
In hours of deepest gloom, mine eye  
One blessed ray can see;  
A sunlit side that cloud must have,  
Which hides Thy face from me.

WATCHFULNESS.

276.

L. M.

JANE ROSCOE.

THE BITTER CUP.

- 1 THY will be done ! I will not fear  
The fate provided by Thy love ;  
Though clouds and darkness shroud me here,  
I know that all is bright above.
- 2 The stars of heaven are shining on,  
Though these frail eyes are dimmed with tears ;  
And though the hopes of earth be gone,  
Yet are not ours the immortal years ?
- 3 Father ! forgive the heart that clings,  
Thus trembling, to the things of time ;  
And bid the soul, on angel wings,  
Ascend into a purer clime.
- 4 There shall no doubts disturb its trust,  
No sorrows dim celestial love ;  
But these afflictions of the dust,  
Like shadows of the night, remove.
- 5 That glorious life will well repay  
This life of toil and care and woe ;  
O Father ! joyful on my way,  
To drink Thy bitter cup, I go.

277.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

I SAY UNTO YOU, WATCH !

- 1 YE servants of the Lord !  
Each in your office wait,  
*Observant of His heavenly word,*  
*And watchful at His gate.*

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,  
And trim the golden flame :  
Gird up your loins, as in His sight;  
For holy is His name.
- 3 Watch ! 'tis your Lord's command  
And while we speak, He's near :  
Mark the first signal of His hand,  
And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he  
In such a posture found !  
He shall his Lord with rapture see,  
And be with honor crowned.

278.

P. M.

WH

PATIENCE.

- 1 SHALL we grow weary in our watch,  
And murmur at the long delay,  
Impatient of our Father's time  
And his appointed way ?
- 2 O, oft a deeper test of faith  
Than prison-cell, or martyr's stake,  
The self-renouncing watchfulness  
Of silent prayer may make.
- 3 We gird us bravely to rebuke  
Our erring brother in the wrong ;  
And in the ear of pride and power  
Our warning voice is strong.
- 4 Easier to smite with Peter's sword  
Than watch one hour in humbling  
Life's great things, like the Syrian,  
Our hearts can do and dare :

INDEPENDENCE.

- 6 But, O, we shrink from Jordan's side,  
From waters which alone can save;  
And murmur for Abana's banks  
And Pharpar's brighter wave.
- 6 O Thou, who in the garden's shade  
Didst wake thy weary ones again,  
Who slumbered at that fearful hour,  
Forgetful of thy pain,—
- 7 Bend o'er us now, as over them,  
And set our sleep-bound spirits free,  
Nor leave us slumbering in the watch  
Our souls should keep with thee!

279.

L. M.

WOTTON.

INDEPENDENCE.

- 1 How happy is he born or taught  
Who serveth not another's will;  
Whose armor is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his highest skill;
- 2 Whose passions not his masters are;  
Whose soul is still prepared for death;  
Not tied unto the world with care  
Of public fame or private breath;
- 3 Who God doth late and early pray  
More of His grace than goods to lend,  
And walks with man, from day to day,  
As with a brother and a friend!
- 4 This man is freed from servile bands  
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;  
*Lord of himself, though not of lands,  
And having nothing, yet hath all.*

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

280.

S. M.

PURITY.

- 1 O! KNOW ye not that ye  
The temple are of God?  
Revere the earth-built shrine, where  
Should find a meet abode!
- 2 Immortal man, keep pure  
Thyself, that mystic shrine;  
Let hate of all that's dark endure,  
And love of all divine.
- 3 Let saintly thoughts be shown  
In act by saintly things;  
Like glories through the temple thro'  
From cherub's curtained wings.
- 4 Let life, a holy stream,  
Its fountain holy show;  
Reflecting, with a softened gleam,  
Heaven's purity below.

---

281.

S. M.

THE PURE IN HEART.

- 1 BLEST are the pure in heart,  
For they shall see our God;  
The secret of the Lord is theirs;  
Their soul is His abode.
- 2 Still to the lowly soul  
God doth Himself impart,  
And for His temple and His throne  
Doth choose the pure in heart.

CALMNESS.

282.

10s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

“IF HE GIVETH QUIET, WHO CAN MAKE TROUBLE?”

- 1 QUIET from God! how beautiful to keep  
This treasure, the All-merciful hath given;  
To feel, when we awake and when we sleep,  
Its incense round us, like a breath from  
heaven!
- 2 To sojourn in the world, and yet apart;  
To dwell with God, and still with man to feel;  
To bear about forever in the heart  
The gladness which His spirit doth reveal!
- 3 Who shall make trouble, then? Not evil  
minds,  
Which like a shadow o'er creation lower;  
The soul which peace hath thus attuned finds  
How strong within doth reign the Calmer's  
power.
- 4 What shall make trouble? Not the holy  
thought  
Of the departed; that will be a part  
Of those undying things His peace hath  
wrought  
Into a world of beauty in the heart.
- 5 What shall make trouble? Not slow-wasting  
pain,  
Nor even the threatening, certain stroke of  
death;  
These do but wear away, then break, the  
chain  
Which bound the spirit down to things  
beneath.

283.

L. M.

JANE ROBERTS

JUDGE NOT.

- 1 O, who shall say he knows the folds  
Which veil another's inmost heart,—  
The hopes, thoughts, wishes, which it holds  
In which he never bore a part?  
That hidden world no eye can see,—  
O, who shall pierce its mystery?
- 2 There may be hope as pure, as bright,  
As ever sought eternity,—  
There may be light,—clear, heavenly light,  
Where all seems cold and dark to thee;  
And when thy spirit mourns the dust,  
There may be trust,—delightful trust.
- 3 Go, bend to God, and leave to Him  
The mystery of thy brother's heart,  
Nor vainly think his faith is dim,  
Because in thine it hath no part;  
He, too, is mortal,—and, like thee,  
Would soar to immortality.
- 4 And if in duty's hallowed sphere,  
Like Christ, he meekly, humbly bends,—  
With hands unstained, and conscience clear  
With life's temptations still contends,—  
O, leave him that unbroken rest,  
The peace that shrines a virtuous breast!
- 5 But if his thoughts and hopes should err,  
Still view him with a gentle eye,—  
Remembering doubt, and change, and fear,  
Are woven in man's destiny;  
And when the clouds are passed away,  
'That truth shall dawn with brightening day

CHARITY.

14.

C. M.

MISS FLETCHER.

KINDLY JUDGMENT.

- 1 THINK gently of the erring one !  
O, let us not forget,  
However darkly stained by sin,  
He is our brother yet !  
Heir of the same inheritance,  
Child of the self-same God,  
He hath but stumbled in the path  
We have in weakness trod.
- 2 Speak gently to the erring ones !  
We yet may lead them back,  
With holy words, and tones of love,  
From misery's thorny track.  
Forget not, brother, thou hast sinned,  
And sinful yet may'st be ;  
Deal gently with the erring heart,  
As God hath dealt with thee.

---

35.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS

SPEAK GENTLY.

- 1 SPEAK gently, — it is better far  
To rule by love than fear ;  
Speak gently, — let no harsh word mar  
The good we may do here.
- 2 Speak gently to the young, — for they  
Will have enough to bear ;  
Pass through *this* life as best they may,  
*'Tis full of anxious care.*

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

- 3 Speak gently to the aged one,  
Grieve not the careworn heart;  
The sands of life are nearly run,  
Let them in peace depart.
- 4 Speak gently to the erring ones;  
They must have toiled in vain;  
Perchance unkindness made them so;  
O, win them back again!
- 5 Speak gently, — 'tis a little thing,  
Dropped in the heart's deep well;  
The good, the joy, that it may bring,  
Eternity shall tell.

---

286.

C. M.

JONES

KIND WORDS.

- 1 TURN not from him who asks of thee  
A portion of thy store;  
Thou poor in worldly goods may'st be  
Yet canst give what is more.
- 2 The balm of comfort thou canst pour  
Into his grieving mind,  
Who oft is turned from wealth's proud  
With many a word unkind.
- 3 Does any from the false world find  
Naught but reproach and scorn?  
Does any, stung by words unkind,  
Wish that he ne'er was born?
- 4 Do thou raise up his drooping heart,  
Restore his wounded mind;  
Though naught of wealth thou canst give  
Yet still thou may'st be kind.

CHARITY.

- 5 And oft again thy words shall wing  
Backward their course to thee,  
And in thy breast will prove a spring  
Of pure felicity.
- 

287.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

“NEITHER DO I CONDEMN THEE.”

- 1 O, if thy brow, serene and calm,  
From earthly stain is free,  
View not with scorn the erring one, —  
He once was pure like thee.
- 2 O, if the smiles of love are thine,  
Its joyous ecstasy,  
Shun not the poor forsaken one, —  
He once was loved like thee!
- 3 And still, 'mid shame, and guilt, and woe,  
One Being loves him still,  
Who, blessing thee, hath poured on him  
The world's extremest ill.
- 4 He knows the secret lure which led  
Those youthful steps astray;  
He knows that they who holiest are  
Might fall from Him away.
- 5 Then, with the love of him who said  
“Go thou, and sin no more,”  
Save, save, the sinner from despair,  
And peace and hope restore.

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

288.

L. M.

SCOTT.

CHARITABLE JUDGMENT.

- 1 ALL-SEEING God ! 'tis Thine to know  
The springs whence wrong opinions flow,—  
To judge, from principles within,  
When frailty errs, and when we sin.
  - 2 Who, among men, great Lord of all,  
Thy servant to his bar shall call ?  
Judge him, for modes of faith, Thy foe,  
Or doom him to the realms of woe ?
  - 3 Who with another's eye can read,  
Or worship by another's creed ?  
Trusting Thy grace, we form our own,  
And bow to Thy commands alone.
  - 4 If wrong, correct; accept, if right;  
While, faithful, we improve our light,  
Condemning none, but zealous still  
To learn and follow all Thy will.
- 

289.

9 & 4s. M.

BOWRING

THE SPIRIT GIVETH LIFE.

- 1 'Tis not the gift, but 'tis the spirit  
With which 'tis given,  
That on the gift confers a merit,  
As seen by Heaven.
- 2 'Tis not the prayer, however boldly  
It strikes the ear;  
It mounts in vain, it falls but coldly,  
If not sincere.

### SINCERITY.

- 3 'Tis not the deeds the loudest lauded  
That brightest shine ;  
There 's many a virtue unapplauded,  
And yet divine.
- 4 'Tis not the word that sounds the sweetest  
That 's soonest heard ;  
A sigh, when humbled thou retreatest,  
May be preferred.
- 5 The outward show may be delusive, —  
A cheating name ;  
The inner spirit is conclusive  
Of worth or shame.

## VII. THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

---

290.

P. M.

BULFINCH.

### PRAYER AND ACTION.

- 1 O, NOT alone on the mount of prayer  
Must the Christian serve his God ;  
But the burden of daily life must bear,  
And tread where his Saviour trod.
  - 2 Yet with him through every changing scene  
Doth the spirit of prayer abide ;  
When earth is lovely, and heaven serene,  
That spirit his course shall guide.
  - 3 And when the storm rages, and woe and wrath  
Would an earth-born courage quell,  
He knows that his God is around his path,  
And ordereth all things well.
- 

291.

L. M.

DRUMMOND.

### FAITH AND WORKS.

- 1 ONE cup of healing oil and wine,  
One tear-drop shed on mercy's shrine,  
Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to Thee,  
Than lifted eye or bended knee.

## FAITH AND WORKS.

true and genuine faith we trace  
the source of every Christian grace;  
within the pious heart it plays,  
the living fount of joy and praise.

And deeds of peace and love betray  
where'er the stream has found its way;  
where these spring not rich and fair,  
the stream has never wandered there.

---

7s. M.

W. Roscoe.

### THE GOLDEN RULE.

Jesus said Jesus: — "Go and do  
thou wouldst be done unto:"  
where thy perfect duty see,  
that God requires of thee.

wouldst thou, when thy faults are known,  
show that pardon should be shown?  
forgiving, then, and do  
thou wouldst be done unto.

wouldst thou helpless be and poor,  
wouldst thou not for aid implore?  
think of others, then, and be  
that thou wouldst they should to thee.

show compassion if thou call,  
compassionate to all;  
show thou wouldst affection find,  
affectionate and kind.

show thou wouldst obtain the love  
thy gracious God above,  
show to all His children be  
that thou wouldst they should to thee.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

293.

C. M.

PEARSON

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

- 1 Who is thy neighbor? he whom thou  
Hast power to aid or bless;  
Whose aching heart or burning brow  
Thy soothing hand may press.
- 2 Thy neighbor? 't is the fainting poor,  
Whose eye with want is dim;  
O, enter thou his humble door,  
With aid and peace for him.
- 3 Thy neighbor? he who drinks the cup  
When sorrow drowns the brim;  
With words of high, sustaining hope,  
Go thou and comfort him.
- 4 Thy neighbor? 't is the weary slave,  
Fettered in mind and limb;  
He hath no hope this side the grave;  
Go thou and ransom him.
- 5 Thy neighbor? pass no mourner by;  
Perhaps thou canst redeem  
A breaking heart from misery;  
Go, share thy lot with him.

---

294.

C. M.

R. C. TREN

THE LAW OF LOVE.

2 Kings, iv. 3.

- 1 Pour forth the oil, — pour boldly forth;  
It will not fail, until  
Thou failest vessels to provide  
Which it may largely fill.

LOVE TO MAN.

- 2 Make channels for the streams of love,  
Where they may broadly run;  
And love has overflowing streams,  
To fill them every one.
- 3 But if at any time we cease  
Such channels to provide,  
The very founts of love for us  
Will soon be parched and dried.
- 4 For we must share, if we would keep  
That blessing from above;  
Ceasing to give, we cease to have; —  
Such is the law of love.

35.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

WORDS AND DEEDS.

- 1 BENEATH the thick but struggling clouds,  
We talk of Christian life;  
The words of Jesus on our lips,  
Our hearts with man at strife.
- 2 Traditions, forms, and selfish aims,  
Have dimmed the inner light;  
Have closely veiled the spirit-world  
And angels from our sight.
- 3 Strong souls and willing hands we need,  
Our temple to repair;  
Remove the gathering dust of years,  
And show the model fair.
- 4 We slumber while the present calls,  
But darkness grows with rest;  
*Wouldst thou see truth? To action wake, —  
Do the divine behest.*

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

296.

P. M.

ANONYMOUS

HEAVEN ON EARTH.

- 1 THIS world is not a fleeting show,  
For man's illusion given;  
He that hath soothed a widow's woe,  
Or wiped an orphan's tear, doth know  
There's something here of heaven.
  - 2 And he who walks life's thorny way  
With feelings calm and even,  
Whose path is lit, from day to day,  
By virtue's bright and steady ray,  
Feels something here of heaven.
  - 3 He that the Christian course hath run,  
And all his foes forgiven,  
Hath measured out this life's short span  
In love to God and love to man,  
On earth has tasted heaven.
- 

297.

C. H. M.

BARTON

BLESSED ARE YE THAT SOW BESIDE ALL WATERS.

- 1 O, BE not faithless! with the morn  
Cast thou abroad thy grain!  
At noontide faint not thou forlorn,  
At evening sow again!  
Blessed are they, whate'er betide,  
Who thus all waters sow beside.

LOVE TO MAN.

Thou knowest not which seed shall grow,  
Or which may die, or live;  
In faith, and hope, and patience, sow!  
The increase God shall give,  
According to His gracious will, —  
As best his purpose may fulfil.

O, could our inward eye but view,  
Our hearts but feel aright,  
What faith, and love, and hope, can do,  
By their celestial might,  
We should not say, till these be dead,  
The power of miracle is fled.

---

1.                      10s. M.                      MRS. CASE.

LOVE ON!

love on! love on! but not the things that  
own  
the fleeting beauty of a summer day;  
ruth, virtue, spring from God's eternal throne,  
or quit the spirit when it leaves the clay:  
Love them! love them!

love on! love on! though death and earthly  
change  
bring mournful silence to a darkened home;  
ill let the heart rest where no eye grows  
strange,  
where never falls a shadow from the tomb:  
Love there! love there!

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 Love on! love on! the voice of grief and  
wrong  
Comes from the palace and the poor man's cot;  
Bid the proud bend, and bid the weak be strong,  
And life's tired pilgrim meekly bear his lot:  
Give strength! give peace!
- 4 Love on! love on! and though the evening still  
Wear the stern clouds that veiled thy noon-  
day sun,  
With changeless trust, with calm, unwaver-  
ing will,  
Work! bravely work! till the last hour be  
done:  
Love God! love Man!
- 

299.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

NOT FAITHLESS, BUT BELIEVING.

- 1 O, STILL trust on, if in the heart  
A holy inspiration rest,—  
Though painful be the chosen part,  
With doubts, and fears, and cares opprest!  
O, shrink not, brothers, though Christ's call  
Demand our youth, our strength, our all!
- 2 No offering is made in vain;  
Some human soul shall feel our love;  
E'en weary hours of toil and pain  
Shall help to lift our souls above:  
And may our recompense be given,  
In leading many souls to heaven!

MEANING OF LIFE.

And still trust on ! with trembling hand,  
'T is ours a little seed to sow ;  
It springs at the divine command, —  
Shall, if God will, to ripeness grow ;  
Beauty and fragrance it shall bring,  
And breathe an everlasting spring.

300.

C. M.

JONES VERY.

AS YE SOW, SO SHALL YE REAP.

- 1 THE bud will soon become a flower,  
The flower become a seed ;  
Then seize, O youth, the present hour, —  
Of that thou hast most need.
- 2 Do thy best always, — do it now, —  
For in the present time,  
As in the furrows of a plough,  
Fall seeds of good or crime.
- 3 The sun and rain will ripen fast  
Each seed that thou hast sown ;  
And every act and word at last  
By its own fruit be known.
- 4 And soon the harvest of thy toil  
Rejoicing thou shalt reap ;  
Or o'er thy wild, neglected soil  
Go forth in shame to weep.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

301.

P. M.

WHIT

THE PURPOSE OF LIFE.

- 1 HAST thou, 'midst life's empty noises,  
Heard the solemn steps of Time,  
And the low, mysterious voices  
Of another clime?
- 2 Early hath life's mighty question  
Thrilled within thy heart of youth,  
With a deep and strong beseeching, —  
What, and where, is truth?
- 3 Not to ease and aimless quiet  
Doth the inward answer tend;  
But to works of love and duty,  
As our being's end.
- 4 Earnest toil and strong endeavor  
Of a spirit which within  
Wrestles with familiar evil  
And besetting sin;
- 5 And without, with tireless vigor,  
Steady heart, and purpose strong,  
In the power of Truth assaileth  
Every form of wrong.

---

302.

S. M.

CHR. PSAL

ALL WORK DIVINE.

- 1 TEACH me, my God and King,  
In all things Thee to see;  
And what I do in anything,  
To do it as for Thee!

## MEANING OF LIFE.

- 2 To scorn the senses' sway,  
While still to Thee I tend;  
In all I do be Thou the way;  
In all be Thou the end.
- 3 All may of Thee partake;  
Nothing so small can be,  
But draws, when acted for Thy sake,  
Greatness and worth from Thee.
- 4 If done beneath Thy laws,  
E'en servile labors shine;  
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause;  
The meanest work divine.

303.

L. M.

STERLING.

### DIVINE MEANING IN HUMBLE THINGS.

- 1 THOU, Lord, who rear'st the mountain's height,  
And mak'st the cliffs with sunshine bright;  
O, grant that we may own Thy hand  
No less in every grain of sand!
- 2 With forests huge, of dateless time,  
Thy will has hung each peak sublime;  
But withered leaves beneath the tree  
Have tongues that tell as loud of Thee.
- 3 Teach us that not a leaf can grow,  
Till life from Thee within it flow;  
That not a grain of dust can be,  
O Fount of being! save by Thee;
- 4 That every human word and deed,  
Each flash of feeling, will, or creed,  
*Hath solemn meaning from above,*  
*Begun and ended all in love.*

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

304.

L. M.

KELL

SEEKING GOD IN ALL.

- 1 If on our daily course our mind  
Be set, to hallow all we find,  
New treasures still, of countless price,  
God will provide for sacrifice.
- 2 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,  
As more of heaven in each we see;  
Some softening gleam of love and prayer  
Shall dawn on every cross and care.
- 3 O could we learn that sacrifice,  
What light would all around us rise!  
How would our hearts with wisdom talk,  
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk!
- 4 The trivial round, the common task,  
Will furnish all we ought to ask;  
Room to deny ourselves, a road  
To bring us daily nearer God.

---

305.

L. M.

DODDRIEDGE

FORMS VAIN WITHOUT THE SPIRIT.

- 1 THE uplifted eye and bended knee  
Are but vain homage, Lord, to Thee:  
In vain our lips Thy praise prolong,  
The heart a stranger to the song.
- 2 Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal,  
The breaches of Thy precepts heal?  
Or fasts and penance reconcile  
Thy justice, and obtain Thy smile?

ACTION.

- 3 The pure, the humble, contrite mind,  
Sincere, and to Thy will resigned,  
To Thee a nobler offering yields  
Than Sheba's groves, or Sharon's fields.
- 4 Love God and man, — this great command  
Doth on eternal pillars stand;  
This did Thine ancient prophets teach,  
And this Thy well-beloved preach.

16.

8 & 7s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

LIFE'S WORK.

- 1 ALL around us, fair with flowers,  
Fields of beauty sleeping lie;  
All around us clarion voices  
Call to duty stern and high.
- 2 Thankfully we will rejoice in  
All the beauty God has given;  
But beware it does not win us  
From the work ordained of Heaven.
- 3 Following every voice of mercy  
With a trusting, loving heart;  
Let us in life's earnest labor  
Still be sure to do our part.
- 4 Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,  
Let us work with all our might,  
Lest the wretched faint and perish  
In the coming stormy night.
- 5 Now, to-day, and not to-morrow, —  
Lest, before to-morrow's sun,  
*We too, mournfully departing,  
Shall have left our work undone.*

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

307.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

EFFORT.

- 1 SCORN not the slightest word or deed,  
Nor deem it void of power;  
There 's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,  
That waits its natal hour.
- 2 A whispered word may touch the heart,  
And call it back to life;  
A look of love bid sin depart,  
And still unholy strife.
- 3 No act falls fruitless; none can tell  
How vast its power may be,  
Nor what results infolded dwell  
Within it silently.
- 4 Work on, despair not; bring thy mite,  
Nor care how small it be;  
God is with all that serve the right,  
The holy, true, and free.

---

308.

7s. M.

\* BULWER

THE MINISTER OF LOVE.

- 1 O'ER the mount and through the moor  
Glide the Christian's steps secure;  
Day and night, no fear he knows;  
Lonely, but with God, he goes:  
For the coat of mail, bedight  
In his spotless robe of white;  
For the sinful sword, his hand  
Bearing high the olive-wand.

- 2 Through the camp, and through the court,  
 Through the dark and deadly fort,  
 On the mission of the dove,  
 Speeds the minister of love ;  
 By his word the wildest tames,  
 And the world to God reclaims ;  
 War, and wrath, and famine cease,  
 Hushed around his path of peace.

309.

C. M.

M. B. LAMAR.

## THE CHRISTIAN REFORMER.

- 1 NAY, tell us not of dangers dire  
 That lie in duty's path ;  
 A warrior of the cross can feel  
 No fear of human wrath.
- 2 Where'er the Prince of Darkness holds  
 His earthly reign abhorred,  
 Sword of the spirit, thee we draw,  
 And battle for the Lord.
- 3 We go ! we go, to break the chains  
 That bind the erring mind,  
 And give the freedom that we feel  
 To all of human kind.
- 4 But, O, we wear no burnished steel,  
 And seek no gory field ;  
 Our weapon is the word of God,  
 His promise is our shield.
- 5 And still serene and fixed in faith,  
 We fear no earthly harm ;  
*We know it is our Father's work,*  
*We rest upon His arm.*

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

310.

8 & 7s. M.

LONGFELL

PSALM OF LIFE.

- 1 TELL me not, in mournful numbers,  
Life is but an empty dream;  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.
- 2 Life is real! life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul.
- 3 Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end and way;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Find us further than to-day.
- 4 Lives of true men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time;
- 5 Footprints which perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.
- 6 Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.

## CONFLICT.

C. M.

• WATTS

### THE SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.

Am I a soldier of the cross,  
And pledged to bear its shame?  
And shall I fear to own Christ's cause,  
Or blush to speak his name?

Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas?

Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Shall sloth and faintness win Thy peace,  
O Thou, the martyr's God?

The fearless heart Thou wilt sustain;  
Increase my courage, Lord!  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by Thy word.

The saints in all this glorious war  
Shall conquer, though they die;  
They see the triumph from afar,  
And seize it with their eye.

When Thy illustrious day shall rise,  
And all Thy armies shine  
In robes of victory through the skies,  
The glory shall be Thine.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

312.

L. M.

GASKELL

PRESS ON !

- 1 Press on, press on ! ye sons of light,  
Untiring in your holy fight,  
Still treading each temptation down,  
And battling for a brighter crown.
  - 2 Press on, press on ! through toil and woe,  
With calm resolve, to triumph go,  
And make each dark and threatening ill  
Yield but a higher glory still.
  - 3 Press on, press on ! still look in faith  
To him who vanquished sin and death ;  
Then shall ye hear God's word, " Well done !  
True to the last, press on, press on !
- 

313.

8 & 7s. M.

THE CONFLICT OF LIFE.

- 1 ONWARD, Christian. though the region  
Where thou art be drear and lone ;  
God hath set a guardian legion  
Very near thee, — press thou on !
- 2 Listen, Christian, their Hosanna  
Rolleth o'er thee, — " God is Love."  
Write upon thy red-cross banner,  
" Upward ever, — heaven's above."
- 3 By the thorn-road, and none other,  
Is the mount of vision won ;  
Tread it without shrinking, brother !  
Jesus trod it, — press thou on !

## CONFLICT.

- 4 By thy trustful, calm endeavor,  
Guiding, cheering, like the sun,  
Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver;  
O, for their sake, press thou on!
  - 5 Be this world the wiser, stronger,  
For thy life of pain and peace;  
While it needs thee, O, no longer  
Pray thou for thy quick release;
  - 6 Pray thou, Christian, daily, rather,  
That thou be a faithful son;  
By the prayer of Jesus, — "Father,  
Not my will, but Thine, be done!"
- 

14.

7s. M.

GASKELL.

### SLEEP NOT AS DO OTHERS.

- 1 SLEEP not, soldier of the cross!  
Foes are lurking all around;  
Look not here to find repose,  
This is but thy battle-ground.
- 2 Up! and take thy shield and sword;  
Up! it is the call of Heaven;  
Shrink not faithless from thy Lord,  
Nobly strive as he hath striven.
- 3 Break through all the force of ill;  
Tread the might of passion down;  
Struggle onward, upward still,  
To the conquering Saviour's crown!

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

315.

C. M.

D.

FORGETTING THE THINGS BEHIND.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul ! stretch every nerve  
And press with vigor on ;  
A heavenly race demands thy zeal  
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey ;  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice  
That calls thee from on high ;  
'Tis His own hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye ;—
- 4 That prize with peerless glories bright  
Which shall new lustre boast,  
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' crowns  
Shall blend in common dust.

---

316.

C. M.

AN.

THE WHOLE ARMOR OF THE LORD.

- 1 O, SPEED thee, Christian, on thy way  
And to thine armor cling ;  
With girded loins the call obey  
That love and mercy bring !
- 2 There is a battle to be fought,  
An upward race to run,  
A crown of glory to be sought,  
A victory to be won.

CONFLICT.

- 3 O, faint not, Christian ! for thy sighs  
Are heard before God's throne ;  
The race must come before the prize,  
The cross before the crown.

317.

P. M.

STAUGHTON.

ONWARD AND UPWARD.

- 1 BREAST the wave, Christian ! when it is  
strongest ;  
Watch for day, Christian ! when the night's  
longest ;  
Onward and onward still be thine endeavor ;  
The rest that remaineth will be forever.
- 2 Fight the fight, Christian ! Jesus is o'er thee ;  
Run the race, Christian ! heaven is before  
thee ;  
He who hath promised faltereth never ;  
The love of eternity flows on forever.
- 3 Lift the eye, Christian ! just as it closeth ;  
Raise the heart, Christian ! ere it reposeth ;  
Thee from the love of Christ nothing shall  
sever ;  
Mount when the work is done,—praise God  
forever !

318.

L. M.

MRS BARBAULD.

THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul ! lift up thine eyes ;  
See where thy foes against thee rise,  
In long array, a numerous host ;  
Awake, my soul ! or thou art lost.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 Here giant danger threatening stands,  
Mustering his pale, terrific bands;  
There, pleasure's silken banners spread,  
And willing souls are captives led.
- 3 See where rebellious passions rage,  
And fierce desires and lusts engage;  
The meanest foe of all the train  
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.
- 4 Come, then, my soul! now learn to wield  
The weight of thine immortal shield;  
Put on the armor from above  
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.
- 5 The terror and the charm repel,  
And powers of earth, and powers of hell  
The Man of Calvary triumphed here;  
Why should his faithful followers fear?

---

319.

7s. M.

BUILT

STRUGGLE.

- 1 THERE'S a strife we all must wage,  
From life's entrance to its close;  
Blest the bold who dare engage!  
Woe for him who seeks repose!
- 2 Honored they who firmly stand,  
While the conflict presses round;  
God's own banner in their hand,  
In his service faithful found.
- 3 What our foes? Each thought im-  
Passions fierce, that tear the soul;  
Every ill that we can cure;  
Every crime we can control;

CONFLICT.

- 4 Every suffering which our hand  
Can with soothing care assuage;  
Every evil of our land;  
Every error of our age.
- 5 On, then, to the glorious field!  
He who dies his life shall save;  
God himself shall be our shield,  
He shall bless and crown the brave.
- 

20.

8 & 7s. M.

MISS BREMER

SUFFERING AND ACTION.

CHEEK grow pale, but heart be vigorous!  
Body fall, but soul have peace!  
Welcome, pain! thou searcher rigorous!  
Slay me, but my faith increase.

Sin, o'er sense so softly stealing;  
Doubt, that would my strength impair;  
Hence at once from life and feeling!—  
Now my cross I gladly bear.

Up, my soul! with clear sedateness  
Read heaven's law, writ bright and broad,  
Up! a sacrifice to greatness,  
Truth, and goodness,—up to God!

Up to labor! from thee shaking  
Off the bonds of sloth, be brave!  
Give thyself to prayer and waking;  
Toil some fainting heart to save!

321.

L. M.

ROSCOE.

THE PILGRIM.

- 1 Go, suffering pilgrim of the earth,  
Go, conscious of thy heavenly birth,  
And, 'midst the storms that round thee rise,  
Retrace thy journey to the skies.
- 2 What though the wild winds rage around?  
Thou wilt not tremble at the sound;  
What though the waters o'er thee roll?  
They touch not thine immortal soul.
- 3 See where, arrayed on either hand,  
The direful train of passions stand;  
See hatred, envy, bar thy way,  
And foes more subtle still than they.
- 4 But, robed in innocence and truth,  
From all temptation guard thy youth;  
And from thy vestment's sacred bound  
Shake the dread fiends that cling around.
- 5 Go with pure heart and steadfast eyes,  
Strive on till that bright morn shall rise  
That gives thee to thy blest abode,  
To rest forever with thy God.

322.

L. M.

NORTON.

FELLOWSHIP OF HIS SUFFERINGS.

- 1 FAINT not, poor traveller, though the way  
Be rough, like that thy Saviour trod;  
Though cold and stormy lower the day,  
This path of suffering leads to God.

### AFFLICTION.

Nay, sink not, though from every limb  
Are starting drops of toil and pain;  
Thou dost but share the lot of Him  
With whom his followers are to reign.

Christian! thy friend, thy master, prayed,  
While dread and anguish shook his frame,  
Then met his sufferings undismayed;  
Wilt thou not strive to do the same?

O, thinkest thou his Father's love  
Shone round him then with fainter rays  
Than now, when, throned all height above,  
Unceasing voices hymn his praise?

Go, sufferer, calmly meet the woes  
Which God's own mercy bids thee bear;  
Then, rising as thy Saviour rose,  
Go, his eternal victory share.

---

3.

L. M.

NEWTON.

#### TRUST IN GOD.

Be still, my heart! these anxious cares  
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;  
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,  
And contradict His gracious word.

Brought safely by His hand thus far,  
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?  
How canst thou want if He provide,  
Or lose thy way with such a guide?

And ever trouble yet befall,  
And He refuse to hear thy call?  
And has He not His promise past,  
That thou shalt overcome at last?

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 4 He who has helped me hitherto  
Will help me all my journey through,  
And give me daily cause to raise  
New trophies to His endless praise.
- 

324.

7s. M.

GASKELL.

REFUGE IN GOD.

- 1 WE would leave, O God, to Thee,  
Every anxious care and fear;  
Thou the troubled thought canst see,  
Thou canst dry the bitter tear.
- 2 Thou dost care for us, we know, —  
Care with all a Father's love;  
Thou canst make each earthly woe  
Work to higher bliss above.
- 3 On this faith we fain would rest;  
Strengthen Thou its blessed power!  
Steadfast keep it in our breast,  
Through each dark and trying hour.
- 

325.

L. M.

MORPETH.

THE USE OF TEARS.

- 1 How little of ourselves we know,  
Before a grief the heart has felt!  
The lessons that we learn of woe  
Make strong the soul, as well as melt.
- 2 The energies too stern for mirth,  
The reach of thought, the strength of will,  
'Mid cloud and tempest have their birth,  
Though blight and blast their course fulfil.

## AFFLICTION.

And yet 't is when it mourns and fears,  
The laden spirit feels forgiven ;  
And through the mist of falling tears  
We catch the clearest glimpse of heaven.

---

L. M.

BRYANT.

### BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN.

Remember not that they are blest alone  
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep ;  
The God who loves our race has shown  
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again  
The lids that now o'erflow with tears,  
And weary hours of woe and pain  
Be earnest of serener years.

There are days of hope and rest  
For every dark and troubled night !  
And grief may bide, an evening guest,  
But joy shall come with morning light.

And ye, who o'er a friend's low bier  
Have shed the bitter drops like rain,  
Know that a brighter, happier sphere  
Will give him to your arms again.

---

L. M.

NORTON.

### MY GOD, I THANK THEE !

O God, I thank Thee ! may no thought  
Ever deem Thy chastisements severe ;  
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,  
In each wild wish, each idle fear.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;  
The sun shines bright, and man is gay;  
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom  
That darkens o'er his little day.
- 3 Full many a throb of grief and pain  
Thy frail and erring child must know;  
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,  
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.
- 4 Thy various messengers employ;  
Thy purposes of love fulfil;  
And, 'mid the wreck of human joy,  
Let kneeling faith adore Thy will.

328.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE

WEEPING SEEDTIME; JOYFUL HARVEST.

- 1 THE darkened sky, how thick it lowers!  
Troubled with storms, and big with showers  
No cheerful gleam of light appears,  
But nature pours forth all her tears.
- 2 Yet let the sons of God revive;  
He bids the soul that seeks Him live,  
And from the gloomiest shade of night  
Calls forth a morning of delight.
- 3 The seeds of ecstasy unknown  
Are in these watered furrows sown;  
See the green blades, how thick they rise,  
And with fresh verdure bless our eyes!
- 4 In secret foldings they contain  
Unnumbered ears of golden grain;  
And heaven shall pour its beams around,  
Till the ripe harvest load the ground.

AFFLICTION.

shall the trembling mourner come,  
bind his sheaves, and bear them home;  
voice long broke with sighs shall sing,  
heaven with hallelujahs ring.

---

L. M.

N. Y. COLL.

AFFLICTION, GOD'S ANGEL.

CTION's faded form draws nigh,  
wrinkled brow and downcast eye;  
sackcloth on her bosom spread,  
ashes scattered o'er her head.

leem her not a child of earth;  
heaven she draws her sacred birth;  
e the throne of God she stands  
ecute his kind commands.

messenger of love, she flies  
ain us for our sphere, the skies;  
onward as we move, the way  
nes more smooth, more bright the day.

veeds to robes of glory turn,  
ooks with kindling radiance burn;  
from her lips these accents steal,—  
l smites to bless, he wounds to heal!"

---

10s. M.

\* Mrs. HOWITT.

IN AFFLICTION.

that art strong to comfort, look on me!  
n darkness and behold no light;  
*my soul the waves of agony*  
*gone, and left me in a rayless night.*

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 A bruised and broken reed sustain ! sustain !  
Divinest Comforter, to Thee I fly,  
To whom no soul hath ever fled in vain ;  
Support me with thy love, or else I die.
  - 3 Father, what'er I had, it all was thine ;  
A God of mercy Thou hast ever been ;  
O, help me what I most loved to resign,  
And if I murmur, count it not for sin.
  - 4 My soul is strengthened now, and it shall bear  
All that remains, whatever it may be ;  
And from the very depths of my despair  
I will look up, O God, and trust in Thee !
- 

331.

C. M.

• BARTON.

AT EVENING THERE SHALL BE LIGHT.

- 1 OUR pathway oft is wet with tears,  
Our sky with clouds o'ercast,  
And worldly cares and worldly fears  
Go with us to the last ; —  
Not to the last ! God's word hath said,  
Could we but read aright :  
O pilgrim ! lift in hope thy head,  
At eve it shall be light !
- 2 Though earth-born shadows now may shroud  
Our toilsome path a while,  
God's blessed word can part each cloud,  
And bid the sunshine smile.  
If we but trust in living faith,  
His love and power divine,  
Then, though our sun may set in death,  
His light shall round us shine.

AFFLICTION.

- 3 When tempest-clouds are dark on high,  
His bow of love and peace  
Shines beauteous in the vaulted sky,  
Token that storms shall cease.  
Then keep we on, with hope unchilled,  
By faith and not by sight,  
And we shall own his word fulfilled,—  
“At eve it shall be light.”
- 

332.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

GOD'S WAY IS ON THE DEEP.

- 1 THY way is on the deep, O Lord !  
E'en there we 'll go with Thee ;  
We 'll meet the tempest at Thy word,  
And walk upon the sea.
- 2 Poor tremblers at His rougher wind,  
Why do we doubt Him so ?  
Who gives the storms a path will find  
The way our feet shall go.
- 3 A moment may His hand seem lost,  
Drear moment of delay ; —  
We cry, “ Lord, help the tempest-tost ! ”  
And safe we 're borne away.
- 4 O happy soul, of faith divine !  
Thy victory how sure !  
The love that kindles joy is thine,  
The patience to endure.

333.

H. M.

Mrs. MUI

IN AFFLICTION.

1 THOU, infinite in love !  
 Guide this bewildered mind,  
 Which, like the trembling dove,  
 No resting-place can find  
 On the wild waters, — God of light,  
 Through the thick darkness lead me right

2 Bid the fierce conflict cease,  
 And fear and anguish fly ;  
 Let there again be peace,  
 As in the days gone by :  
 In Jesus' name I cry to Thee,  
 Remembering Gethsemane.

3 Fain would earth's true and dear  
 Save me in this dark hour ;  
 And art not Thou more near ?  
 Art Thou not love and power ?  
 Vain is the help of man, — but Thou  
 Canst send deliverance even now.

4 Though through the future's shade  
 Pale phantoms I descry,  
 Let me not shrink dismayed,  
 But ever feel Thee nigh ;  
 There may be grief, and pain, and care  
 But, O my Father ! Thou art there.

AFFLICTION.

34.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

RESIGNATION.

- 1 In trouble and in grief, O God,  
Thy smile hath cheered my way;  
And joy hath budded from each thorn  
That round my footsteps lay.
- 2 The hours of pain have yielded good  
Which prosperous days refused;  
As herbs, though scentless when entire,  
Spread fragrance when they're bruised.
- 3 The oak strikes deeper as its boughs  
By furious blasts are driven;  
So life's tempestuous storms the more  
Have fixed my heart in heaven.
- 4 All-gracious Lord! whate'er my lot  
In other times may be,  
I'll welcome still the heaviest grief  
That brings me near to Thee.

---

35.

7s. M.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

DEWS AND TEARS.

- 1 GENTLY fall the dews of eve,  
Raising still the languid flowers;  
Sweetly flow the tears that grieve  
O'er a mourner's stricken hours.
- 2 Blessed dews and tears that yet  
Lift us nearer unto heaven!  
*Let us still His praise repeat,  
Who in mercy all hath given.*

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

336.

10s. M.

ANON

THE STRENGTH OF THE LONELY.

- 1 THOUGH lonely be thy path, fear not, fo  
Who marks the sparrow fall is guarding  
And not a star shines o'er thy head by  
But He hath known that it will reac  
sight.
- 2 And not a grief can darken or surprise,  
Swell in thy heart, or dim with tears  
eyes,  
But it is sent in mercy and in love,  
To bid thy helplessness seek strength a

---

337.

L. M.

JANE R

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

- 1 MY Father, when around me spread  
I see the shadows of the tomb,  
When life's bright visions droop and  
And darkness veils the days to come,
- 2 O, in that anguished hour I turn.  
With a still trusting heart to Thee,  
And holy thoughts arise and burn  
Amid that cold, sad destiny !
- 3 They fill my soul with heavenly light  
While all around is pain and woe;  
And strengthened by them, in Thy s  
Father, to drink Thy cup I go.

AFFLICTION.

38.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

CONSOLATION.

- 1 LET me not wander comfortless,  
My Father, far from Thee;  
But still beneath Thy guardian wing  
In holy quiet be.
- 2 The storms of grief, the tears of woe,  
Soothed by Thy love, shall cease;  
And all the trembling spirit breathe  
A deep, unbroken peace.
- 3 The power of prayer shall o'er me shed  
A deep, celestial calm;  
More soft than evening's twilight dews,  
My soul shall feel its balm.
- 4 For there Thy still, small voice shall speak  
Thy great, Thy boundless love;  
And tears and smiles, and grief and joy,  
Shall lift my soul above.

---

39.

S. M.

ANONYMOUS.

THE MEANING OF SORROW.

- 1 WE love this outward world,  
Its fair sky overhead, —  
Its morning's soft, gray mist unfurled,  
Its sunsets rich and red.
- 2 But there's a world within  
That higher glory hath;  
A life the immortal soul must win, —  
The life of joy and faith.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 For this the Father's love  
Doth shade the world of sense,  
The bounding play of health remove,  
And dim the sparkling glance;
- 4 That, though the earth grows dull  
And earthly pleasures few,  
The spirit gain its wisdom full  
To suffer and to do.
- 5 Holy its world within,  
Unknown to sound or sight, —  
The world of victory o'er sin,  
Of faith, and love, and light.

340.

11 & 10s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

THE MOURNER.

- 1 WEEP thou, O mourner! but in lamentation  
Let thy Redeemer still remembered be;  
Strong is His arm, the God of thy salvation,  
Strong is His love to cheer and comfort thee.
- 2 Cold though the world be, in the way before  
thee,  
Wail not in sadness o'er the darkling tomb;  
God in His love still watcheth kindly o'er  
thee,  
Light shineth still above the clouds of gloom.
- 3 Dimmed though thine eyes be with the tears  
of sorrow,  
Night only known beneath the sky of time,  
Faith can behold the dawning of a morrow  
Glowing in smiles of life and joy sublime.

AFFLICTION.

ange, then, O mourner, grief to exultation;  
Firm and confiding should thy spirit be;  
ong is His arm, the God of thy salvation,  
Strong is His love to cheer and comfort  
thee.

---

P. M.

MRS. HEMANS.

FOR STRENGTH.

FATHER! who in the olive shade,  
When the dark hour came on,  
Didst, with a breath of heavenly aid,  
Strengthen thy Son;

O, in the anguish of our night,  
Send us down blest relief;  
And to the chastened, let Thy might  
Hallow the grief!

And thou, that, when the starry sky  
Saw the dread strife begun,  
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,  
"Thy will be done!"—

By thy meek spirit, thou, of all  
That e'er have mourned the chief,  
Our Saviour! when the stroke doth fall,  
Hallow our grief!

342.

11 & 4s. M.

WHITT

THE ANGELS OF GRIEF.

- 1 WITH silence only as their benediction,  
God's angels come  
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,  
The soul sits dumb.
- 2 Yet would we say, what every heart :  
proveth, —  
Our Father's will,  
Calling to Him the dear ones whom he love  
Is mercy still.
- 3 Not upon us or ours the solemn angel  
Hath evil wrought ;  
The funeral anthem is a glad evangel ;  
The good die not !
- 4 God calls our loved ones, but we lose  
wholly  
What He has given ;  
They live on earth in thought and deed,  
truly  
As in His heaven.

343.

C. M.

WILL

ANGELS.

- 1 O, NOT when the death-prayer is said,  
The life of life departs ;  
The body in the grave is laid,  
Its beauty in our hearts.

AFFLICTION.

At holy midnight, voices sweet,  
Like fragrance, fill the room;  
And happy ghosts, with noiseless feet,  
Come brightening through the gloom.

We know who sends the visions bright,  
From whose dear side they came;  
We veil our eyes before Thy light,  
We bless our Father's name!

This frame, O God, this feeble breath,  
Thy hand may soon destroy;  
We think of Thee, and feel in death  
A deep and holy joy.

Dim is the light of vanished years  
In glory yet to come;  
O idle grief, O foolish tears,  
When Jesus calls us home!

---

P. M.

MRS. HEMANS.

THE CRY OF THE AFFLICTED.

1 LOWLY and solemn be  
Thy children's cry to Thee,  
Father divine!

A hymn of suppliant breath,  
Owing that life and death  
Alike are Thine.

2 O Father, in that hour  
When earth all helping power  
Shall disavow;  
When spear, and shield, and crown,  
*In faintness* are cast down,  
Sustain us Thou!

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 By him who bowed to take  
The death-cup for our sake,  
The thorn, the rod;  
From whom the last dismay  
Was not to pass away,  
Aid us, O God!
- 4 And now beside the grave,  
We call on Thee to save,  
Father divine!  
Hear, hear our suppliant breath;  
Keep us, in life and death,  
Thine, only Thine!
- 

345.

12 & 11s. M.

GARR

LIFE IN DEATH.

- 1 THANKS, thanks unto God! who in me  
hath spoken  
The truths which have pierced through  
spirit's sad gloom;  
Whose love with the light of its presence  
hath broken  
The darkness which hung o'er the desolate  
tomb.
- 2 What now shall affright us? A Father  
Almighty  
Keeps watch round our footsteps where  
we go;  
His mercy is sleepless,—His wisdom un-  
failing,—  
He knoweth each want and regardeth each  
woe.

## DEATH.

here now is death's terror? he comes as an  
angel  
To carry the spirit away to its rest;  
The gloom which he weareth is lost in the  
message  
He brings from the Being who loveth us  
best.

Why we live ever true to the hopes He hath  
given,  
While they shed o'er our path a still holier  
light;  
Ever making us nearer and nearer to heaven,  
More pure our affections, our spirits more  
bright.

---

L. M.

NORTON.

### O, STAY THY TEARS!

STAY thy tears! for they are blest  
Those days are past, whose toil is done;  
The midnight care disturbs our rest,  
The sorrow dims the morning sun.

The laboring virtue's anxious toil,  
The patient sorrow's stifled sigh,  
The faith that marks the conqueror's spoil,  
Heaven grants the recompense,—to die.

How blest are they whose transient years  
Are like an evening meteor's flight,  
Not dark with guilt, nor dim with tears,  
Whose course is short, unclouded, bright!

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 4 O, cheerless were our lengthened way,  
But heaven's own light dispels the gloom  
Streams downward from eternal day,  
And sheds a glory round the tomb!
- 5 Then stay thy tears,—the blest above  
Have hailed a spirit's heavenly birth,  
Sung a new song of joy and love;  
Then why should anguish reign on ear
- 

347.

L. M.

SARAH F. AD

THE ANGEL AT THE TOMB.

- 1 The mourners came, at break of day,  
Unto the garden sepulchre,  
With saddened hearts to weep and pray  
For him, the loved one, buried there.  
What radiant light dispels the gloom?  
An angel sits beside the tomb.
- 2 The earth doth mourn her treasures lost  
All sepulchred beneath the snow,  
When wintry winds and chilling frost  
Have laid her summer glories low;  
The spring returns, the flow'rets bloom  
An angel sits beside the tomb.
- 3 Then mourn we not beloved dead,  
E'en while we come to weep and pray  
The happy spirit hath but fled  
To brighter realms of heavenly day;  
Immortal hope dispels the gloom;—  
An angel sits beside the tomb.

DEATH.

48.

7 & 5s. M.

BOWRING.

BLESSED ARE THE DEAD.

- 1 BLESSED, blessed are the dead  
In the Lord who die;  
Radiant is the path they tread  
Upward to the sky.
  - 2 All their deeds of virtue done,  
Deeds of peace and love,  
Now are stars of glory strewn,  
Lighting them above.
- 

49.

S. M.

BOWRING.

O DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING?

- 1 WHERE is thy sting, O death?  
Grave! where thy victory?  
The clod may sleep in dust beneath,  
The spirit will be free!
- 2 Both man and time have power  
O'er suffering, dying men;  
But death arrives, and in that hour  
The soul is freed again.
- 3 Then, death, where is thy sting?  
And where thy victory, grave?  
O'er your dark bourn the soul will spring  
To Him who loves to save.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

350.

L. M.

MRS. BARBAULD.

HIS END IS PEACE.

- 1 How blest the righteous when he dies!  
When sinks a trusting soul to rest,  
How mildly beam the closing eyes,  
How gently heaves the expiring breast!
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away;  
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;  
So gently shuts the eye of day;  
So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,  
A calm which life nor death destroys;  
And naught disturbs that peace profound  
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,  
Where lights and shades alternate dwell!  
How bright the unchanging morn appears!  
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!
- 5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,  
Light from its load the spirit flies;  
While guardian angels gently say,  
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

351.

S. M.

\*MRS. HOWITT.

HE IS RISEN.

- 1 O SPIRIT, freed from earth,  
Rejoice, thy work is done!  
The weary world's beneath thy feet,  
Thou brighter than the sun!

DEATH.

- 2 Arise, put on the robes  
That the redeemed win;  
Now sorrow hath no part in thee,  
Thou sanctified within!
- 3 Awake, and breathe the air  
Of the celestial clime!  
Awake to love which knows no change,  
Thou who hast done with time!
- 4 Awake, lift up thine eyes!  
See, all heaven's host appears!  
And be thou glad exceedingly,—  
Thou, who hast done with tears.
- 5 Ascend! thou art not now  
With those of mortal birth;  
The living God hath touched thy lips,  
Thou who hast done with earth!

---

52.

S. M.

GASKELL.

NO MORE!

- 1 "No more, on earth no more,  
Shall beam for us that eye;  
Closed in a strange forgetfulness  
Forever it must lie.
- 2 "No more, on earth no more,  
Shall we behold that face;  
Within the mournful halls of death  
Must be its dwelling-place.
- 3 "No more, on earth no more,  
Shall those dear lips be heard;  
*Cold silence there hath fixed its seal,  
Breathed is their latest word."*

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 4 'Tis so fond Nature mourns  
Affection's broken ties ;  
But Faith stands forth, she points on high,  
Serenely she replies :—
- 5 “ No more, in heaven no more,  
That eye is dim with tears ;  
But bright, and brighter still, the scene  
Before its view appears.
- 6 “ No more, in heaven no more,  
That face a shadow bears ;  
But looks of light, born of a bliss  
Unknown to earth, it wears.
- 7 “ No more, in heaven no more,  
That voice is faint with pain ;  
It mingles with angelic bands,  
In their enraptured strain.
- 8 “ No more, in heaven no more,  
The parting grief is known ;  
But love has all eternity  
To look through as its own.”

353.

C. M.

BARTON

THE DEAD.

- 1 THE dead are like the stars by day,  
Withdrawn from mortal eye,  
Yet holding unperceived their way  
Through the unclouded sky.
- 2 By them, through holy hope and love,  
We feel, in hours serene,  
Connected with a world above,  
Immortal and unseen.

## THE SPIRITUAL WORLD.

For death his sacred seal hath set  
On bright and bygone hours ;  
And they we mourn are with us yet,  
Are more than ever ours ;—

Ours, by the pledge of love and faith,  
By hopes of heaven on high ;  
By trust, triumphant over death,  
In immortality.

---

1.

P. M.

ANONYMOUS

### THE DEPARTED.

THE spirits of the loved and the departed  
Are with us, and they tell us of the sky,  
Rest for the bereaved and broken-hearted,  
A house not made with hands, a home on  
high ;  
Holy monitions, — a mysterious breath, —  
A whisper from the marble halls of death.

They have gone from us, and the grave is  
strong,  
Yet in night's silent watches they are near ;  
Their voices linger round us, as the song  
Of the sweet bird that lingers on the ear,  
When, floating upward in the flush of even,  
Its form is lost from earth and swallowed up  
in heaven.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

355.

11s. M.

ANONYM

ARE THEY NOT ALL MINISTERING SPIRITS!

- 1 How dear is the thought, that the angel  
God  
May bow their bright wings to the world t  
once trod;  
Will leave the sweet songs of the mans  
above,  
To breathe o'er our bosoms some messag  
love!
- 2 They come, on the wings of the morning t  
come,  
Impatient to lead some poor wanderer ho  
Some sinner to save from his darkened ab  
And lay him to rest in the arms of his G
- 3 They come when we wander, they c  
when we pray,  
In mercy to guard us wherever we stray  
A glorious cloud, their bright witness is giv  
Encircling us here are these angels of hea

---

356.

C. M.

\* J. H. PERI

SPIRITUAL PRESENCE.

- 1 It is a faith sublime and sure,  
That ever round our head  
Are hovering, on noiseless wing,  
The spirits of the dead.

THE SPIRITUAL WORLD.

- 2 It is a faith sublime and sure,  
When ended our career,  
That it will be our ministry  
To watch o'er others here;
  - 3 To bid the mourners cease to mourn,  
The trembling be forgiven,  
To bear away from ills of clay  
The deathless soul to heaven.
- 

57.

C. M.

JANE TAYLOR.

THE UNSEEN WORLD.

- 1 THERE is a state unknown, unseen,  
Where parted souls must be ;  
And but a step doth lie between  
That world of souls and me.
- 2 I see no light, I hear no sound,  
When midnight shades are spread ;  
Yet angels pitch their tents around,  
And guard my quiet bed.
- 3 The things unseen, O God, reveal ;  
My spirit's vision clear,  
Till I shall feel, and see, and know,  
That those I love are near
- 4 Impart the faith that soars on high,  
Beyond this earthly strife ;  
That holds sweet converse with the sky,  
And lives eternal life.

MINISTERING ANGELS.

- 1 BROTHER, the angels say,  
Peace to thy heart !  
We, too, O brother, have  
Been as thou art, —  
Hope-lifted, doubt-depressed,  
Seeing in part,  
Tried, troubled, tempted,  
Sustained, as thou art.
- 2 Brother, they softly say,  
Be our thoughts one ;  
Bend thou with us and pray,  
"Thy will be done !" —  
Our God is thy God ;  
He willeth the best ;  
Trust Him as we trusted —  
Rest as we rest !
- 3 Ye, too, they gently say,  
Shall angels be ;  
Ye, too, O brothers,  
From earth shall be free :  
Yet in earth's loved ones  
Ye still shall have part,  
Bearing God's strength and love  
To the torn heart.
- 4 Thus when the spirit, tried  
Tempted and worn,  
Finding no earthly aid,  
Heavenward doth turn, —

THE SPIRITUAL WORLD.

Come these sweet angel-tones,  
Falling like balm,  
And on the troubled heart  
Steals a deep calm.

---

359.

C. M.

MRS. MILES.

FORETASTE OF HEAVEN.

- 1 WHEN, on devotion's seraph wing,  
The spirit soars above,  
And feels Thy presence, Father, Friend,  
God of eternal love !  
The joys of earth, how swift they fade  
Before that living ray,  
Which gives to the rapt soul a glimpse  
Of pure and perfect day !
  - 2 A gleam of Heaven's own light, though now  
Its brightness scarce appears  
Through the pale shadows that are spread  
Around our earthly years ;  
But Thine unclouded smile, O God !  
Fills that all-glorious place,  
Where we shall know as we are known,  
And see Thee, face to face.
- 

360

S. M.

BRIGGS' COLL.

THE ANGELS' CALL.

- 1 COME to the land of peace !  
From shadows come away ;  
Where all the sounds of weeping cease,  
*And storms no more have sway !*

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 Fear hath no dwelling here ;  
But pure repose and love  
Breathe through the bright, celestial air  
The spirit of the dove.
- 3 Come to the bright and blest,  
Gathered from every land ;  
For here thy soul shall find its rest,  
Amidst the shining band.
- 4 In this divine abode  
Change leaves no saddening trace ;  
Come, trusting spirit, to thy God,  
Thy holy resting-place !

---

361.

C. M.

BRIGGS' Co

A VISION OF HEAVEN.

- 1 O, HEAVEN is where no secret dread  
May haunt us by its power ;  
Where from the past no gloom is shed  
Upon the present hour.
- 2 And there the living waters flow  
Along the radiant shore ;  
The soul, now wandering here, shall kn  
Its burning thirst no more.
- 3 The burden of the stranger's heart,  
Which here unknown we bear,  
Like the night-shadow shall depart  
With our first wakening there.
- 4 And, borne on eagle's wings afar,  
Free thought shall claim its dower,  
From every sphere, from every star,  
Of glory and of power.

## VIII. VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

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P. M.

STERLING.

### A HYMN OF MORNING.

MEET morn ! from countless cups of gold,  
Thou liftest reverently on high  
More incense fine than earth can hold,  
To fill the sky.

Where'er the vision's boundaries glance,  
Existence swells with living power,  
And all the illumined earth's expanse  
Inhales the hour.

Man, O morn ! a loftier good,  
With conscious blessing, fills the soul, —  
Life by reason understood,  
Which metes the whole.

Thousand tasks of fruitful hope,  
With skill against his toil, he bends,  
And finds his work's determined scope  
Where'er he wends.

From earth and earthly toil and strife  
Deathless aims his soul may rise,  
When dawn may wake to better life,  
With purer eyes.

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

- 6 Such grace from Thee, O God, be ours,  
Renewed with every morning's ray,  
And freshening still with added flower  
Each future day.
- 7 To man is given one primal star;  
One dayspring's beam has dawned be-  
From Thine our inmost glories are,  
With Thine we glow.
- 8 Like earth awake and warm and bright  
With joy the spirit moves and burns;  
So up to Thee, O Fount of Light,  
Our light returns.
- 

363.

7s. M.

EPISCOPAL C

MORNING HYMN.

- 1 Now the shades of night are gone;  
Now the morning light is come:  
Lord, may we be Thine to-day;  
Drive the shades of sin away.
- 2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,  
Banish doubt, and clear our sight;  
In Thy service, Lord, to-day,  
May we stand, and watch, and pray
- 3 Keep our haughty passions bound;  
Save us from our foes around;  
Going out and coming in,  
Keep us safe from every sin.

MORNING.

364

7s. M.

FURNES

MORNING HYMN.

- 1 In the morning I will pray  
For God's blessing on the day;  
What this day shall be my lot,  
Light or darkness, know I not.
  - 2 Should it be with clouds o'er cast,  
Clouds of sorrow, gathering fast,  
Thou, who givest light divine,  
Shine within me, Lord, O, shine!
  - 3 Show me, if I tempted be,  
How to find all strength in Thee,  
And a perfect triumph win  
Over every bosom sin.
  - 4 Keep my feet from secret snares,  
Keep mine eyes, O God, from tears!  
Every step Thy love attend,  
And my soul from death defend!
- 

365.

C. M.

ST. AMBROSE.

MORNING HYMN.

- 1 Now that the sun is beaming bright,  
Implore we, bending low,  
That He, the uncreated Light,  
May guide us as we go.
- 2 No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,  
Nor thoughts that idly rove,  
But *simple truth* be on our tongue,  
*And in our hearts be love.*

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

- 3 And while the hours in order flow,  
Securely keep, O God,  
Our hearts, beleaguered by the foe  
That tempts our every road.
- 4 And grant that to Thine honor, Lord,  
Our daily toil may tend;  
That we begin it at Thy word,  
And in Thy favor end.

---

366.

L. M.

PIERCE

MORNING HYMN FOR A CHILD.

- 1 O God! I thank Thee that the night  
In peace and rest hath passed away,  
And that I see in this fair light  
My Father's smile, that makes it day.
- 2 Be Thou my guide, and let me live  
As under Thine all-seeing eye;  
Supply my wants, my sins forgive,  
And make me happy when I die.

---

367.

P. M.

HILL

EVENING ASPIRATION.

God that madest earth and heaven,  
Darkness and light!  
Who the day for toil hast given,  
For rest the night!  
May Thine angel guards defend us,  
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,  
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,  
This livelong night!

EVENING.

368.

7s. M.

ST. GREGORY.

EVENING HYMN.

- 1 SOURCE of light and life divine !  
Thou didst cause the light to shine ;  
Thou didst bring Thy sunbeams forth  
O'er Thy new-created earth.
  - 2 Shade of night and morning ray  
Took from Thee the name of day :  
Now again the shades are nigh,  
Listen to Thy children's cry !
  - 3 May we ne'er, by guilt depressed,  
Lose the way to endless rest ;  
May no thoughts, corrupt and vain,  
Draw our souls to earth again.
  - 4 Rather help them still to rise  
Where our dearest treasure lies ;  
Help us in our daily strife,  
Make us struggle into life !
- 

369.

L. M.

\* WORDSWORTH

SUNSET HYMN.

- 1 UP to the throne of God is borne  
The voice of praise at early morn,  
And He accepts the reverent hymn  
Sung as the light of day grows dim.
- 2 Look up to heaven ! the obedient sun  
Already through his course hath run ;  
*He cannot halt or go astray,*  
*But our immortal spirits may.*

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

- 3 Lord, since his rising in the east,  
If we have faltered or transgressed,  
Guide, from Thy love's abundant source  
What yet remains of this day's course
- 4 Help with Thy grace, through all life  
Our upward and our downward way  
And glorify for us the west,  
When we shall sink into our rest.

370.

P. M.

AN

VESPERS.

- 1 FADING, still fading, the last beam is  
Father in heaven! the day is declining  
Safety and innocence flee with the light  
Temptation and danger walk forth  
night;  
From the fall of the shade till the  
bells chime,  
Shield us from danger and keep us from  
Father! have mercy, through Jesus Christ  
Lord! Amen!
- 2 Father in heaven! O, hear, when we  
Through Jesus Christ, who is Saviour  
Fainting and feeble, we trust in Thy  
In doubting and darkness Thy love  
light!  
Let us sleep on Thy breast while the  
taper burns,  
And wake in Thy arms when the  
returns.  
Father! have mercy, through Jesus Christ  
Lord! Amen!

EVENING.

71.

7s. M.

\* FURNESS.

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

- 1 SLOWLY, by God's hand unfurled,  
Down around the weary world  
Falls the darkness; O, how still  
Is the working of His will!
- 2 Mighty spirit, ever nigh!  
Work in me as silently;  
Veil the day's distracting sights,  
Show me heaven's eternal lights.
- 3 Living stars to view be brought  
In the boundless realms of thought;  
High and infinite desires,  
Flaming like those upper fires!
- 4 Holy Truth, Eternal Right,  
Let them break upon my sight;  
Let them shine serene and still,  
And with light my being fill.

72.

L. M.

PIERPONT.

EVENING HYMN FOR A CHILD.

- 1 ANOTHER day its course hath run,  
And still, O God! Thy child is blest;  
For Thou hast been by day my sun,  
And Thou wilt be by night my rest.
- 2 Sweet sleep descends, mine eyes to close;  
And now, while all the world is still,  
*I give my body to repose,*  
*My spirit to my Father's will.*

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

373.

L. M.

Dodd

THE ETERNAL SABBATH.

- 1 LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,  
On this Thy day, in this Thy house  
And own, as grateful sacrifice,  
The songs which from Thy churches
- 2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we lo  
But there's a nobler rest above;  
To that our longing souls aspire,  
With earnest hope and strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress;  
Nor sin nor death shall reach the pla  
No groans to mingle with the songs  
Which warble from immortal tongue
- 4 No rude alarms of raging foes;  
No cares to break the long repose;  
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O long expected day, begin;  
Dawn on these realms of woe and si  
Fain would we leave this weary roa  
And pass through death, to rest with

---

374.

C. M.

CHRISTIAN I

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 How sweet, how calm, this Sabbath m  
How pure the air that breathes!  
How soft the sounds upon it borne!  
How light its vapor wreathes!

SABBATH EVENING.

- 2 It seems as if the Christian's prayer,  
For peace and joy and love,  
Were answered by the very air  
That wafts its strain above.
- 3 Let each unholy passion cease,  
Each evil thought be crushed,  
And every care that mars our peace  
In Faith and Love be hushed.

375.

L. M.

\* MONTGOMERY.

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 WITHIN Thy courts have millions met,  
Millions this day before Thee bowed ;  
Their faces heavenward were set,  
Their vows to Thee, O God ! they vowed.
- 2 Still as the light of morning broke  
O'er island, continent, and deep,  
Thy far-spread family awoke,  
Sabbath all round the world to keep.
- 3 From east to west the sun surveyed,  
From north to south, adoring throngs ;  
And still where evening stretched her shade,  
The stars came forth to hear their songs.
- 4 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,  
Hath failed this day some suit to gain ;  
To hearts that sought Thee Thou wast nigh,  
Nor hath one sought Thy face in vain.
- 5 The poor in spirit Thou hast fed,  
The feeble soul hath strengthened been,  
The mourner Thou hast comforted,  
The pure in heart their God have seen.

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

- 6 And Thou, soul-searching God ! hast known  
The hearts of all that bent the knee,  
And all their prayers have reached Thy throne  
In soul and truth who worshipped Thee
- 

376.

C. M.

BAPTISM.

- 1 WHEN from the Jordan's gleaming wave  
Came forth the Sinless One,  
A voice athwart the heavens flashed,  
"Lo ! my beloved son !"
- 2 The Baptist, gazing on his face,  
With the soul's radiance bright,  
Beheld upon his sacred head  
A snow-white dove alight.
- 3 Now with baptismal waters touched,  
Thy children, Father, see !  
While heart and soul, and mind and strength  
They consecrate to Thee.
- 4 Send down on them Thy holy dove,  
Thy spirit undefiled ;  
Be each in purity and faith  
Thy well-beloved child !
- 5 O help them in the wilderness  
To conquer doubt and sin ;  
To see above them still Thy Peace,  
And hear Thy voice within !

BAPTISM.

L. M.            W. BOSTON COLL.

BAPTISM OF A CHILD.

THIS child we dedicate to Thee,  
O God of grace and purity !  
Shield it from sin and threatening wrong,  
And let Thy love its life prolong.

O, may Thy spirit gently draw  
Its willing soul to keep Thy law ;  
May virtue, piety, and truth,  
Dawn even with its dawning youth !

We, too, before Thy gracious sight,  
Once shared the blest baptismal rite,  
And would renew its solemn vow,  
With love, and thanks, and praises, now.

Grant that, with true and faithful heart,  
We still may act the Christian's part,  
Cheered by each promise Thou hast given,  
And laboring for the prize in heaven.

---

S. M.            DISCIPLES' H. B

BAPTISM OF A CHILD.

To Thee, O God in heaven,  
This little one we bring,  
Giving to Thee what Thou hast given,  
Our dearest offering.

Into a world of toil  
These little feet will roam,  
Where sin its purity may soil,  
Where care and grief may come.

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

- 3 O, then, let Thy pure love,  
With influence serene,  
Come down, like water, from above  
To comfort and make clean !

---

379.

S. M.

DISCIPLES

BAPTISM OF CHILDREN.

- 1 To Him who children blest,  
And suffered them to come,  
To Him who took them to his breast  
We bring these children home.
- 2 To Thee, O God, whose face  
Their spirits still behold,  
We bring them, praying that Thy  
May keep, Thine arms enfold.
- 3 And as this water falls  
On each unconscious brow,  
Thy holy spirit grant, O Lord,  
To keep them pure as now !

---

380.

C. M.

MARRIAGE HYMN

- 1 We join to pray, with wishes kind,  
A blessing, Lord, from Thee,  
On those who now the bands have twined  
Which ne'er may broken be.
- 2 We know that scenes not always bright  
Must unto them be given ;  
But let there shine o'er all the light  
Of love, and truth, and heaven.

## MARRIAGE.

Still hand in hand, their journey through,  
Meek pilgrims may they go ;  
Mingling their joys as helpers true,  
And sharing every woe.

In faith, and trust, and heart, the same,  
The same their home above ;  
May each in each still feed the flame  
Of pure and holy love.

L.

7s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

## MARRIAGE HYMN.

FATHER, in Thy presence now  
Has been pledged the nuptial vow ;  
Heart to heart, as hand in hand,  
Linked in one Thy children stand.

God of love ! this union bless,  
Not with earth's low happiness ;  
But with joys whose heavenly spring  
Shall diviner raptures bring.

May these blended souls be found  
Firm in duty's active round ;  
Daily every burden share,  
Nightly seek Thy shadowing care.

When against their trembling forms  
Shoot the arrows of life's storms ;  
Or when age and sickness wait  
Heralds at life's parting gate ;—

In the fulness of belief,  
May they look beyond the grief ;  
*And together fearless tread  
In the path where Thou shalt lead.*

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

382.

L. M.

NORTON.

DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

- 1 WHERE ancient forests widely spread,  
Where bends the cataract's ocean-fall;  
On the lone mountain's silent head,  
There are Thy temples, God of all!
- 2 The tombs Thine altars are; for there,  
When earthly loves and hopes have fled,  
To Thee ascends the spirit's prayer,  
Thou God of the immortal dead!
- 3 All space is holy, for all space  
Is filled by Thee;—but human thought  
Burns clearer in some chosen place,  
Where Thine own words of love are taught.
- 4 Here be they taught; and may we know  
That faith Thy servants knew of old,  
Which onward bears, through weal or woe,  
Till death the gates of heaven unfold.
- 5 Nor we alone; may those whose brow  
Shows yet no trace of human cares  
Hereafter stand where we do now,  
And raise to Thee still holier prayers.

---

383.

C. M.

BRYANT.

DEDICATION HYMNS.

- 1 O THOU, whose own vast temple stands  
Built over earth and sea,  
Accept the walls that human hands  
Have raised to worship Thee!

ORDINATION.

- 2 Lord, from Thine inmost glory send,  
Within these courts to bide,  
The peace that dwelleth, without end,  
Serenely by Thy side!
- 3 May erring minds that worship here  
Be taught the better way;  
And they who mourn, and they who fear,  
Be strengthened as they pray.
- 4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,  
And pure devotion rise,  
While round these hallowed walls the storm  
Of earth-born passion dies.

34.

C. M.

\*

ORDINATION HYMN.

- 1 O God! Thy children, gathered here,  
Thy blessing now we wait;  
Thy servant, girded for his work,  
Stands at the temple's gate.
- 2 A holy purpose in his heart  
Has deepened calm and still;  
Now from his childhood's Nazareth  
He comes, to do Thy will.
- 3 O Father! keep his soul alive  
To every hope of good;  
And may his life of love proclaim  
Man's truest brotherhood!
- 4 O Father! keep his spirit quick  
To every form of wrong;  
*And in the ear of sin and self  
May his rebuke be strong!*

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

- 5 And as he doth Christ's footsteps press,  
If e'er his faith grow dim,  
Then, in the dreary wilderness,  
Thine angels strengthen him!
- 6 And give him in Thy holy work  
Patience to wait Thy time,  
And, toiling still with man, to breathe  
The soul's serener clime.
- 7 O grant him many hearts to lead  
Into Thy perfect rest;  
Bless Thou him, Father, and his flock:  
Bless! and they shall be blest!

385.

C. M.

ORDINATION.

- 1 Go, preach the gospel in my name,  
Said he of Bethlehem;  
Teach of a crown more glorious  
Than earthly diadem.
- 2 Teach ye as I have taught, in love;  
Be hate unthought, unspoken;  
Bind up the bleeding heart, nor let  
The bruised reed be broken.
- 3 If any scorn you for the truth  
Which ye shall publish free,  
Think of the lonely midnight hour  
In dark Gethsemane:
- 4 Think of my prayers on Olivet,  
My musings by the sea;  
And though the heavy chain may bind,  
That truth shall make you free.

FAST.

L. M.

ORDINATION.

THY servant's sandals, Lord, are wet  
With Jordan's wave but lately met,  
And in that sacred river fall  
The olden thoughts, the spirit's pall.

He stands upon the holy land,  
And angels take his trustful hand;  
The Jordan sanctifies his breast,  
And Christ now leads him to his rest.

His rest? his battle! he must win  
Fair Zion's gate through ranks of sin;  
Why are these words, this solemn show,  
If sin be not his deadly foe?

There gathers here no heavenly host;  
No fiery tongues of Pentecost,—  
No gentle dove with winnowing wings  
The spirit to thy servant brings.

The still, small voice hath called him here,  
And thus is God himself most near:—  
My people, lift your hearts in prayer,  
And keep your God forever there.

---

S. M.

DRUMMOND

A PUBLIC FAST.

"Is this a fast for me?"  
Thus saith the Lord our God;  
"A day for man to vex his soul,  
And feel affliction's rod?"

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

- 2 "No ; is not this alone  
The sacred fast I choose :  
Oppression's yoke to burst in twain,  
The bands of guilt unloose ?
- 3 "To nakedness and want  
Your food and raiment deal,  
To dwell your kindred race among,  
And all their sufferings heal ?
- 4 "Then, like the morning ray,  
Shall spring your health and light ;  
Before you, righteousness shall shine,  
Around, my glory bright !"
- 

388.

7 & 6s. M.

ITALI

PRAYER OF A STRICKEN PEOPLE.

- 1 O THOU, whose power stupendous  
Upholds the earth and sky,  
Thy grace preserving send us, —  
To Thee, O Lord ! we cry.
- 2 From wilds of fearful error,  
Wherein we darkly stray,  
Oppressed with doubt and terror,  
For saving aid we pray.
- 3 O God of mercy, hear us !  
Our pain, our sorrow, see ;  
Thy healing pity spare us,  
And bring us home to Thee !

NEW YEAR.

39.

6s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

THE NEW YEAR.

1 Joy! joy! a year is born;  
A year to man is given,  
For hope, and peace, and love,  
For faith, and truth, and heaven.  
Though earth be dark with care,  
With death and sorrow rife,  
Yet toil, and pain, and prayer,  
Lead to our higher life.

2 Behold, the fields are white!  
No longer idly stand!  
Go forth in love and might;  
Man needs thy helping hand.  
Thus may each day and year  
To prayer and toil be given,  
Till man to God draw near,  
And earth become like heaven.

---

40.

C. M.

GASKELL.

A NEW YEAR.

1 OUR Father! through the coming year  
We know not what shall be,  
But we would leave without a fear  
Its ordering all to Thee.

2 It may be we shall toil in vain  
For what the world holds fair,  
And all its good we thought to gain  
Deceive, and prove but care.

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

- 3 It may be it shall darkly blend  
Our love with anxious fears,  
And snatch away the valued friend,  
The tried of many years.
- 4 It may be it shall bring us days  
And nights of lingering pain,  
And bid us take our farewell gaze  
Of these loved haunts of men.
- 5 But calmly, Lord, on Thee we rest;  
No fears our trust shall move;  
Thou knowest what for each is best,  
And Thou art perfect love.

391.

7s. M.

ANONYM

THE GOD OF SPRING.

- 1 PRAISE and thanks and cheerful love  
Rise from everything below,  
To the mighty One above,  
Who his wondrous love doth show:  
Praise him, each created thing!  
God, your Father! God of spring!
- 2 Praise him, trees so lately bare;  
Praise him, fresh and new-born flower  
All ye creatures of the air;  
All ye soft-descending showers:  
Praise, with each awakening thing,  
Praise your Maker, — God of spring!
- 3 Praise him, man! — thy fitful heart  
Let this balmy season move  
To employ its noblest part,  
Softest mercy, sweetest love, —  
Blessing, with each living thing,  
God the bounteous, — God of spring!

SPRING.

1.

7 & 6s. M.

W. V.

SPRING.

- 1 THERE cometh o'er the spirit,  
With each returning year,  
The thought that Thou, the Father,  
Art ever to us near;  
With hope of life dispelling  
The death that winter brought;  
And flowers and fruits foretelling,  
With fragrant beauty fraught.
- 2 'Tis this which calls Thy children  
In sweet accord to raise,  
Beneath thy blue-domed temple,  
One general hymn of praise  
To Thee, the ever-living,  
The universal King,  
Who never ceasest giving  
Each good and perfect thing.
- 3 The streamlet from the mountain, —  
It speaketh, Lord, of Thee,  
As from its snow-capped fountain  
It rushes to the sea;  
The gentle dew descending,  
And cloud's refreshing shower, —  
O God, our Heavenly Father,  
All, all, proclaim Thy power

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

393.

8 & 7s. M.

ANONYM

HYMN OF SPRING.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord, when blushing morn  
Wakes the blossoms fresh with dew  
When the world, again created,  
Beams with beauties fair and new!
- 2 Praise the Lord, when early breezes  
Come so fragrant from the flowers!  
Praise, thou willow by the brookside!  
Praise, ye birds, among the bowers!
- 3 Praise the Lord! and may His blessing  
Guide us in the way of truth,  
Keep our feet from paths of error,  
Make us holy in our youth.
- 4 Praise the Lord, ye hosts of heaven!  
Angels, sing your sweetest lays!  
All things utter forth His glory!  
Sound your great Creator's praise!

---

394.

C. M.

J. RICHARD

THE HYMN OF SUMMER.

- 1 How glad the tone when summer's sun  
Wreaths the gay world with flowers,  
And trees bend down with golden fruit,  
And birds are in their bowers!
- 2 The morn sends silent music down  
Upon each earthly thing;  
And always since creation's dawn  
The stars together sing.

SUMMER.

- 3 Shall man remain in silence, then,  
While all beneath the skies  
The chorus joins? no, let us sing,  
And while our voices rise,
- 4 O, let our lives, great God, breathe forth  
A constant melody;  
And every action be a tone  
In that sweet hymn to Thee!

---

395.

C. M.

MRS. MILES.

SUMMER.

- 1 THE earth, all light and loveliness,  
In summer's golden hours,  
Shines, in her bridal vesture clad,  
And crowned with festal flowers,  
So radiantly beautiful,  
So like to heaven above,  
We scarce can deem more fair that world  
Of perfect bliss and love.
- 2 Is this a shadow faint and dim  
Of that which is to come!  
What shall the unveiled splendor be  
Of our celestial home,  
Where waves the glorious tree of life,  
Where streams of bliss gush free,  
And all is glowing in the light  
Of immortality!

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

396.

C. M.

ANON

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST SHALL NOT CEASE

- 1 FOUNTAIN of life, and God of love!  
How rich Thy bounties are!  
The rolling seasons, as they move,  
Proclaim Thy constant care.
- 2 When in the bosom of the earth  
The sower hid the grain,  
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,  
And sent the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was'  
Its mild, refreshing showers;  
Thou gav'st the ripening suns to shine,  
And summer's golden hours.
- 4 Thy quickening life, forever near,  
Matured the swelling grain; —  
The bounteous harvest crowns the yea  
And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 With thankful hearts we trace Thy w  
Through all our smiling vales;  
Thou, by whose love, nor night nor da  
Seed-time nor harvest, fails!

397.

10 & 11s. M.

\* DOB

THANKSGIVING FOR THE FRUITS OF THE EAR

- 1 HOUSE of our God, with cheerful anthem  
While all our lips and hearts His mercie  
The fruitful year His bounties shall pro  
And all its days be vocal with His nar  
The Lord is good, His mercy never-endi  
His blessings in perpetual showers des

## THANKSGIVING FOR THE HARVEST.

e earth, enlightened by His rays divine,  
ought forth the grass, the corn, and oil, and  
wine;  
owned with His goodness, let the people  
meet,  
d lay their thankful offerings at his feet;  
grateful love that hand divine confessing,  
h on each heart bestoweth every blessing.

mercy never ends; the dawn, the shade,  
I see new beauties through new scenes  
displayed;  
ceeding ages bless this sure abode,  
d children lean upon their fathers' God:  
soul of man, through its immense duration,  
s from this source immortal consolation.

rst into praise, my soul! all nature, join!  
gels and men, in harmony combine!  
ile human years are measured by the sun,  
d while eternity its course shall run,  
oodness, in perpetual showers descending,  
in songs and raptures never-ending!

---

L. M.            MRS. SIGOURNEY.

## THE YEAR CROWNED WITH GOODNESS.

God of the year! with songs of praise,  
and hearts of love, we come to bless  
Thy bounteous hand, for Thou hast shed  
Thy manna o'er our wilderness.

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

- 2 In early spring-time Thou didst fling  
O'er earth its robe of blossoming;  
And its sweet treasures, day by day,  
Rose quickening in Thy blessed ray.
- 3 God of the seasons ! Thou hast blest  
The land with sunlight and with showers;  
And plenty o'er its bosom smiles,  
To crown the sweet autumnal hours.
- 4 Praise, praise to Thee ! Our hearts expand,  
To view these blessings of Thy hand,  
And on the incense-breath of love  
Ascend to their bright home above.

399.

C. M.

BOWRING.

THE HYMN OF THE SEASONS.

- 1 THE heavenly spheres to Thee, O God,  
Attune their evening hymn ;  
All-wise, all-holy, Thou art praised  
In song of seraphim.  
Unnumbered systems, suns, and worlds,  
Unite to worship Thee,  
While Thy majestic greatness fills  
Space, time, eternity.
- 2 Nature, a temple worthy Thee,  
Beams with Thy light and love ;  
Whose flowers so sweetly bloom below,  
Whose stars rejoice above ;  
Whose altars are the mountain-cliffs  
That rise along the shore ;  
Whose anthems, the sublime accord  
Of storm and ocean-roar.

CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

Her song of gratitude is sung  
By Spring's awakening hours;  
Her Summer offers at Thy shrine  
Its earliest, loveliest flowers;  
Her Autumn brings its golden fruits,  
In glorious luxury given;  
While Winter's silver heights reflect  
Thy brightness back to heaven.

---

1. 10s. M. EMILY TAYLOR.

THE CHANGING YEAR.

God of the changing year, whose arm of power  
Thy safety leads through danger's darkest  
hour, —

Here in Thy temple bow Thy children down,  
O bless Thy mercy, and Thy might to own.

Thine are the beams that cheer us on our way,  
And pour around the gladdening light of day;  
Thine is the night, and the fair orbs that shine  
To cheer its hours of darkness,—all are Thine.

Around our path the thorns of sorrow grew,  
And mortal friends were faithless, Thou wast  
true;

And sickness shake the frame, or anguish tear  
The wounded spirit, Thou wast present there.

Lend Thine ear, and lift our voice to Thee;  
Where'er we dwell, still let Thy mercy be;  
From year to year, still nearer to Thy shrine  
Draw our frail hearts, and make them wholly  
Thine!

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

401

C. M.

GASKELL.

CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

- 1 O God! to Thee our hearts would pay  
Their gratitude sincere,  
Whose love hath kept us, night and day,  
Throughout another year.
- 2 Of every breath, and every power,  
Thou wast the gracious source;  
From Thee came every happy hour  
Which smiled along its course.
- 3 And if sometimes across our path  
A cloud its shadows threw,  
Thou didst not waft it there in wrath,  
But loving-kindness true.
- 4 For joy and grief alike we pay  
Our thanks to Thee above;  
And only pray to grow each day  
More worthy of Thy love.

402.

L. M.

\* JOHN TAYLOR.

THE WORTH OF YEARS.

- 1 LIKE shadows gliding o'er the plain,  
Or clouds that roll successive on,  
Man's busy generations pass;  
And while we gaze, their forms are gone.
- 2 O Father, in whose mighty hand  
The boundless years and ages lie,  
Teach us Thy boon of life to prize,  
And use the moments as they fly;—

FUNERAL.

To crowd the narrow span of life  
With wise designs and virtuous deeds :  
And so shall death but lead us on  
To nobler service that succeeds.

---

P. M.

\* MILMAN

FUNERAL HYMN.

BROTHER, thou art gone before us,  
And thy saintly soul is flown,  
Where tears are wiped from every eye,  
And sorrows are unknown ;  
From the burden of the flesh,  
And from care and fear, released,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.

Sin no more can taint thy spirit,  
Nor can doubt thy faith assail ;  
Thy soul its welcome has received,  
Thy strength shall never fail ;  
And thou 'rt sure to meet the good,  
Whom on earth thou lovedst best,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.

To the grave thy body bearing,  
Low we place it mid the dead ;  
And lay the turf above it now,  
And seal its narrow bed ;  
But thy spirit soars away,  
Free, among the faithful blest,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

404.

C. M.

WHITTIER

NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

- 1 ANOTHER hand is beckoning us,  
Another call is given ;  
And glows once more with angel steps  
The path that leads to heaven.
- 2 O, half we deemed she needed not  
The changing of her sphere,  
To give to heaven a shining one,  
Who walked an angel here.
- 3 Unto our Father's will alone  
One thought hath reconciled ;  
That He whose love exceedeth ours  
Hath taken home his child.
- 4 Fold her, O Father, in thine arms,  
And let her henceforth be  
A messenger of love between  
Our human hearts and Thee.
- 5 Still let her mild rebukings stand  
Between us and the wrong,  
And her dear memory serve to make  
Our faith in goodness strong.

---

405.

7s. M.

J. H. BANCROFT

THE CHRISTIAN'S BURIAL.

- 1 BROTHER, though from yonder sky  
Cometh neither voice nor cry,  
Yet we know for thee to-day  
Every pain hath passed away.

## FUNERAL.

Not for thee shall tears be given,  
Child of God, and heir of heaven;  
For he gave thee sweet release;  
Thine the Christian's death of peace.

Well we know thy living faith  
Had the power to conquer death;  
As a living rose may bloom  
By the border of the tomb.

Brother, in that solemn trust,  
We commend thy dust to dust;  
In that faith we wait, till, risen,  
Thou shalt meet us all in heaven.

While we weep as Jesus wept,  
Thou shalt sleep as Jesus slept;  
Then with Jesus thou shalt rest,  
Crowned, and glorified, and blest.

3.

7s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

## FUNERAL HYMN.

CLAY to clay, and dust to dust!  
Let them mingle,—for they must!  
Give to earth the earthly clod,  
For the spirit's fled to God.

Never more shall midnight's damp  
Darken round this mortal lamp;  
Never more shall noonday's glance  
Search this mortal countenance.

Look aloft! The spirit's risen;  
Death cannot the soul imprison:  
*'Tis in heaven that spirits dwell,  
Glorious, though invisible.*

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

- 4 Thither let us turn our view ;  
Peace is there, and comfort too ;  
There shall those we love be found,  
Tracing life's eternal round.

407.

C. M.

DALE

“ WEEP NOT.”

- 1 DEAR as thou wast, and justly dear,  
We would not weep for thee ;  
One thought shall check the starting tear,—  
It is—that thou art free.
- 2 And thus shall faith's consoling power  
The tears of love restrain ;  
O, who that saw thy parting hour  
Could wish thee here again ?
- 3 Gently the passing spirit fled,  
Sustained by grace divine ;  
O, may such grace on us be shed,  
And make our end like thine !

408.

10s. M.

MONTGOMERY.

DEATH IN MANHOOD.

- 1 Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime,  
In full activity of zeal and power :  
A Christian cannot die before his time ;  
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.
- 2 Go to the grave ; at noon from labor cease ;  
Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest work is done ;  
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,  
Soldier, go home ; with thee the field is won.

## FUNERAL.

Go to the grave, for there thy Saviour lay,  
In death's embraces, ere he rose on high;  
And all the ransomed, by that narrow way,  
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

Go to the grave,—no, to thy home above;  
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,  
Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect  
love,  
And open vision for the written word.

---

09.

12 & 11s. M.

HEBER.

### THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE.

Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not  
deplore thee,  
Though sorrows and darkness encompass  
the tomb;  
The Saviour has passed through its portals  
before thee,  
And the lamp of his love is thy guide  
through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave: we no longer  
behold thee,  
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by  
thy side;  
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to  
enfold thee,  
And sinners may hope, since the Sinless  
hath died.

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

- 3 Thou art gone to the grave ; and, its mansion  
forsaking,  
Perchance thy tried spirit in doubt lingered  
long ;  
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on  
thy waking,  
And the song that thou heard'st was the  
seraphim's song.
- 4 Thou art gone to the grave ; but we will not  
deplore thee,  
Since God was thy refuge, thy guardian,  
thy guide ;  
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will  
restore thee ;  
And death has no sting, since the Saviour  
hath died.
- 

410.

C. M.

MRS. HEMANS.

DEATH OF THE YOUNG.

- 1 CALM on the bosom of thy God,  
Fair spirit, rest thee now !  
E'en while with us thy footstep trod,  
His seal was on thy brow.
- 2 Dust, to its narrow house beneath !  
Soul, to its home on high !  
They that have seen thy look in death  
No more may fear to die.
- 3 Lone are the paths, and sad the hours  
Since thy meek spirit's gone ;  
But, O, a brighter home than ours,  
In heaven, is now thine own !

FUNERAL.

411.

8 & 7s. M.

BRIGGS' COLL.

DEATH OF A CHILD.

- 1 FARE thee well, our fondly cherished !  
Dear, dear blossom, fare thee well !  
He who lent thee hath recalled thee,  
Back with Him and His to dwell.
- 2 Like a sunbeam through our dwelling  
Shone thy presence, bright and calm ;  
Thou didst add a zest to pleasure ;  
To our sorrows thou wast balm.
- 3 Yet while mourning, O our lost one,  
Come no visions of despair !  
Seated on thy tomb, Faith's angel  
Saith, thou art not, art not there.
- 4 Where, then, art thou ? with the Saviour,  
Blest, forever blest, to be ;  
'Mid the sinless little children  
Who have heard his "Come to me."
- 5 Passed the shades of death's dark valley,  
Thou art leaning on his breast,  
Where the wicked may not enter,  
And the weary are at rest.
- 6 Plead, that in a Father's mercy  
All our sins may be forgiven ;  
Angel ! plead, that thou may'st greet us,  
Ransomed, at the gates of heaven.

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

412.

7s. M.

ANONYMOUS

FUNERAL HYMN OF A CHILD.

- 1 To the Father's love we trust  
That which was enshrined in dust;  
While we give the earth to earth,  
Finds the soul its heavenly birth.  
Angels wait the angel child,  
Gentle, young, and undefiled.
- 2 Said not oft those pleading eyes  
That they longed for purer skies?  
Did not oft the falling tear  
Speak of roughening billows here?  
Prayed we not that she might rest  
On her Heavenly Father's breast?
- 3 Give the spirit, then, to God,  
And its vesture to the sod;  
Life, henceforth, shall have a ray  
Kindled ne'er to pass away,  
And a light from angel eyes  
Draw us upward to the skies.

---

413.

7 & 6s. M.

ANONYMOUS

CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

- 1 In the broad fields of heaven,—  
In the immortal bowers,  
By life's clear river dwelling,  
Amid undying flowers,—

CHARITABLE.

There hosts of beauteous spirits,  
Fair children of the earth,  
Linked in bright bands celestial,  
Sing of their human birth.

- 2 They sing of earth and heaven,—  
Divinest voices rise  
To God, their gracious Father,  
Who called them to the skies :  
They all are there,—in heaven,—  
Safe, safe, and sweetly blest ;  
No cloud of sin can shadow  
Their bright and holy rest.
- 

14.

8 & 7s. M.

PIERPONT.

FOR A CHARITABLE OCCASION.

- 1 MIGHTY One, whose name is holy,  
Thou wilt save Thy work alive,  
And the spirit of the lowly  
Thou wilt visit and revive.  
What Thy prophets thus have spoken,  
Ages witness as they roll ;  
Bleeding hearts and spirits broken,  
Touched by Thee, O God, are whole.
- 2 By Thy pitying spirit guided,  
Jesus sought the sufferer's door ;  
Comfort for the poor provided,  
And the mourner's sorrows bore ;—  
So Thy mercy's angel, bending,  
Heard a friendless prisoner's call,  
*And through night's cold vault descending,*  
*Loosed from chains Thy servant Paul.*

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

- 3 Father, as Thy love is endless,  
Working by Thy servants thus,  
The forsaken and the friendless  
Deign to visit, e'en by us ;  
So shall each, with spirit fervent  
Laboring with Thee here below,  
Be declared Thy faithful servant,  
Where there's neither want nor woe
- 

415.

6 & 4s. M. .

NK

GOD SAVE THE POOR !

- 1 LORD, from Thy blessed throne,  
Sorrow look down upon !  
God save the Poor !  
Teach them true liberty,  
Make them from tyrants free,  
Let their homes happy be !  
God save the Poor !
- 2 The arms of wicked men  
Do Thou with might restrain, —  
God save the Poor !  
Raise Thou their lowliness,  
Succor Thou their distress,  
Thou whom the meanest bless !  
God save the Poor !
- 3 Give them stanch honesty,  
Let their pride manly be,  
God save the Poor !  
Help them to hold the right,  
Give them both truth and might,  
Lord of all life and light !  
God save the Poor !

MISSIONS.

6.

7 & 6s. M.

HEBER.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand;  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile?  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strewn;  
The heathen in his blindness  
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
By wisdom from on high,  
Shall we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation! O salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Shall learn Messiah's name.

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

417.

6 & 4s. M.

ANONYMOUS

"HOW BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNTAINS."

- 1 WHERE, for a thousand miles,  
The sweet Ohio smiles,  
On bed of sand ;  
Where prairies blossom broad,  
Fair gardens sown by God,  
And lakes their ocean-flood  
Pour from His hand ;
- 2 Where sleep in rest profound,  
Beneath each ancient mound,  
A buried race ;  
There, brother, go and teach ;  
From heart to heart shall reach  
Thy free and earnest speech  
Of heavenly grace.
- 3 Where the tall forest waves  
Above those mouldering graves,  
God's truth declare ;  
While his first temples spread  
Their arches o'er thy head,  
Lift, o'er the slumbering dead,  
The voice of prayer.
- 4 While rolls the living tide,  
Down Alleghany's side,  
Its ceaseless flood ;  
Upon the mountains, there,  
How beautiful appear  
The feet of those who bear  
Tidings of good !

MISSIONS.

- 5 O Thou, whose suns and rains  
Upon those mighty plains  
Fall evermore ;  
Send down the dews of peace,  
The sun of righteousness,  
And let Thy light increase  
From shore to shore !
- 

18.                      8 & 7s. M.                      A. C. COXE.

WESTERN MISSIONS.

- 1 WESTWARD, Lord, the world alluring,  
Has Thy risen day-star beamed,  
And, the sinking soul assuring,  
O'er the world's wide ocean streamed.  
Westward, still, the midnight breaking,  
Westward, still, its light be poured !  
Heathen Thy possession making,  
Utmost lands Thy dwelling, Lord !
- 2 Westward, where the waving prairie,  
Dark as slumbering ocean, lies,  
Let thy starlight, Son of Mary,  
O'er the shadowed billows rise !  
Here be heard, ye herald voices,  
Till the Lord his glory shows,  
And the lonely place rejoices  
With the bloom of Sharon's rose.
- 3 Where the wilderness is lying,  
And the trees of ages nod,  
Westward, in the desert crying,  
*Make a highway for our God.*

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

Westward, till the church be kneeling  
In the forest aisles so dim,  
And the wild-wood's arches pealing  
With the people's holy hymn.

---

419.

6 & 4s. M.

E. DAVIS

FOR A PEACE MEETING.

- 1 Not with the flashing steel,  
Not with the cannon's peal,  
Or stir of drum;  
But in the bonds of love,  
Our white flag floats above;  
Her emblem is the dove;—  
'T is thus we come.
- 2 The laws of Christian light,—  
These are our weapons bright,  
Our mighty shield;  
Christ is our leader high;  
And the broad plains which lie  
Beneath the blessed sky,  
Our battle-field.
- 3 What is that great intent  
On which each heart is bent,  
Our hosts among?  
It is that hate may die,  
That war's red curse may fly,  
And war's high praise for aye  
No more be sung.

TIME OF WAR.

4 On, then, in God's great name!  
Let each pure spirit's flame  
Burn bright and clear;  
Stand firmly in your lot,  
Cry ye aloud, doubt not,  
Be every fear forgot;  
Christ leads us here!

5 So shall earth's distant lands,  
In happy, holy bands,  
One brotherhood,  
Together rise and sing,  
Gifts to one altar bring,  
And heaven's Eternal King  
Pronounce it good.

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10 & 6s. M.

\*

IN TIME OF WAR.

ORD, once our faith in man no fear could  
move;

Now save it from despair!

he trial comes; strengthen the might of love:  
Father, Thou hearest prayer!

hou hearest; and we hear, above this din,

Thy blessed word sound clear:

I purge this land from slavery and sin;

"The reign of heaven draws near."

, never falter, ye who strive to bring

In men the heavenly birth;

or still the angel hosts unfaltering sing,

"Peace to the weary earth!"

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

- 4 O, never falter ! peace must come by pain;  
Heaven is not found, but won;  
Hold the dark angel till he moulds again  
The peace he hath undone.
- 5 We know not, Lord, what storms and trials  
strong  
Must work our world's new birth;  
But we will toil, with this for working-song,—  
“Peace to the weary earth !”
- 6 Peace to the weary, struggling, sin-sick earth!  
Peace to the heart of man !  
Storm shall bring calm; that high reward is  
worth  
All we must bear, or can.
- 

421.

11 & 10s. M.

LONGFELLOW.

PEACE ON EARTH.

- 1 Down the dark future, through long genera-  
tions,  
The sounds of war grow fainter and then  
cease;  
And, like a bell with solemn, sweet vibrations,  
I hear once more the voice of Christ say,  
“Peace !”
- 2 Peace ! and no longer, from its brazen portals,  
The blast of war's great organ shakes the  
skies;  
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,  
The holy melodies of love arise.

PEACE ON EARTH.

22.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

GLORY TO GOD, THROUGH PEACE ON EARTH.

“To God be glory! Peace on earth!”

Let us repeat again

The hymn that hailed the Saviour's birth,—

“Peace and good will to men!”

Good will to men! O God, we hail

This of Thy law the sum;

For as this shall o'er earth prevail,

So shall Thy kingdom come!

---

23.

C. M.

R. W. EMERSON.

THE HOUSE OUR FATHERS BUILT TO GOD.

- 1 WE love the venerable house  
Our fathers built to God;  
In heaven are kept their grateful vows,  
Their dust endears the sod.
- 2 Here holy thoughts a light have shed  
From many a radiant face,  
And prayers of tender hope have spread  
A perfume through the place.
- 3 And anxious hearts have pondered here  
The mystery of life,  
And prayed the Eternal Spirit clear  
Their doubts and aid their strife.
- 4 From humble tenements around  
Came up the pensive train,  
And in the church a blessing found,  
Which filled their homes again.

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

- 5 For faith, and peace, and mighty love,  
That from the Godhead flow,  
Showed them the life of heaven above  
Springs from the life below.
- 6 They live with God, their homes are dust;  
But here their children pray,  
And, in this fleeting lifetime, trust  
To find the narrow way.
- 7 On him who by the altar stands,  
On him Thy blessing fall !  
Speak through his lips Thy pure commands,  
Thou Heart, that lovest all !

424.

C. M.

J. WEIR.

EPIPHANY.

- 1 A WONDROUS star our pioneer,  
We left the mystic land  
Where heaven-nurtured childhood slept,  
Where yet old visions stand.
- 2 O God ! the land of dreams we left,  
Repose we left for aye,  
And followed meekly to the place  
Where our Redeemer lay.
- 3 That humble manger we have found;  
The world his cradle is ;  
His life is hidden far below  
Its sins and miseries.
- 4 The world throws wide its brazen gates;  
With Thee we enter in ;  
O, grant us, in our humble sphere,  
To free that world from sin.

MEETING OF MINISTERS.

- 5 We have one mind in Christ our Lord  
To stand and point above;  
To hurl rebuke at social wrong;  
But all, O God, in love.
- 6 The star is resting in the sky;  
To worship Christ we came;  
The moments haste; O, touch our tongues  
With Thy celestial flame!
- 7 The truest worship is a life;  
All dreaming we resign;  
We lay our offerings at thy feet,—  
Our lives, O Christ, are thine!

25.

L. M.

\*

THE CHILDREN OF THE CROSS.

- 1 THOU Lord of Hosts, whose guiding hand  
Hast brought us here, before Thy face,  
Our spirits wait for Thy command,  
Our silent hearts implore Thy peace!
- 2 Those spirits lay their noblest powers,  
As offerings, on Thy holy shrine;  
Thine was the strength that nourished ours;  
The children of the cross are Thine.
- 3 While watching on our arms, at night,  
We saw Thine angels round us move;  
We heard Thy call, we felt Thy light,  
And followed, trusting to Thy love.
- 4 And now, with hymn and prayer we stand,  
To give our strength to Thee, great God!  
We would redeem Thy holy land,  
*That land which sin so long has trod.*

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

- 5 Send us where'er Thou wilt, O Lord,  
Through rugged toil and wearying fight;  
Thy conquering love shall be our sword,  
And faith in Christ our truest might.
- 6 Send down Thy constant aid, we pray;  
Be Thy pure angels with us still;  
Thy truth, be that our firmest stay;  
Our only rest, to do Thy will.
- 

426.

C. M.

NICOLL.

THE REFORMERS.

- 1 AN offering at the shrine of power  
Our hands shall never bring;  
A garland on the car of pomp  
Our hands shall never fling;  
Applauding in the conqueror's path  
Our voices ne'er shall be;  
But we have hearts to honor those  
Who bade the world go free!
- 2 Praise to the good, the pure, the great,  
Who made us what we are, —  
Who lit the flame which yet shall glow  
With radiance brighter far!  
Glory to them in coming time,  
And through eternity,  
Who burst the captive's galling chain,  
And bade the world go free!

MARTYRS.

7.

L. M.

MRS. HEMANS.

EARTH'S NAMELESS MARTYRS.

- 1 THE kings of old have shrine and tomb  
In many a minster's haughty gloom ;  
And green, along the ocean-side,  
The mounds arise where heroes died ;  
But show me on thy flowery breast,  
Earth ! where thy nameless martyrs rest !
- 2 The thousands that, uncheered by praise,  
Have made one offering of their days ;  
For truth, for heaven, for freedom's sake,  
Resigned the bitter cup to take ;  
And silently, in fearless faith,  
Have bowed their noble souls to death.
- 3 O, haply all around lie strewed  
The ashes of that multitude !  
It may be that each day we tread  
Where thus devoted hearts have bled,  
And the sweet flowers the children sow  
Take root in holy dust below.
- 4 What though no stone the record bears  
Of their deep thoughts and lonely prayers,  
May not our inmost hearts be stilled,  
With knowledge of their presence filled,  
And by their lives be taught to prize  
The meekness of self-sacrifice ?

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

428.

6s. M.

LUTHE

THE MARTYRS' ASHES.

- 1 FLUNG to the heedless winds,  
Or on the waters cast,  
Their ashes shall be watched,  
And gathered at the last;  
And from that scattered dust,  
Around us and abroad,  
Shall spring a plenteous seed  
Of witnesses for God.
- 2 The Father hath received  
Their latest living breath;  
Yet vain is Satan's boast  
Of victory in their death;  
Still, still, though dead, they speak,  
And, trumpet-tongued, proclaim  
To many a wakening land  
The one prevailing name.

---

429.

C. M.

MORAVIA

THE NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYRS.

- 1 GLORY to God! whose witness-train,  
Those heroes bold in faith,  
Could smile on poverty and pain,  
And triumph even in death.
- 2 O, may that faith our hearts sustain,  
Wherein they fearless stood  
When, in the power of cruel men,  
They poured their willing blood.

AT SEA.

- 3 God, 'whom we serve, our God, can save;  
Can damp the scorching flame,  
Can build an ark, or smooth the wave,  
For such as love His name.
- 4 Yea, should it even to man appear,  
At times, as though the Lord  
Forsook His chosen servants here,  
We yet will trust His word.
- 5 Lord ! if Thine arm support us still  
With its eternal strength,  
We shall o'ercome the mightiest ill,  
And conquerors prove, at length.

130.

S. M.

GRAHAM.

GOD WITH US ON THE DEEP.

- 1 HEAVE, mighty ocean, heave !  
And blow, thou bolsterous wind !  
Onward we swiftly glide, and leave  
Our home and friends behind.
- 2 Away, away we steer,  
Upon the ocean's breast ;  
And dim the distant heights appear,  
Like clouds along the west.
- 3 There is a loneliness  
Upon the mighty deep ;  
And hurried thoughts upon us press,  
As onward still we sweep.
- 4 But there is hope and joy,  
Wherever we may be ;  
*Danger nor death can e'er destroy  
Our trust, O God, in Thee !*

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

- 5 Then wherefore should we grieve  
Or what have we to fear?  
Though home and friends and life we lack  
Our God is ever near.
- 6 Sweep, mighty ocean, sweep!  
Ye winds, blow foul or fair!  
Our God is with us on the deep,  
Our home is everywhere.
- 

431.

P. M.

MRS. SOUTHWELL

THE MARINER'S HYMN.

- 1 LAUNCH thy bark, mariner!  
Christian, God speed thee!  
Let loose the rudder bands,  
Good angels lead thee!  
Set thy sails warily,  
Tempests will come;  
Steer thy course steadily,  
Christian, steer home!
- 2 Look to the weather bow,  
Breakers are round thee;  
Let fall thy plummet now,  
Shallows may ground thee.  
Reef in thy foresail there;  
Hold the helm fast;  
So,—let the vessel wear,—  
By swept the blast.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

- 3 Slacken no sail yet, at  
Inlet or island;  
Straight for the beacon steer, —  
Straight for the highland;  
Crowd all the canvass on,  
Cut through the foam; —  
Christian! cast anchor now;  
Heaven is thy home!
- 

432.

8 & 7s. M.

STERLING.

THE HUSBANDMAN'S HYMN.

- 1 MANY a power within earth's bosom,  
Noiseless, hidden, works beneath;  
Hence are seed and leaf and blossom,  
Golden ear and clustered wreath.
- 2 Wind and frost, and hour and season,  
Land and water, sun and shade, —  
Work with these, as bids thy reason,  
For they work thy toil to aid.
- 3 Sow thy seed and reap in gladness!  
Man himself is all a seed;  
Hope and hardship, joy and sadness,  
Slow the plant to ripeness lead.
- 

433.

L. M.

FLINT.

REMEMBRANCE OF OUR FATHERS.

- 1 In pleasant lands have fallen the lines  
That bound our goodly heritage,  
*And safe beneath our sheltering vines*  
*Our youth is blest, and soothed our age.*

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

- 2 What thanks, O God, to Thee are due,  
That Thou didst plant our fathers here,  
And watch and guard them as they grew,  
A vineyard to the planter dear !
  - 3 The toils they bore our ease have wrought;  
They sowed in tears,—in joy we reap;  
The birthright they so dearly bought  
We'll guard, till we with them shall sleep.
  - 4 Thy kindness to our fathers shown,  
In weal and woe, through all the past,  
Their grateful sons, O God, shall own,  
While here their name and race shall last.
- 

434.

8 & 6s. M.

HERB

PRAYER FOR OUR COUNTRY.

- 1 FROM foes that would our land devour;  
From guilty pride and lust of power;  
From wild sedition's lawless hour;  
From yoke of slavery;
  - 2 From blinded zeal, by faction led;  
From giddy change, by fancy bred;  
From poisoned error's serpent head;  
Good Lord, preserve us free!
- 

435.

L. M.

WHITTIER

THE DAY OF FREEDOM.

- 1 O THOU, whose presence went before  
Our fathers in their weary way,  
As with Thy chosen moved of yore  
The fire by night, the cloud by day!

SLAVERY.

- 2 When, from each temple of the free,  
A nation's song ascends to heaven,  
Most holy Father, unto Thee  
Now let our humble prayer be given.
- 3 Sweet peace be here; and hope and love  
Be round us as a mantle thrown,  
As unto Thee, supreme above,  
The knee of prayer is bowed alone.
- 4 And grant, O Father, that the time  
Of earth's deliverance may be near,  
When every land, and tongue, and clime,  
The message of Thy love shall hear;—
- 5 When, smitten as with fire from heaven,  
The captive's chain shall sink in dust,  
And to his fettered soul be given  
The glorious freedom of the just.

436.

C. M.

AMERICAN SLAVERY.

- 1 THE land our fathers left to us  
Is foul with hateful sin;  
When shall, O Lord, this sorrow end,  
And hope and joy begin?
- 2 What good, though growing might and wealth  
Shall stretch from shore to shore;  
If thus the fatal poison-taint  
Be only spread the more?
- 3 Wipe out, O God, the nation's sin,  
Then swell the nation's power;  
But build not high our yearning hopes.  
*To wither in an hour!*

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

- 4 No outward show nor fancied strength  
From Thy stern justice saves;  
There is no liberty for them  
Who make their brethren slaves!
- 

437.

7s. M.

J. R. LOWELL.

ANTI-SLAVERY HYMN.

- 1 MEN! whose boast it is that ye  
Come of fathers brave and free,  
If there breathe on earth a slave,  
Are ye truly free and brave?  
If ye do not feel the chain,  
When it works a brother's pain,  
Are ye not base slaves indeed,  
Slaves unworthy to be freed?
- 2 Is true freedom but to break  
Fetters for our own dear sake,  
And with leathern hearts forget  
That we owe mankind a debt?  
No! true freedom is to share  
All the chains our brothers wear,  
And with heart and hand to be  
Earnest to make others free.
- 3 They are slaves, who fear to speak  
For the fallen and the weak;  
They are slaves, who will not choose  
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,  
Rather than, in silence, shrink  
From the truth they needs must think;  
They are slaves, who dare not be  
In the right with two or three.

SLAVERY.

38.

L. M. CAROLINE SEWALL.

REMEMBER THEM WHO ARE IN BONDS.

LORD, when Thine ancient people cried,  
Oppressed and bound by Egypt's king,  
Thou didst Arabia's sea divide,  
And forth Thy fainting Israel bring.

Lo, in these latter days, our land  
Groans with the anguish of the slave:  
Lord God of hosts! stretch forth Thy hand,  
Not shortened that it cannot save.

Roll back the swelling tide of sin,  
The lust of gain, the lust of power;  
The day of freedom usher in:  
How long delays the appointed hour?

As Thou of old to Miriam's hand  
The thrilling timbrel didst restore,  
And to the joyful song her land  
Echoed from desert to the shore;

O let Thy smitten ones again  
Take up the chorus of the free,—  
Praise ye the Lord! His power proclaim,  
For He hath conquered gloriously!

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

439.

8, 7, & 4s. M. \* MONTGOMERY

SLAVERY.

- 1 Ages, ages have departed,  
Since the first dark vessel bore  
Afric's children, broken-hearted,  
To this far-off western shore;  
She, like Rachel,  
Weeping, for they were no more.
- 2 Millions, millions have been slaughtered  
In the fight and on the deep;  
Millions, millions more have watered,  
With such tears as captives weep,  
Fields of labor  
Where their wasted bodies sleep.
- 3 Mercy, mercy, vainly pleading,  
Rends her garments, smites her breast.  
Till a voice from heaven proceeding  
Gladden all the waiting west:  
"Come, ye weary!  
Come, and I will give you rest!"
- 4 Tidings, tidings of salvation!  
Brothers, rise with one accord,  
Purge the plague-spot from our nation,  
Till, unto their rights restored,  
Slaves no longer,  
All are freemen in the Lord!

MERCY.

10.

P. M.

\* MONTGOMERY.

WATCH FOR THE MORNING.

1 CLIMB we the mountain afar,  
In the still hour of even;  
Led by yon beautiful star,  
First of the daughters of heaven:  
Darkness yet covers the face of the deep;  
Spirit of freedom! go forth in thy might,  
Break the slave's bondage like infancy's sleep,  
The moment when God shall say, Let there  
be light!

2 Gaze we meanwhile for the day,  
Praying in thought while we gaze;  
Watch for the morning's first ray;  
Prayer then be turned into praise!  
Out to the valleys, Behold ye the morn,  
Long, long desired, but denied to our sight;  
O, myriads of slaves into men are new-born;  
The word was omnipotent, and there is  
light!

---

11.

L. M.

\* WHITTIER.

MERCY AND NOT SACRIFICE.

- 1 O THOU, at whose rebuke, the grave  
Back to warm life the sleeper gave,  
Who, waking, saw with joy, above,  
A brother's face of tenderest love; —
- 2 Thou, unto whom the blind and lame,  
The sorrowing, and the sin-sick came;  
The burden of thy holy faith  
Was love and life, not hate and death.

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

- 3 O, once again thy healing lay  
On the blind eyes which know thee not,  
And let the light of thy pure day  
Shine in upon the darkened thought!
  - 4 O, touch the hearts of men, and show  
The power which in forbearance lies;  
And let them feel that Mercy now  
Is better than old Sacrifice!
- 

442.

L. M.

\* MRS. LIVERMOR

REDEEMING POWER OF LOVE.

- 1 WHAT precept, Jesus, is like thine,—  
Forgive, as ye would be forgiven!  
In this we see the power divine,  
Which shall transform our earth to heave
- 2 O, not the harsh and scornful word  
The victory over sin can gain,  
Not the dark prison, or the sword,  
The shackle, or the weary chain.
- 3 But from our spirits there must flow  
A love that will the wrong outweigh;  
Our lips must only blessings know,  
And wrath and sin shall die away.
- 4 'Twas heaven that formed the holy plan  
To win the wanderer back by love;  
Thus let us save our brother, man,  
And imitate our God above.

## IX. MISCELLANEOUS.

---

143.

C. M.

KEBLE.

### TEACHING LITTLE CHILDREN.

- 1 O, SAY not, think not, heavenly notes  
To childish ears are vain, —  
That the young mind at random floats,  
And cannot reach the strain.
- 2 Was not our Lord a little child,  
Taught by degrees to pray,  
By father dear and mother mild  
Instructed day by day?
- 3 And loved he not of heaven to talk  
With children in his sight,  
To meet them in his daily walk,  
And to his arms invite?
- 4 And though some tones be weak and low,  
What are all prayers beneath,  
But cries of babes, that cannot know  
Half the deep thought they breathe?
- 5 In his own words we Christ adore;  
But angels, as we speak,  
*Higher above our meaning soar*  
*Than we o'er children weak.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 6 And yet his words mean more than th  
And yet he owns their praise;  
O, think not that he turns away  
From infants' simple lays!
- 

444.

C. M.

H

THE HOLY CHILD.

- 1 By cool Siloam's shady rill  
How sweet the lily grows!  
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill  
Of Sharon's dewy rose!
- 2 Lo, such the child whose early feet  
The paths of peace have trod;  
Whose secret heart, with influence sw  
Is upward drawn to God!
- 3 O Thou who giv'st us life and breath,  
We seek Thy grace alone,  
In childhood, manhood, age, and deat  
To keep us still Thine own!
- 

445.

C. M.

FLINT'S

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME.

- 1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand  
With all-engaging charms!  
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,  
And folds them in his arms!
- 2 "Suffer the little ones," he says,  
"Forbid them not to come;  
Of such is heaven; and souls like the  
Shall find in heaven their home."

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 3 We bring them, Lord, with thankful hands,  
And yield them up to Thee;  
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,  
Thine let our offspring be!
- 

146.

C. M.

BRIGGS' COLL.

REMEMBER THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH.

- 1 YE joyous ones! upon whose brow  
The light of youth is shed,  
O'er whose glad path life's early flowers  
In glowing beauty spread;  
Forget not Him whose love hath poured  
Around that golden light,  
And tinged those opening buds of hope  
With hues so softly bright.
- 2 Thou tempted one! just entering  
Upon enchanted ground,  
Ten thousand snares are spread for thee,  
Ten thousand foes surround:  
A dark and a deceitful band,  
Upon thy path they lower;  
Trust not thine own unaided strength  
To save thee from their power.
- 3 Thou whose yet bright and joyous eye  
May soon be dimmed with tears,  
To whom the hours of bitterness  
Must come in coming years;  
Teach early thy confiding eye  
To pierce the cloudy screen,  
To look above the storms of life,  
*Eternally serene.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

447.

L. M.

L. E. LAM

FEED MY LAMBS!

- 1 WHILE yet the youthful spirit bears  
The image of its God within,  
And uneffaced that beauty wears,  
Which may too soon be stained by sin;
- 2 Then is the time for faith and love  
To take in charge their precious care,-  
Teach the young heart to look above,  
Teach the young lips to speak in prayer;
- 3 The world will come with care and cry  
And tempt too oft that heart astray;  
Still the seed sown in early time  
Shall not be wholly cast away.
- 4 The infant prayer, the infant hymn,  
Within the darkened soul will rise,  
When age's weary eye is dim,  
And the grave's shadow round us lies.
- 5 The infant hymn is heard again,  
The infant prayer is breathed once more  
Reclasping thus the broken chain,  
We turn to all we loved before.

448.

L. M.

ANONYM

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

- 1 GREAT God! and wilt Thou condescend  
To be my Father and my Friend?  
I but a child,—and Thou so high,  
The Lord of earth and air and sky!

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 2 Art Thou my Father?—Let me be  
A meek, obedient child to Thee;  
And try, in word and deed and thought,  
To serve and please Thee as I ought.
- 3 Art Thou my Father?—I'll depend  
Upon the care of such a friend;  
And only wish to do and be  
Whatever seemeth good to Thee.
- 4 Art Thou my Father?—Then, at last,  
When all my days on earth are past,  
Send down, and take me, in Thy love,  
To be Thy better child above.

449.

C. M.

MRS. BARBAULD.

THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM.

- 1 OUR country is Immanuel's ground;  
We seek that promised soil;  
The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,  
While strangers here we toil.
- 2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,  
And oft are bathed in tears;  
But only heaven our hopes can raise,  
And sin alone, our fears.
- 3 We tread the path our Master trod;  
We bear the cross he bore;  
And every thorn that wounds our feet  
His temples pierced before.
- 4 The flowers that spring along the road  
We scarcely stoop to pluck;  
We walk o'er beds of shining ore,  
Nor waste one wishful look.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 5 We purge our mortal dross away,  
Refining as we run;  
And while we die to earth and sense,  
Our heaven is here begun.
- 

450.

C. M.

BRISS' COI

THE SPIRITUAL WORLD.

- 1 THERE is a world we have not seen,  
That time can ne'er destroy,  
Where mortal footstep hath not been,  
Nor ear hath heard its joy.
- 2 There is a world,—and O how blest!  
Fairer than prophets told;  
And never did an angel guest  
One half its peace unfold.
- 3 And this pure world is ever bright  
With radiance all its own;  
The streams of uncreated light  
Flow round it from the throne.
- 4 Look not abroad with roving mind  
To seek that fair abode;  
It comes, where'er the lowly find  
The perfect peace of God.

MISCELLANEOUS.

51.

C. M.

CROSWELL.

HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS.

- 1 Now gird your patient loins again,  
Your wasting torches trim !  
The chief of all the sons of men,  
Shall we not welcome him ?  
Fill all his courts with sacred songs,  
And from the temple wall  
Wave garlands o'er the joyful throngs  
That crowd his festival !
  - 2 And still more freshly in the mind  
Store up the hopes sublime  
Which then were born for all mankind,  
So blessed was the time ;  
And, underneath these hallowed eaves,  
A Saviour will be born  
In every heart that him receives,  
On his triumphal morn.
- 

52.

7s. M.

GRANT.

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

- 1 JESUS, while he dwelt below,  
As divine historians say,  
To a place would often go,  
Near to Kedron's brook that lay :  
In this place he loved to be,  
And 't was named Gethsemane.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 2 'Twas a garden, as we read,  
At the foot of Olivet,  
Low and proper to be made  
The Redeemer's lone retreat :  
When from noise he would be free,  
Then he sought Gethsemane.
- 3 Thither, by their Master brought,  
His disciples likewise came ;  
There the heavenly truths he taught  
Often set their hearts on flame :  
Therefore they, as well as he,  
Visited Gethsemane.
- 4 Oft conversing here they sat ;  
Or might join with Christ in prayer ;  
O, what blest devotion that,  
When the Lord himself is there !  
All things there did so agree  
To endear Gethsemane.
- 5 Full of love to man's lost race,  
On the conflict much he thought ;  
This he knew the destined place,  
And he loved the sacred spot :  
Therefore Jesus chose to be  
Often in Gethsemane.

---

453.

C. M.

C. WEL

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

- 1 THE saints on earth and those above  
But one communion make ;  
Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,  
All of His grace partake.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 2 One family, we dwell in Him;  
One church above, beneath;  
Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream of death.
- 3 One army of the living God,  
To His command we bow;  
Part of the host have crossed the flood,  
And part are crossing now.
- 4 O God, be Thou our constant guide!  
Then, when the word is given,  
Bid Thou death's flood its waves divide,  
And land us safe in heaven.
- 

454.

C. M.

WATTS.

LAW AND LOVE.

- 1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,  
The tempest, fire, and smoke;  
Not to the thunder of that word  
Which God on Sinai spoke;—
- 2 But we are come to Zion's hill,  
The city of our God,  
Where milder words declare His will,  
And spread His love abroad.
- 3 Behold the great, the glorious host  
Of angels, clothed in light!  
Behold the spirits of the just,  
Whose faith is turned to sight!
- 4 In such society as this,  
My weary soul would rest;  
*For he who dwells where Jesus is  
Must be forever blest.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

455.

P. M.

J. H. PERKINS.

PRAYER AND LABOR.

- 1 By earth hemmed in, by earth oppressed,  
'Tis hard to labor, — hard to pray;  
And of the week, for prayer and rest,  
We've but one Sabbath day.
  - 2 But purer spirits walk above,  
Who worship alway; who are blest  
With an upspringing might of love  
That makes all labor, rest.
  - 3 Father, while here, we would arise  
In spirit to that realm; and there  
Be every act a sacrifice,  
And every thought a prayer!
- 

456.

7 & 6s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

STRENGTH FROM STRUGGLE.

- 1 Grows dark thy path before thee?  
Press on! still undismayed;  
Heaven shines resplendent o'er thee,  
Though earth be wrapped in shade.
- 2 And God, thy trust, hath given,  
With word from swerving free,  
The angels of high heaven  
A charge concerning thee.
- 3 Then though thy feet may falter  
Even at early morn,  
And from hope's burning altar  
The light may be withdrawn, —

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 4 Yet from thy self-prostration  
Thou shalt awake in power ;  
From tears and lamentation,  
To conquest every hour.
- 5 Strong in thy perfect weakness,  
Thy strength shall never fail ;  
Mighty in holy meekness,  
Thine arm shall still prevail.
- 

457.

C. M.

GERMAN.

THE HEAVENLY GUIDE.

- 1 WHEN thirst for power or for gold  
Hath led our souls astray ;  
When, blind, by blinder guides we're told,  
"Lo, here thou'lt find the way ;"
- 2 Look down, O Father, from above ;  
Set us from error free ;  
Teach us to serve Thee here in love,  
And find our home in Thee.
- 3 When faith Thy guidance humbly takes,  
And seeks Thy will to do,  
Clear light upon our pathway breaks,  
The world to guide us through.
- 4 Thy spirit send, our souls to keep ;  
Thy wisdom make our own ;  
And though our way leads through the deep,  
We wander not alone.

MISCELLANEOUS.

458.

7. & 6s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

LIGHT FOR ALL.

- 1 THE light pours down from heaven,  
And enters where it may ;  
The eyes of all earth's children  
Are cheered with one bright day.
- 2 So let the mind's true sunshine  
Be spread o'er earth as free,  
And fill men's waiting spirits,  
As the waters fill the sea.
- 3 The soul can shed a glory  
On every work well done ;  
As even things most lowly  
Are radiant in the sun.
- 4 Then let each human spirit  
Enjoy the vision bright ;  
The truth which comes from heaven  
Shall spread like heaven's own light ;
- 5 Till earth becomes God's temple ;  
And every human heart  
Shall join in one great service,  
Each happy in his part.

---

459.

C. M.

J. WEISS.

FOR A SUMMER FESTIVAL.

- 1 BENEATH Thy trees to-day we met,  
Amid Thy summer flowers ;  
And every heart is blessing yet  
These happy, fleeting hours.

MISCELLANEOUS.

2 But creeping shades to vespers call,  
And timely lore impart,  
To make our latest shadows fall  
From sunshine in the heart.

3 Yes, even so; the summer leaf,  
The summer flowers, declare  
Their childlike, chastening belief,  
That Thou dost make them fair.

4 O, let us cherish nature's creed,  
And live and bloom to Thee;  
For only childlike hearts, we read,  
Can grace eternity.

---

460.

P. M.

ANONYMOUS.

MORNING HYMN.

1 OUR Father! we thank Thee for sleep,  
For quiet and peaceable rest;  
We bless the kind care that doth keep  
Thy children from being distressed:  
O, how in their weakness shall children repay  
Thy fatherly kindness, by night and by day?

2 Our voices shall utter Thy praise,  
Our hearts shall o'erflow with Thy love;  
O, teach us to walk in Thy ways,  
And lift us earth's trials above!  
The heart's true affection is all we can give;  
In love's pure devotion, O, help us to live!

MISCELLANEOUS.

3 So long as Thou seest it right  
That here upon earth we should stay,  
We pray Thee to guard us by night,  
And help us to serve Thee by day;  
And when all the days of this life shall be o'er,  
Receive us in heaven, to serve Thee the more.

---

461.

L. M.

GOETHE.

EVEN-TIDE.

- 1 O'ER silent field and lonely lawn  
Her dusky mantle night hath drawn;  
At twilight's holy, heartfelt hour,  
In man his better soul hath power.
  - 2 The passions are at peace within,  
And stilled each stormy thought of sin;  
The yielding bosom, overawed,  
Breathes love to man, and love to God.
- 

462.

L. M.

EDMESTON

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 SWEET is the light of Sabbath eve,  
And soft the sunbeam lingering there;  
Those sacred hours this low earth leave,  
Wafted on wings of praise and prayer.
- 2 The time, how lovely and how still!  
Peace shines and smiles on all below;  
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,  
All fair with evening's setting glow!

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 3 Season of rest ! the tranquil soul  
Feels thy sweet calm, and melts in love ;  
And while these sacred moments roll,  
Faith sees a smiling heaven above.
  - 4 Thou God of mercy, swift to hear,  
More swift than man to tell his need ;  
Be Thou to us, this evening, near,  
And to Thy fount our spirits lead !
- 

163.

S. M.

BRIGGS' COLL.

SEASONS FOR PRAYER.

- 1 COME at the morning hour,  
Come, let us kneel and pray ;  
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff  
To walk with God all day.
- 2 At noon, beneath the Rock  
Of Ages, rest and pray ;  
Sweet is that shelter from the sun  
In the weary heat of day.
- 3 At evening, in thy home,  
Around its altar, pray ;  
And finding there the house of God,  
With heaven then close the day.
- 4 When midnight veils our eyes,  
O, it is sweet to say,  
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,  
With Thee to watch and pray.

MISCELLANEOUS.

464.

11s. M.

MRS. OSGO

GLAD WORSHIP.

- 1 APPROACH not the altar with gloom in thy so  
Nor let thy feet falter from terror's control  
God loves not the sadness of fear and mistrust  
O, serve Him with gladness,—the Loveliest  
and Just!
- 2 His bounty is tender, His being is love;  
His smile fills with splendor the blue air  
above;  
Confiding, believing, O, enter always  
His courts with thanksgiving, His port  
with praise!
- 3 Come not to His temple with pride in thy  
mien,  
But lowly and simple, in courage serene;  
Bring meekly before Him the faith of a child  
Bow down and adore Him with heart un-  
feigned!

---

465.

7s. M.

MONTGOMERY

PRAISE YE THE LORD.

- 1 HERALDS of creation! cry,—  
Praise the Lord, the Lord most high!  
Heaven and earth! obey the call;  
Praise the Lord, the Lord of all.
- 2 For He spake, and forth from night  
Sprang the universe to light;  
He commanded,—nature heard,  
And stood fast upon His word.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 3 Praise Him, all ye hosts above;  
Spirits perfected in love!  
Sun and moon! your voices raise;  
Sing, ye stars! your Maker's praise.
- 4 Earth! from all thy depths below,  
Ocean's hallelujahs flow;  
Lightning, vapor, wind, and storm,  
Hail and snow! His will perform.
- 5 Birds! on wings of rapture soar,  
Warble at His temple's door;  
Joyful sounds from herds and flocks,  
Echo back, ye caves and rocks!
- 6 High above all height His throne;  
Excellent His name alone;  
Him let all His works confess!  
Him let all His children bless!

---

466.

8 & 7s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

"THE LORD IS IN HIS HOLY TEMPLE."

- 1 God is in His holy temple:  
Thoughts of earth, be silent now,  
While with reverence we assemble,  
And before His presence bow.  
He is with us now and ever,  
When we call upon His name,  
Aiding every good endeavor,  
Guiding every upward aim.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 2 God is in His holy temple;—  
 In the pure and holy mind;  
 In the reverent heart and simple;  
 In the soul from sense refined:  
 Then let every low emotion  
 Banished far and silent be!  
 And our souls, in pure devotion,  
 Lord, be temples worthy Thee!

467.

10s. M.

DR. JOHNSON.

GOD.

- 1 O THOU whose power o'er moving worlds  
 presides,  
 Whose voice created, and whose wisdom  
 guides!  
 On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,  
 And cheer the clouded mind with light divine!
- 2 'Tis Thine alone to calm the pious breast  
 With silent confidence and holy rest;  
 From Thee, great God! we spring, to Thee  
 we tend,  
 Path, Motive, Guide, Original, and End!

468.

7s. M.

EPISCOPAL COLL.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

- 1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,  
 For the love that crowns our days!  
 Bounteous Source of every joy,  
 Let Thy praise our tongues employ!  
 All to Thee, our God, we owe,  
 Source whence all our blessings flow!

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 2 All the blessings of the fields,  
All the stores the garden yields,  
Flocks that whiten all the plain,  
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain ;—  
Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise !
- 3 All that spring with bounteous hand  
Scatters o'er the smiling land,  
All the plenty summer pours,  
Autumn's rich, o'erflowing stores ;—  
Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise !
- 4 Peace, prosperity, and health,  
Private bliss and public wealth,  
Knowledge, with its gladdening streams,  
Pure religion's holier beams ;—  
Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise !
- 

469.

7s. M.

MERRICK.

THE HEAVENLY SHEPHERD.

- 1 Lo, my Shepherd's hand divine !  
Want shall never more be mine.  
In a pasture fair and large  
He shall feed His happy charge,  
And my couch with tenderest care  
'Midst the springing grass prepare

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 2 When I faint with summer's heat,  
He shall lead my weary feet  
To the streams that, still and slow,  
Through the verdant meadow flow:  
When through devious paths I stray,  
He shall teach the better way.
- 3 Though the dreary vale I tread,  
By the shades of death o'erspread,  
I shall walk from terror free,  
While each needed strength I see  
By Thy rod and staff supplied;  
This my guard, and that my guide.
- 4 Thou my plenteous board hast spread;  
Thou with oil refreshed my head;  
Filled by Thee, my cup o'erflows;  
For Thy love no limit knows;  
And unto my latest end  
Thou my footsteps shalt attend.

---

470.

C. M.

EPISCOPAL CO.

CALM TRUST.

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign will denies,  
Accepted at Thy throne, let this,  
My humble prayer, arise:—
- 2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,  
From every murmur free;  
The blessings of Thy grace impart,  
And make me live to Thee;—

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine  
My life and death attend,  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And bless my journey's end.
- 

471.

L. M.

\* BROWNE.

THE ONE GOD.

- 1 ETERNAL God ! Almighty Cause  
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown !  
All things are subject to Thy laws ;  
All things depend on Thee alone.
- 2 Thy glorious being singly stands,  
Of all within itself possessed ;  
By none controlled in Thy commands,  
And in Thyself completely blessed.
- 3 Worship to Thee alone belongs,  
Worship to Thee alone we give ;  
Thine be our hearts, and Thine our songs,  
And to Thy glory may we live.
- 4 O, spread Thy truth through every land,  
In every heart Thy love be known ;  
Subdue the world to Thy command,  
And, as Thou art, reign God alone.

MISCELLANEOUS.

472.

C. M.

STERNHOLD.

“HE BOWED THE HEAVENS AND CAME DOWN.”

- 1 THE Lord descended from above,  
And bowed the heavens most high,  
And underneath His feet He cast  
The darkness of the sky.
  - 2 On cherubim and seraphim  
Full royally He rode,  
And on the wings of mighty winds  
Came flying all abroad.
  - 3 He sat serene upon the floods,  
Their fury to restrain ;  
And He as sovereign Lord and King  
For evermore shall reign.
- 

473.

L. M.

J. RICHARDSON.

ONE IN CHRIST.

- 1 FROM Zion's holy hill there rose  
A fount divine, that ever flows ;  
Heaven's smile is on its waters shed,  
By heaven's own dews the fount is fed.
- 2 That stream of Truth—a silver thread,  
Scarce known, save by its fountain-head—  
Now onward pours, a mighty flood,  
And fills the new-formed world with good
- 3 Where'er that living fountain flows,  
New life its healing wave bestows,  
And man, from sin's corruptions free,  
Inspires with its own purity.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 4 A spirit, breathed from Zion's hill,  
In holy hearts is living still,—  
That Comforter from heaven above,  
The presence of celestial love.
- 5 O, may this spirit ever be  
Our bond of peace and unity !  
Thus shall we teach, as Christ began,  
Through love, the brotherhood of man.
- 

474.

C. M.

\* PIERPONT.

THE HYMN OF THE LAST SUPPER.

- 1 THE winds are hushed ; the peaceful moon  
Looks down on Zion's hill ;  
The city sleeps ; 't is night's calm noon,  
And all the streets are still.
- 2 How soft, how holy, is the light !  
And hark ! a sweet, low song,  
As gently as these dews of night,  
Floats on the air along.
- 3 Affection's wish, devotion's prayer,  
Are in that holy strain ;  
And hope and love and trust are there,  
And triumph, won through pain.
- 4 'T is Jesus and his faithful few  
That soul-deep hymn who pour ;—  
O Christ ! may we the song renew,  
And learn to love thee more.

MISCELLANEOUS.

475.

C. M.

MOORE.

CONSOLATION.

- 1 O THOU who driest the mourner's tear,  
How dark this world would be,  
If, when deceived and wounded here,  
We could not fly to Thee !
- 2 But Thou wilt heal the broken heart,  
Which, like the plants that throw  
Their fragrance from the wounded part,  
Breathes sweetness out of woe.
- 3 When joy no longer soothes or cheers,  
And e'en the hope that threw  
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears  
Is dimmed and vanished too ;
- 4 O, who would bear life's stormy doom,  
Did not Thy wing of love  
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom  
Our peace-branch from above ?
- 5 Then sorrow, touched by Thee, grows bright,  
With more than rapture's ray ;  
The darkness shows us worlds of light  
We never saw by day.

---

476.

C. M.

KEBLE

THE ELDER SCRIPTURE.

- 1 THERE is a book, who runs may read,  
Which heavenly truth imparts ;  
And all the lore its scholars need,  
Pure eyes and loving hearts.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 2 The works of God, above, below,  
Within us, and around,  
Are pages in that book, to show  
How God himself is found.
- 3 The glorious sky, embracing all,  
Is like the Father's love ;  
Wherewith encompassed, great and small  
In peace and order move.
- 4 The dew of heaven is like His grace ;  
It steals in silence down ;  
But where it lights, the favored place  
By richest fruits is known.
- 5 Two worlds are ours ; 'tis only sin  
Forbids us to descry  
The mystic heaven and earth within,  
Plain as the earth and sky.
- 6 Thou, who hast given me eyes to see  
And love this sight so fair,  
Give me a heart to find out Thee,  
And read Thee everywhere !

---

177.

10s. M.

STERLING.

REST.

- 1 O THOU, the primal fount of life and peace,  
Who shedd'st Thy breathing quiet all around,  
In me command that pain and conflict cease,  
*And tune to music every jarring sound.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 2 Make Thou in me, O God, through ~~sha~~  
and pain,  
A heart attuned to Thy celestial calm;  
Let not the spirit's pangs be roused in vai  
But heal the wounded breast with sooth  
balm!
- 3 So, firm in steadfast hope, in thought sec  
In full accord with all Thy works of joy,  
May I be nerved to labors high and pure,  
And Thou Thy child to do Thy work empl
- 4 In One who walked on earth, a man of w  
Was holier peace than even this hour inspi  
From him to me let inward quiet flow,  
And give the might my failing will requir
- 5 So this great universe,—so he, and Thou  
The central source and wondrous bound  
things,  
May fill my heart with rest as deep as no  
To land and sea and air Thy presence bri

---

478.

P. M.

MRS. HEM

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

- 1 THE breaking waves dashed high  
On a stern and rock-bound coast,  
And the woods against a stormy sky  
Their giant branches tossed,  
And the heavy night hung dark,  
The hills and waters o'er,  
When a band of exiles moored their bai  
On the wild New England shore.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 2 Not as the conqueror comes,  
They, the true-hearted, came ;  
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,  
And the trumpet that sings of fame.  
Not as the flying come,  
In silence and in fear ;  
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom  
With their hymns of lofty cheer.
- 3 Amidst the storm they sang ;  
And the stars heard, and the sea !  
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods  
rang  
To the anthem of the free.  
The ocean eagle soared  
From his nest by the white wave's foam,  
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,—  
This was their welcome home !
- 4 What sought they thus afar ?  
Bright jewels of the mine ?  
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ?  
They sought a faith's pure shrine !  
Ay, call it holy ground,  
The soil where first they trod !  
They have left unstained, what there they  
found :  
Freedom to worship God.

MISCELLANEOUS.

479.

L. P. M.

E. B. BARRETT.

HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

Psalm cxxvii. 2.

- 1 Of all the thoughts of God, that are  
Borne in upon our souls afar  
Along the Psalmist's music deep,  
O, tell me if there any is,  
For gift or grace, surpassing this,—  
"He giveth His beloved sleep."
- 2 O earth, so full of dreary noises!  
O men, with wailing in your voices!  
O delved gold, the wailers' heap!  
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!  
God makes a silence through you all,—  
He giveth His beloved sleep.
- 3 His dews drop mutely on the hill,  
His cloud above it saileth still,  
Though on its slope men toil and reap;  
More softly than the dew is shed,  
Or cloud is floated overhead,  
He giveth His beloved sleep.

## SUPPLEMENT.

---

1.

6 & 4s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

### INVOCATION.

- 1 COME, Thou almighty King!  
Help us Thy name to sing,  
Help us to praise!  
Father all-glorious,  
O'er all victorious,  
Come and reign over us,  
Ancient of Days!
- 2 Come, Thou eternal Word,  
By heaven and earth adored,  
Our prayer attend!  
Come and this people bless;  
Give to Thy truth success;  
Spirit of Holiness,  
On us descend!
- 3 Come, holy Comforter,  
Thy sacred witness bear  
In this glad hour!  
Thou who almighty art,  
Rule now in every heart,  
Never from us depart,  
Spirit of Power!

**SUPPLEMENT.**

**481.**

**C. M.**

**ORIG. HYMN.**

**THE HOUR OF PRAYER.**

- 1 **EARTH's** busy sounds and ceaseless din  
Wake not this morning air !  
A holy calm should welcome in  
This solemn hour of prayer.
- 2 Now peace, be still, unhallowed care,  
And hushed within the breast !  
A holy joy should welcome there  
This happy day of rest.
- 3 Each better thought the spirit knows,  
This hour, the spirit fill !  
And Thou, from whom its being flows,  
O, teach it all Thy will !
- 4 Then shall this day, which God hath blest,  
Hallow life's every hour,  
And bear us to our better rest,  
Eternal, perfect, sure.

---

**482.**

**C. M.**

**ALFORD.**

**SINCERE WORSHIP.**

- 1 O **THOU**, who hast Thy servants taught  
That not by words alone,  
But by the fruits of holiness,  
The life of God is shown ;
- 2 While in Thy house of prayer we meet,  
And call Thee God and Lord,  
Give us a heart to follow Thee,  
Obedient to Thy word !

**PUBLIC WORSHIP.**

- 3 When we our voices lift in praise,  
Give Thou us grace to bring  
An offering of unfeigned thanks,  
And with the spirit sing.
- 4 And in the dangerous path of life  
Uphold us as we go;  
That with our lips and in our lives  
Thy glory we may show.

**33.**

**8 & 7s. M.**

**ANONYMOUS.**

**COME, HOLY SPIRIT!**

- 1 **HOLY** Spirit, source of gladness,  
Shine amid the clouds of night;  
O'er our weariness and sadness  
Breathe Thy life, and shed Thy light!  
Send us Thine illumination,  
Banish all our fears at length,  
Rest upon this congregation,  
Spirit of unfailing Strength!
- 2 Let that love, which knows no measure,  
Now in quickening showers descend,  
Bringing us the richest treasure  
Man can wish or God can send;  
Hear our earnest supplication,  
Every struggling heart release,  
Rest upon this congregation,  
Spirit of eternal Peace!

**SUPPLEMENT.**

**484.**

**L. M.**

**MRS. GILM**

**THE DAY OF REST.**

- 1 **WE** bless Thee for this sacred day,  
Thou who hast every blessing given,  
Which sends the dreams of earth away,  
And yields a glimpse of opening heaven
  - 2 Rich day of holy, thoughtful rest,  
We would improve the calm repose;  
And, in God's service truly blest,  
Forget the world, its joys and woes.
  - 3 Lord! may Thy truth, upon the heart,  
Now fall and dwell as heavenly dew,  
And flowers of grace in freshness start  
Where once the weeds of error grew.
  - 4 May prayer now lift her sacred wings,  
Contented with that aim alone  
Which bears her to the King of kings,  
And rests her at his sheltering throne.
- 

**485.**

**10 & 6s. M.**

**ANONYM**

**THE SABBATH.**

- 1 **THOU** givest Thy Sabbath, Lord; the din  
    stilled  
Of man's unquiet care;  
A sacred calm, with Thy deep presence fill  
Breathes through the silent air.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 1 O leave us not, through long and darkened  
hours,  
In night of woe and sin,  
But shed Thy Sabbath with its radiant  
powers  
Upon the world within.
- 2 Purge from our hearts the stains so deep and  
foul,  
Of wrath and pride and care ;  
Send Thine own holy calm upon the soul,  
And bid it settle there.
- 3 Banish this craving self that still has sought  
Lord of the soul to be ;  
Teach us to turn to fellow-men our thought ;  
Teach us to turn to Thee !
- 4 Teach us to love Thy creatures great and  
small,  
To live as in Thine eye ;  
Thou who hast freely given Thy love to  
all ;—  
Thou who to all art nigh !

---

486.

L. M.

ALFORD.

THE SEED OF THE WORD.

- 1 O THOU, at whose divine command  
Good seed is sown in every land,  
Thy holy spirit now impart,  
And for Thy word prepare each heart !

SUPPLEMENT.

- 2 Not 'mid the thorns of worldly thought,  
Nor soon by passing plunderers caught,  
Nor lacking depth the root to feed,  
May we receive 'Thy spirit's seed ;
  - 3 But may it, where Thy sowers toil,  
Fall in a good and honest soil ;  
And springing up from firmest root,  
'Through patience, bear abundant fruit.
- 

487.

L. M.

E. H. CHAPIN

THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

- 1 OUR Father God ! not face to face  
May mortal sense commune with Thee,  
Nor lift the curtains of that place  
Where dwells Thy secret Majesty.  
Yet whereso'er our spirits bend  
In rev'rent faith and humble prayer,  
Thy promised blessing will descend,  
And we shall find Thy spirit there.
- 2 Lord ! be the spot where now we meet  
An open gateway into heaven ;  
Here may we sit at Jesus' feet,  
And feel our deepest sins forgiven.  
Here may desponding care look up ;  
And sorrow lay its burden down,  
Or learn, of him, to drink the cup,  
To bear the cross, and win the crown.
- 3 Here may the sick and wandering soul  
To truth still blind, to sin a slave,  
Find better than Bethesda's pool,  
Or than Siloam's healing wave.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

And may we learn, while here apart  
From the world's passion and its strife,  
That Thy true shrine's a loving heart,  
And Thy best praise a holy life!

---

18.

P. M.

ANONYMOUS.

O FATHER! HEAR.

1 HEAR, Father, hear our prayer!  
Thou who art pity where sorrow prevaieth,  
Thou who art safety when mortal help faileth,  
Length to the feeble and hope to despair,  
Hear, Father, hear our prayer!

2 Hear, Father, hear our prayer!  
Sundering alone in the land of the stranger,  
With all travellers in sickness or danger,  
Hear Thou their path, guide their feet from  
the snare:  
Hear, Father, hear our prayer!

3 Hear Thou the poor that cry!  
Feed Thou the hungry and lighten their sorrow,  
Grant them the sunshine of hope for the morrow;  
They are Thy children, their trust is on high:  
Hear Thou the poor that cry!

4 Dry Thou the mourner's tear!  
Heal Thou the wounds of time-hallowed affec-  
tion;  
Grant to the widow and orphan protection;  
In their trouble a friend ever near;  
Dry Thou the mourner's tear!

SUPPLEMENT.

6 Hear, Father, hear our prayer!  
Long hath Thy goodness our footsteps attended;  
Be with the pilgrim whose journey is ended:  
When at Thy summons for death we prepare,  
Hear, Father, hear our prayer!

---

489.

P. M.

BOWRING.

PRAYER OF A LOWLY SPIRIT.

- 1 FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit,  
Our humble prayer ascends; O Father! hear it,  
Upsoaring on the wings of awe and meekness;  
Forgive its weakness!
- 2 We see Thy hand; it leads us, it supports us:  
We hear Thy voice; it counsels and it courts  
us:  
And then we turn away; and still Thy kind-  
ness  
Forgives our blindness.
- 3 O how long-suffering, Lord! but Thou de-  
lightest  
To win with love the wandering; Thou  
invitest,  
By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,  
Man from his errors.
- 4 Father and Saviour! plant within each  
bosom  
The seeds of holiness; and bid them blossom  
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,  
And spring eternal.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Then place them in Thine everlasting gardens,  
Where angels walk, and seraphs are the wardens;  
Where every flower escaped through death's dark portal,  
Becomes immortal.

---

10.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

- 1 FATHER, adored in worlds above!  
Thy glorious name be hallowed still;  
Thy kingdom come in truth and love;  
And earth, like heaven, obey Thy will.
  - 2 Lord, make our daily wants Thy care;  
Forgive the sins which we forsake;  
In Thy compassion let us share,  
As fellow-men of ours partake.
  - 3 Evils beset us every hour;  
Thy kind protection we implore,  
Thine is the kingdom, Thine the power,  
The glory Thine forever more.
- 

11.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

HALLOWED BE THY NAME.

- 1 HOLY and reverend is the name  
Of our eternal King;  
*Thrice holy, Lord! the angels cry;  
Thrice holy, let us sing.*

**SUPPLEMENT.**

- 2 The deepest reverence of the mind  
Pay, O my soul, to God;  
Lift, with thy hands a holy heart  
To His sublime abode.
  - 3 With sacred awe pronounce His name,  
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;  
A reverent heart shall please Him more  
Than the best forms of speech.
  - 4 Thou holy God! preserve my soul  
From sinful passion free;  
And, pure in heart, may I behold  
A God of purity!
- 

**492.**

**L. M.**

**Hymn.**

**GIVE US EACH DAY OUR DAILY BREAD.**

- 1 Thy bounteous hand with food can bless  
The bleak and barren wilderness,  
And Thou hast taught us, Lord, to pray  
For daily bread from day to day.
- 2 And O, when through the wilds we roam  
That part us from our heavenly home;  
When, lost in danger, want, and woe,  
Our faithless tears begin to flow;
- 3 Do Thou Thy gracious comfort give,  
By which alone the soul can live;  
And grant Thy children, Lord, we pray,  
The bread of life from day to day!

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

3.

7s. M.

CONDER.

DELIVER US FROM EVIL.

- 1 HEAVENLY Father ! to whose eye  
Future things unfolded lie ;  
Through the desert when I stray  
Let Thy counsels guide my way.
- 2 Leave me not, for flesh is frail,  
Where fierce trials would assail ;  
Leave me not in darkened hour,  
To withstand the tempter's power.
- 3 Lord ! uphold me day by day ;  
Shed a light upon my way ;  
Guide me through perplexing snares ;  
Care for me in all my cares.
- 4 Should Thy wisdom, Lord, decree  
Trials long and sharp for me,  
Pain, or sorrow, care or shame, —  
Father ! glorify Thy name.
- 5 Let me neither faint nor fear,  
Feeling still that Thou art near ;  
In the course my Saviour trod,  
Tending home to Thee, my God.

---

14.

7 & 6s. M.

GASKELL.

THINE IS THE GLORY FOREVER.

To Thee, the Lord almighty,  
Our noblest praise we give,  
Who all things hast created ;  
And blestest all that live ;

**SUPPLEMENT.**

Whose goodness, never-failing  
Through countless ages gone,  
Forever and forever  
Shall still keep shining on.

**495.**

**H. M.**

**SANDS.**

**PRAISE YE THE LORD.**

- 1 ALL, from the sun's uprising  
Unto his setting rays,  
Resound in jubilees  
The great Creator's praise!  
Him serve alone;  
In triumph bring  
Your gifts, and sing  
Before His throne!
- 2 Man drew from man his birth;  
But God his noble frame,  
(Built of the ruddy earth,)  
Filled with celestial flame.  
His sons we are,  
By Him are led,  
Preserved and fed  
With tender care.
- 3 Then to His portals press  
In your divine resorts;  
With thanks His power profess,  
And praise Him in His courts.  
How good! how pure!  
His mercies last;  
His promise past  
Is ever sure.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

6.

7s. M.

CONDEK.

O GIVE THANKS UNTO THE LORD !

- 1 O, give thanks to Him who made  
Morning light and evening shade ;  
Source and Giver of all good,  
Nightly sleep and daily food :  
Quickener of our wearied powers,  
Guard of our unconscious hours !
- 2 O, give thanks to nature's King,  
Who made every breathing thing ;  
His our warm and sentient frame ;  
His the mind's immortal flame ;  
O, how close the ties that bind  
Spirits to the Eternal Mind !
- 3 O give thanks with heart and lip,  
For we are His workmanship,  
And all creatures are His care ;  
Not a bird that cleaves the air  
Falls unnoticed ; — but who can  
Speak the Father's love to man !
- 4 O give thanks for him who came,  
In a mortal, suffering frame,  
Temple of the Deity ; —  
Came to bear our souls on high ;  
In the path himself hath trod,  
Leading back his saints to God.

**SUPPLEMENT.**

**497.**

**7 & 6s. M.**

**ANONYMOUS.**

**THANKSGIVING.**

- 1 **MEET** and right it is to sing,  
In every time and place,  
Praises to our heavenly King,  
The God of truth and grace.  
Join we then in sweet accord,  
All in one thanksgiving join ;  
Holy, holy, holy Lord,  
Eternal praise be Thine !
- 2 Thee, the first-born sons of light,  
In choral symphonies,  
Praise alway, day without night,  
In songs that never cease.  
And with them our hearts aspire,  
On the wings of faith and love,  
Vying with the heavenly choir,  
Who chant Thy praise above.
- 3 Still they sing, with glory crowned,  
Thanksgiving to Thy name ;  
Lower if our voices sound,  
Our hymn is still the same ;  
“Glory be to God on high !”  
So the song of angels ran,  
And our voices still reply,  
“Good-will on earth to man !”

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

8.

8, 7 & 4s. M.

BREVIARY.

HALLELUJAH, FOR THE LORD REIGNETH.

- 1 HALLELUJAH ! best and sweetest  
Of the hymns of praise above ;  
Hallelujah ! thou repeatest,  
Angel-host, these notes of love ;  
    This ye utter,  
While your golden harps ye move.
  - 2 Hallelujah ! strains of gladness  
Comfort not the faint and worn ;  
Hallelujah ! sounds of sadness  
Best become the heart forlorn :  
    Our offences  
We with bitter tears must mourn.
  - 3 But our earnest supplication,  
Holy God ! we raise to Thee ;  
Visit us with Thy salvation,  
Make us all Thy peace to see !  
    Hallelujah !  
Ours at length this strain shall be.
- 

9.

7s. M.

MONTGOMERY.

PRaise THE LORD !

- 1 ALL ye nations, praise the Lord ;  
All ye lands, your voices raise ;  
Heaven and earth, with loud accord.  
*Praise the Lord, forever praise.*

**SUPPLEMENT.**

- 2 For His truth and mercy stand,  
Past, and present, and to be,  
Like the years of His right hand,  
Like His own eternity.
- 3 Praise Him, ye who know His love;  
Praise Him, from the depths beneath;  
Praise Him in the heights above;  
Praise your Maker, all that breathe!

---

**500.**

**C. M. MARTINEAU'S COLL.**

**CLOSING HYMN.**

O Thou great Spirit! who along  
The waters first did move,  
And straight, from warring chaos sprung  
Light, harmony and love;  
Upon our waiting spirits brood,  
Bid all their discord cease,  
And breathe upon the troubled soul  
Thy last, best gift of peace!

---

**501.**

**L. M.**

**C. WESLEY.**

**THE BREAD OF LIFE.**

- 1 FATHER, supply my every need;  
Sustain the life Thyself hast given;  
Oh! grant the never-failing bread,  
The manna that comes down from heaven!
- 2 The gracious fruits of righteousness,  
Thy blessings' unexhausted store,  
In me abundantly increase,  
Nor ever let me hunger more!

**PUBLIC WORSHIP.**

**502.**

**7s. M.**

**BOWING.**

**THE PILGRIM'S PRAYER.**

- 1 **LEAD us with Thy gentle sway,  
As a willing child is led;  
Speed us on our upward way,  
As a pilgrim, Lord, is sped,  
Who with prayers and helps divine  
Seeks a consecrated shrine.**
- 2 **Lead us, Father ! Thou dost know  
All the way ; but, wanderers, we  
Often miss our way below,  
And stretch out our hands to Thee ;  
Guide us, save us, and prepare  
Our appointed mansion there !**

---

**503.**

**L. M.**

**UNIV. COLL.**

**CLOSE OF WORSHIP.**

- 1 **ERE to the world again we go,  
Its pleasures, cares, and idle show,  
Thy grace once more, O God, we crave,  
From folly and from sin to save.**
- 2 **May the great truths we here have heard—  
The lessons of Thy holy word—  
Dwell in our inmost bosoms deep,  
And all our souls from error keep.**
- 3 **Oh ! may the influence of this day  
Long as our memory with us stay,  
And as an angel guardian prove,  
To guide us to our home above.**

SUPPLEMENT.

504.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

PEACE BE UNTO THIS HOUSE.

- 1 LORD of the families below !  
To Thee our prayers we send ;  
Do Thou from danger and from woe  
This dwelling-place defend.
- 2 Here let Thy peace, O Father, rest ;  
Here let Thy love abide !  
Our every joy in Thee more blest,  
Each sorrow sanctified.
- 3 May our petitions when we meet,  
And every secret prayer,  
Come up before Thy mercy-seat,  
And find acceptance there.
- 4 Teach us, with hearts made one in love,  
To do Thy pure commands ;  
And give us, in Thy time, above,  
A house not made with hands.

---

505.

7s. M.

C. WHELEY

BROTHERLY LOVE.

- 1 LORD ! subdue our selfish will ;  
Each to each our tempers suit,  
By Thy modulating skill,  
Heart to heart, as lute to lute.
- 2 Sweetly on our spirits move ;  
Gently touch the trembling strings :  
Make the harmony of love,  
Music for the King of kings !

FAMILY WORSHIP.

06.

S. M.

ANONYMOUS.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

- 1 It is the hour of prayer :  
Draw near and bend the knee,  
And fill the calm and holy air  
With voice of melody !  
O'erwearied with the heat  
And burden of the day,  
Now let us rest our wandering feet,  
And gather here to pray.
- 2 The dark and deadly blight  
That walks at noontide hour,  
The midnight arrow's secret flight,  
O'er us have had no power :  
But smiles from loving eyes  
Have been around our way,  
And lips on which a blessing lies  
Have bidden us to pray.
- 3 O, blessed is the hour  
That lifts our hearts on high !  
Like sunlight when the tempests lower,  
Prayer to the soul is nigh ;  
Though dark may be our lot,  
Our eyes be dim with care,  
These saddening thoughts shall trouble not  
This holy hour of prayer.

**SUPPLEMENT.**

**507.**

**L. M.**

**ANONYMOUS.**

**HYMN OF A HOUSEHOLD.**

- 1 For mercies past we praise Thee, Lord,  
The fruits of earth, the hopes of heaven,  
Thy helping arm, Thy guiding word,  
And answered prayers, and sins forgiven.
- 2 Whene'er we tread on danger's height,  
Or walk temptation's slippery way,  
Be still, to lead our steps aright,  
Thy word our guide, Thine arm our stay!
- 3 Be ours Thy blessed presence still;  
United hearts, unchanging love;  
No thought that contradicts Thy will,  
No wish that centres not above!
- 4 And since we must be parted here,  
Support us when the hour shall come;  
Dry gently Thou the mourner's tear,  
Rejoin us in our heavenly home.

---

**508.**

**C. M.**

**ANONYMOUS.**

**FAMILY EVENING WORSHIP.**

- 1 Now from the altar of our hearts  
Let warmest thanks arise;  
Assist us, Lord, to offer up  
Our evening sacrifice.
- 2 This day our God has been our sun,  
Our keeper and our guide,  
His arm around our weakness thrown,  
His angels at our side.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

- 3 Moments and mercies multiplied  
Have made up all the day;  
Moments came fast, but mercies were  
More swift and free than they.
- 4 New hours, new blessings, and new joys,  
Do a new song require;  
Till we can praise Thee as we should,  
Accept our hearts' desire!
- 

99.

L. M.

S. S. CUTTING.

FAMILY HYMN. EVENING.

- 1 FATHER, we bless the gentle care  
That watches o'er us day by day,  
That guards us from the tempter's snare,  
And guides us in the heavenward way:—  
We bless Thee for the tender love  
That mingles all our hearts in one,—  
The music of the soul;—above  
'T is purer spirits' unison.
- 2 Father, 't is evening's solemn hour,  
And cast we now our cares on Thee;  
Darkly the storm may round us lower,  
Peace is within,—Christ makes us free;—  
And when life's toil and joy are o'er,  
And evening gathers on its sky,  
Our circle broke,—we sing no more,—  
O, may we meet and sing on high.

**SUPPLEMENT.**

**510.**

**L. M.**

**MOORE.**

**THE SPIRIT OF GOD MOVED UPON THE WATERS.**

- 1 **LIKE** morning, when her early breeze  
Breaks up the surface of the seas,  
That, in their furrows, dark with night  
Her hand may sow the seeds of light;
- 2 Thy grace can send its breathings o'er  
The spirit, dark and lost before;  
And freshening all its depths, prepare  
For truth divine to enter there!
- 3 Till David touched his sacred lyre,  
In silence lay the unbreathing wire,  
But when he swept its chords along,  
E'en angels stooped to hear the song.
- 4 So sleeps the soul, till Thou, O Lord,  
Shall deign to touch its lifeless chord;  
Till, waked by Thee, its breath shall rise  
In music worthy of the skies.

**511.**

**8, 7 & 4s. M.**

**ANONYMOUS**

**CALLS OF THE SPIRIT.**

- 1 **BROTHER**, will you slight the message  
Sent in mercy from above?  
Every sentence, O how tender,  
Every line how full of love!  
Heavenly accents  
Full of strength and peace and love!

ASPIRATION.

2 Tempted souls, they bring you succor;  
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;  
And with deepest consolation  
Chase away the falling tears;  
Tender heralds,  
Blessed be their word who hears!

3 Holy angels, hovering round us!  
Waiting spirits! speed your way,  
Hasten to the court of heaven,  
Tidings bear without delay,  
That our spirits  
Glad the message will obey.

---

512.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

IN SPIRITUAL DEADNESS.

- 1 O THOU, who all things dost control,  
Chase this dead slumber from my soul!  
With reverent joy, with loving awe,  
Give me to keep Thy perfect law.
- 2 O, let a ray from Thy pure light  
Pierce through the gathering shades of night!  
Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire,  
And holy conquering faith inspire.
- 3 This deadly slumber when I feel  
Afresh upon my spirit steal,  
Then, Lord, descend with quickening power,  
And wake me, that I sleep no more!

**SUPPLEMENT.**

**513.**

**L. M.**

**WESLEY**

**SEEKING REST.**

- 1 O THOU, in whom the weary find  
Alone their permanent repose;  
Send light into my doubting mind,  
Relieve my fears, assuage my woes;  
O let my soul on Thee be cast,  
Till sin's fierce tyranny be past.
- 2 Far, far from Thee, O God, removed,  
Long have I wandered to and fro;  
O'er earth in endless circles roved,  
Nor found whereon to rest below;  
Back unto Thee, at last, I fly:  
Save! for the waters still are high.
- 3 Selfish pursuits and pleasure's maze,  
The things of earth, for Thee I leave  
Put forth Thy hand, Thy hand of grace  
Into the ark of love receive;  
Take this poor fluttering soul to rest,  
And still it, Father, on Thy breast.
- 4 Fill with inviolable peace;  
'Stablish in faith my restless heart;  
In Thee let all my wanderings cease,  
From Thee may I no more depart;  
Never again from Thee remove,  
Loved with an everlasting love!

ASPIRATION.

514.

10s. M.

DR. TUCKERMAN.

MY HEAVEN IN THEE.

- 1 FATHER divine, this deadening power control,  
Which to the senses binds the immortal soul;  
O break this bondage, Lord! I would be free,  
And in my soul would find my heaven, in  
Thee.
- 2 My heaven in Thee! O God, no other heaven  
To the immortal soul can e'er be given;  
O, let Thy kingdom now within me come,  
And as above, so here, Thy will be done!
- 3 My heaven in Thee, O Father, let me find—  
My heaven in Thee, within a heart resigned;  
No more, of heaven and bliss, my soul,  
despair,  
For where my God is found, my heaven is  
there.

515.

S. M.

WESLEYAN.

WATCH AND PRAY, LEST YE ENTER INTO TEMPTATION.

- 1 FATHER, this slumber shake  
From off my heavy soul!  
Say to me now,—awake! awake!  
And I will make thee whole!
- 2 Touch with Thy strengthening hand;  
Arouse me in this hour;  
And make me fully understand  
The thunder of Thy power.

SUPPLEMENT.

- 3 Give me on Thee to call ;  
Always to watch and pray,  
Lest I into temptation fall,  
And cast my shield away.
  - 4 For each assault prepared  
And watchful may I be ;  
Forever standing on my guard,  
And looking unto Thee.
- 

516.

S. M.

C. W<sup>EST</sup>

FOR HELP IN TEMPTATION.

- 1 Thou seest my feebleness ;  
Father ! be Thou my power,  
My help and refuge in distress,  
My fortress and my tower !
- 2 Give me to trust in Thee ;  
Be Thou my sure abode ;  
My helm and sword and buckler be,  
My Saviour and my God !
- 3 Myself I cannot save,  
Myself I cannot keep ;  
But strength in Thee I surely have,  
Whose eyelids never sleep.
- 4 My soul to Thee alone,  
For always, I commend ;  
Thou lovest me, Father, as Thine own,  
And lovest to the end.

ASPIRATION.

517.

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

ASPIRATION.

- 1 O COME and dwell in me,  
Spirit of power within !  
And bring Thy glorious liberty  
From sorrow, fear and sin.
- 2 The inward, deep disease,  
Spirit of Health, remove !  
Spirit of perfect Holiness !  
Spirit of perfect Love !
- 3 Hasten the joyful day  
Which shall all sin consume ;  
When old things shall be done away,  
And all things new become !

518.

C. M.

WESLEYAN.

DESIRES FOR HOLINESS.

- 1 O, FOR a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free ;  
A heart that always feels how good,  
Thou, Lord, hast been to me.
- 2 O for an humble, trustful heart,  
Believing, true, and clean,  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From Him who dwells within ;—
- 3 A heart in every thought renewed,  
And full of love divine,  
*Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,*  
*Conformed, O Lord, to Thine.*

**SUPPLEMENT.**

- 4 Thy spirit, gracious Lord, impart;  
Come quickly from above;  
O, write Thy name upon my heart!  
Thy name, O God, is love.
- 

**519.**

**S. M.**

**MRS. HEN**

**FOR HEAVENLY THOUGHTS.**

- 1 COME to me, thoughts of heaven!  
My fainting spirit bear  
On your bright wings, by morning give  
Up to celestial air,  
Away, far, far away,  
From thoughts by passion given,  
Fold me in pure, still, cloudless day,  
O blessed thoughts of heaven!
- 2 Come in my tempted hour,  
Sweet thoughts! and yet again  
O'er sinful wish and memory, shower  
Your soft effacing rain;  
Waft me where gales divine  
With dark clouds ne'er have striven  
Where living founts forever shine;  
O blessed thoughts of heaven!
- 

**520.**

**C. M.**

**BATH C**

**PRAYER FOR FAITH.**

- 1 O, FOR a faith that will not shrink  
Though pressed by every foe;  
That will not tremble on the brink  
Of any earthly woe!

ASPIRATION.

- 2 A faith that shines more bright and clear  
When tempests rage without;  
That when in danger knows no fear,  
In darkness feels no doubt;—
- 3 Lord, give us such a faith as this,  
And then, whate'er may come,  
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss  
Of an eternal home.

521.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

PRAYER FOR SUBMISSION.

- 1 ONE prayer I have,—all prayers in one,  
When I am wholly Thine;  
Thy will, my God, Thy will be done,  
And let that will be mine.
- 2 All-wise, almighty, and all-good,  
In Thee I firmly trust;  
Thy ways, unknown or understood,  
Are merciful and just.
- 3 May I remember that to Thee  
Whate'er I have I owe;  
And back in gratitude from me  
May all Thy bounties flow.
- 4 Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,  
When used as talents lent;  
Those talents only well employed,  
When in Thy service spent.
- 5 And though Thy wisdom takes away,  
Shall I arraign Thy will?  
No, let me bless Thy name, and say  
"The Lord is gracious still."

SUPPLEMENT.

- 6 A pilgrim through the earth I roam,  
Of nothing long possessed,  
And all must fail when I go home,  
For this is not my rest.
- 

522.

C. M.

C. W.

FOR THE DIVINE PRESENCE.

- 1 SPEAK with us, Lord; Thyself reveal,  
While here on earth we rove;  
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel  
The kindlings of Thy love.
  - 2 With Thee conversing, we forget  
All toil and time and care;  
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,  
If Thou art present there.
  - 3 Here then, our God, be pleased to stay  
And bid our hearts rejoice;  
Our bounding hearts shall own Thy  
And echo to Thy voice.
  - 4 Thou callest us to seek Thy face;  
Thy face, O God, we seek,  
Attend the whispers of Thy grace,  
And hear Thee inly speak.
- 

523.

C. M.

WESLI

STRUGGLING UPWARD.

- 1 FATHER divine, our wants relieve  
In this our evil day;  
To all Thy tempted children give  
The power to watch and pray.

ASPIRATION.

- 2 Long as our fiery trials last,  
Long as the cross we bear,  
O, let our souls on Thee be cast,  
In never-ceasing prayer !
- 3 Thy spirit of untroubled peace  
Give us in faith to claim,  
To wrestle till we see Thy face,  
And know Thy hidden name.
- 4 Till Thou Thy perfect love impart,  
Till Thou Thyself bestow,  
Be this the cry of every heart,—  
I will not let Thee go ;
- 5 I will not let Thee go, unless  
Thou tell Thy name to me ;  
With all Thy great salvation bless,  
And make me all like Thee.
- 6 Then let us, on the mountain top,  
Behold Thine unveiled face,  
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,  
And prayer in endless praise.

---

524.

7 & 6s. M.

WESLEYAN.

LONGING FOR REST IN GOD.

- 1 O ALMIGHTY God of love !  
Thy holy arm display ;  
Send us succor from above,  
Against the evil day ;  
Arm our weakness with Thy power ;  
Put Thy strength our hearts within ;  
Be our stronghold and our tower  
Against the assaults of sin.

SUPPLEMENT.

- 2 Could we of Thy strength take hold,  
And always feel Thee near,  
Confident, divinely bold,  
Our souls would know no fear.  
Nothing could their firmness shock;  
Though the gates of hell assail,  
Were we built upon the rock  
They never could prevail.
- 3 Thou would'st, in the trying hour,  
A sure protection be,  
Guard us from temptation's power,  
And fix our souls on Thee.  
Lord, on Thee our trust is placed;  
Never thence may we remove;  
In the arms of love embraced,  
Thine everlasting love.
- 

525.

S. M.

WHY ART THOU CAST DOWN, MY SOUL?

- 1 We pray for truth and peace;  
With weary hearts we ask  
Some rest in which our souls may cease  
From life's perplexing task.  
We weep—yet none is found;  
We weep—yet hope grows faint;—  
And deeper in its mournful sound  
Goes up our wild complaint.
- 2 Only to living faith  
The promises are shown;  
And by the love that passes death  
The rest is won alone.

ASPIRATION.

Be ours the earnest heart,  
Be ours the steady will,  
To work in silent trust our part;  
For God is working still.

- 3 Then newer lights shall rise  
Above these clouds of sin,  
And heaven's unfolding mysteries  
To glad our souls begin.  
Our hearts from fear and wrong  
Shall win their full release,  
With God's own might forever strong,  
And calm with God's own peace.

---

526.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

PRAYER FOR FAITH.

- 1 THAT might of faith, O Lord ! bestow,  
Which cannot ask in vain ;  
Which will not let the angel go  
Until the prayer it gain.
- 2 On me the faith divine bestow  
Which doth the mountain move ;  
And all my spotless life shall show  
The omnipotence of love.
- 3 And, Father, when I doubt that I  
Can live, and sin no more ;  
Then if on Thee I dare rely,  
The faith shall bring the power.

SUPPLEMENT.

527.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS

FOR SELF-RENUNCIATION.

- 1 FATHER of might, my bonds I feel,  
And long for perfect liberty ;  
I would deny my selfish will,  
And, Father, give up all to Thee !
- 2 O, with Thy strength my weakness fill !  
That strength shall every foe subdue ;  
The doubts that tempt, the sins that kill,  
The wishes to the cross untrue.
- 3 A sinless mind in me reveal,  
Thy spirit's fulness, Lord, impart !  
Till all my spotless life shall tell  
The abundance of a loving heart.
- 4 So shall I own Thy perfect sway,  
And, sitting humbly at Thy feet,  
Thy law with all my heart obey,  
And all my soul to Thee submit.

---

528.

8 & 7s. M.

ANONYMOUS

DEDICATION TO GOD.

- 1 HOLY Father, Thou hast taught me  
I should live to Thee alone ;  
Year by year, Thy hand hath brought me  
On through dangers oft unknown.  
When I wandered, Thou hast found me ;  
When I doubted, sent me light ;  
Still Thine arm has been around me,  
All my paths were in Thy sight.

TRUST.

- 2 In the world will foes assail me,  
Craftier, stronger far than I;  
And the strife may never fail me,  
Well I know, before I die.  
Therefore, Lord, I come, believing  
Thou canst give the power I need;  
Through the prayer of faith receiving  
Strength,—the spirit's strength indeed.
- 3 I would trust in Thy protecting,  
Wholly rest upon Thine arm,  
Follow wholly Thy directing,  
Thou mine only guard from harm!  
Keep me from mine own undoing,  
Help me turn to Thee when tried,  
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,  
Keep me ever at Thy side!

---

529.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

THE PATIENT WAITING UPON GOD.

- 1 WAIT on the Lord, ye heirs of hope,  
And let His word support your souls;  
Well can He bear your courage up,  
And all your foes and fears control.
- 2 He waits His own well-chosen hour  
The intended mercy to display;  
And His paternal pities move,  
While wisdom dictates the delay.
- 3 Blest are the humble souls that wait  
With sweet submission to His will;  
*Harmonious* all their passions move,  
*And in the midst of storms are still;—*

SUPPLEMENT.

- 4 Still, till their Father's well-known voice  
Wakens their silence into songs;  
Then earth grows vocal with His praise,  
And heaven the grateful shout prolongs.
- 

530.

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

GOD OUR DELIVERER.

- 1 God of my life, whose gracious power  
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,  
Or turned aside the fatal hour,  
Or lifted up my sinking head !
- 2 In all my ways Thy hand I own,  
Thy ruling providence I see :  
Assist me still my course to run,  
And still direct my paths to Thee.
- 3 Whither, oh whither should I fly,  
But to my loving Father's breast ;  
Secure within Thine arms to lie,  
And safe beneath Thy wings to rest !
- 4 I have no skill the snare to shun,  
But Thou, O God, my wisdom art ;  
I ever into ruin run :  
But Thou art greater than my heart.
- 5 Foolish, and ignorant, and blind,  
Lead me a way I have not known ;  
Bring me where I my heaven may find,  
The heaven of loving Thee alone.

TRUST.

531.

C. M.

THE POWER OF TRUST.

- 1 MY God ! in life's most doubtful hour,  
In sharpest pains of death,  
Who waits on Thee hath peace and power;  
Thou present help of faith !
- 2 Thy crown of joy upon his head,  
Thy light upon his face,  
Through storms and strife Thy Christ could  
tread,  
On to the happy place.
- 3 And though the cross were sharp and high,  
The lifted Lord could see  
The souls he loved drawn nearer by  
His love's last energy.
- 4 Help me, O God ! to seek—to win,  
Through struggles and through prayer,  
The faith which frees my soul from sin,  
And brings Thy blessing there.
- 5 So shall my cross of conquered shame  
My fainting brothers raise,  
So Thy triumphant mercy flame  
Around my path of praise.
- 6 And earth, with all its pain and toil,  
By love's pure presence blest,  
Shall wear the calm celestial smile  
Of heaven's eternal rest.

SUPPLEMENT.

532.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

THROUGH CROSS TO LIGHT.

- 1 BEAR on, my soul ! the bitter cross  
Of every trial here  
Shall lift thee to thy heaven above,  
But shall not enter there.
  - 2 Bear on, my soul ! on God rely ;  
Deliverance will come ;  
A thousand ways the Father hath  
To bring His children home.
  - 3 And Thou, my heavenly Friend and Guide,  
Hast kindly led me on ;  
Taught me to rest my fainting head  
Upon Thy heart alone.
  - 4 So comforted and so sustained,  
With dark events I strove,  
And found, when rightly understood,  
All, messengers of love.
- 

533.

11 & 10s. M.

•

THE MIGHT OF FAITH.

- 1 WE will not weep ; for God is standing by us,  
And tears will blind us to the blessed sight ;  
We will not doubt,—if darkness still doth  
try us,  
Our souls have promise of serenest light.

FAITH.

- 2 We will not faint,—if heavy burdens bind us,  
They press no harder than our souls can  
bear,  
The thorniest way is lying still behind us,  
We shall be braver for the past despair.
- 3 O, not in doubt shall be our journey's ending,  
Sin with its fears shall leave us at the last,  
All its best hopes in glad fulfilment blending,  
Life shall be with us when the Death is  
past.
- 4 Help us, oh Father!—when the world is  
pressing  
On our frail hearts, that faint without their  
friend,  
Help us, oh Father! let Thy constant bless-  
ing  
Strengthen our weakness,—till the joyful  
end.
- 

534.

8 & 7s. M.

MONTGOMERY.

FAITH.

- 1 CALL the Lord thy sure salvation,  
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade;  
In His secret habitation  
Dwell, nor ever be dismayed!
- 2 There no tumult can alarm thee,  
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare,  
Guile nor violence shall harm thee,  
*In eternal safeguard there.*

**SUPPLEMENT.**

- 3 There, though winds and waves are swelling,  
God, thy hope, shall bear through all;  
Plague shall not come nigh thy dwelling,  
Thee no evil shall befall.
- 4 He shall charge His angel legions  
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep,  
Though thou walk through hostile regions,  
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.
- 5 Since, with pure and firm affection,  
Thou on God hast set thy love,  
With the wings of His protection  
He shall shield thee from above.
- 

**535.**

**8 & 7s. M.**

**MORAVIAN**

**BEARING THE REPROACH OF CHRIST.**

- 1 CROSS, reproach, and tribulation,  
Ye to me are welcome guests,  
When I have this consolation,  
That my soul in Jesus rests.
- 2 The reproach of Christ is glorious;  
Those who here his burden bear  
In the end shall prove victorious,  
And eternal gladness share.
- 3 Bear then the reproach of Jesus,  
Ye who live a life of faith!  
Lift triumphant songs and praises,  
Even in martyrdom and death.
- 4 Bonds and stripes, and evil story,  
Are our honorable crowns;  
Pain is peace, and shame is glory,  
Gloomy dungeons are as thrones.

FAITH.

36.

8 & 7s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

FAITH.

- 1 LET the world despise and leave me, —  
Once they left my Saviour too;  
Let all human hopes deceive me,  
Thou wilt never be untrue;  
And whilst Thou shalt smile upon me,  
God of wisdom, love and might!  
Foes may hate and friends disown me,  
Yet the darkness shall be light.
- 2 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;  
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!  
In Thy service pain is pleasure,  
With Thy favor loss is gain.  
I have learned to call Thee Father,  
I have fixed my heart on Thee;  
Storms may howl and clouds may gather,  
All must work for good to me.
- 3 Man may trouble and distress me,  
'T will but drive me to Thy breast;  
Life with trials hard may press me,  
Thou canst give me sweetest rest.  
O, 't is not in grief to harm me,  
While Thy love is left to me;  
O, 't were not in joy to charm me,  
Were that joy unmixed with Thee!

SUPPLEMENT.

537.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

SEEKING THE INVISIBLE.

- 1 ETERNAL and immortal King !  
Thy peerless splendors none can bear ;  
But darkness veils seraphic eyes,  
When God with all his glory 's there.
- 2 Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,  
The great Invisible can see ;  
And with its tremblings mingle joy,  
In fixed regard, great God ! to Thee.
- 3 Then every tempting form of sin,  
Shamed in Thy presence, disappears ;  
And all the glowing raptured soul  
The likeness it contemplates, wears.
- 4 O ever conscious to my heart !  
Witness to its supreme desire :  
Behold it presseth on to Thee,  
For it hath caught the heavenly fire.
- 5 This one petition would it urge—  
To bear Thee ever in its sight ;  
In life, in death, in worlds unknown,  
Its only portion and delight !

538.

C. M.

BREVIARY.

FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

- 1 SUPREME disposer of the heart !  
Thou, since the world was made,  
Hast the blest fruits of holiness  
To holy hearts displayed.

LOVE.

- 2 Here, hope and faith their links unite  
With love in one sweet chain;  
But when all fleeting things are past,  
Love shall alone remain.
- 3 O love! O true and fadeless light!  
And shall it ever be,  
That after all our toils and tears  
Thy sabbath we shall see?
- 4 'Mid thousand fears and dangers now  
We sow our seed, with prayer,  
But know that joyful hands shall reap  
The shining harvests there.
- 5 O God of justice, God of power!  
Our faith and hope increase,  
And crown them, in the future years,  
With endless love and peace.

539.

7s. M.

WESLEYAN.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

- 1 FATHER! we look up to Thee;  
Let us in Thy love agree;  
Thou, who art the God of peace,  
Bid contention ever cease.
- 2 Make us of one heart and mind,  
Self-forgetful, true and kind;  
Strong, yet meek in thought and word,  
Like Thy Son, our blessed Lord.
- 3 Let us for each other care,  
Each the other's burden bear;  
*Ready, when reviled, to bless;*  
*Studious of the law of peace.*

SUPPLEMENT.

- 4 Father ! all our souls inspire,  
Fill us with love's sacred fire ;  
Guided by that blessed light,  
Order all our steps aright.
- 5 Free from anger, free from pride,  
Let us thus in Thee abide ;  
All the depths of love express,—  
All the heights of holiness.
- 

540.

S. M.

MONTGOMERY

THE SOWER.

- 1 Sow in the morn thy seed,  
At eve hold not thy hand ;  
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,  
Broadcast it o'er the land !  
Beside all waters sow,  
The highway furrows stock,  
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,  
Drop it upon the rock !
- 2 The good, the fruitful ground  
Expect not here nor there ;  
O'er hill and dale and plain 't is found,  
Go forth, then, everywhere !  
And duly shall appear,  
In verdure, beauty, strength,  
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
And the full corn at length.
- 3 Thou canst not toil in vain ;  
Cold, heat, and moist and dry,  
Shall foster and mature the grain  
For garnerers in the sky ;

CONFLICT.

Then when the glorious end,  
The day of God, shall come,  
The angel-reapers shall descend,  
At heaven's great harvest-home.

---

541.

L. M.

WATTS

PRESS ONWARD TO THE MARK.

- 1 AWAKE, our souls, away, our fears;  
Let every trembling thought be gone.  
Awake and run the heavenly race,  
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True 't is a strait and thorny road,  
And mortal spirits tire and faint;  
But they forget the mighty God,  
That feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 From Thee, the overflowing spring,  
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,  
While such as trust in human strength  
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 4 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,  
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode;  
On wings of love our souls shall fly,  
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

542.

S. M.

ANONYMOUS.

THE WHOLE ARMOR OF GOD.

- 1 FOLLOWERS of Christ! arise,  
And put your armor on,  
*Strong in the strength which God supplies  
To each obedient son.*

**SUPPLEMENT.**

- 2 Stand forth in His great might,  
With all His strength endued;  
But take, to arm you for the fight,  
The panoply of God.
- 3 And, above all, lay hold  
Of faith's victorious shield;  
Armed with that adamant and gold,  
Ye cannot lose the field.
- 4 Leave no unguarded place,  
No weakness of the soul;  
Take every virtue, every grace,  
And consecrate the whole.
- 5 That having all things done,  
And conquered in the strife,  
To nobler service ye pass on,  
And an undying life!

---

**543.**

**S. M.**

**H**

**CONFLICT.**

- 1 My soul, be on thy guard;  
Ten thousand foes arise;  
The hosts of sin are pressing hard  
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O, watch, and strive, and pray;  
The battle ne'er give o'er;  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,  
Nor lay thine armor down:  
Thy arduous work will not be done  
Till thou obtain thy crown.

THE CROSS.

- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death  
Shall bring thee to thy God;  
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,  
To His divine abode.
- 

14.

7s. M.

NEALE.

BEARING THE CROSS.

- 1 EVERY bird that upward springs  
Bears the Cross upon his wings;  
We without it cannot rise  
Upward to our native skies.
- 2 Every ship that meets the waves  
By the Cross their fury braves;  
We, on life's wide ocean tossed,  
If we have it not are lost.
- 3 Hope it gives us when distress,  
When we faint it gives us rest;  
Satan's craft, and Satan's might,  
By the Cross are put to flight.
- 4 That from sin earth might be free,  
Jesus bore it; so must we;  
Ne'er through faintness lay it down:  
First the Cross, and then the crown!
- 

15.

C. M.

HEBER.

IN THE DAY OF DISTRESS.

- 1 OH God, that mad'st the earth and sky,  
The darkness and the day,  
*Oh listen to Thy children's cry,*  
*And help us when we pray!*

**SUPPLEMENT.**

- 2 For wide the waves of bitterness  
    Around our vessel roar,  
And heavy grows the burdened heart,  
    To view the rocky shore.
- 3 The cross our Master bore for us,  
    For him we fain would bear;  
But mortal strength to weakness turns,  
    And courage to despair!
- 4 Have mercy on our failings, Lord!  
    Our sinking faith renew!  
And when his sorrows visit us,  
    O send his patience too.

**546.**

**C. M.**

**DODDRIDGE**

**GOD TEMPERS THE WIND TO THE SHORN LAMB.**

- 1 GREAT ruler of all nature's frame,  
    We own Thy power divine;  
We hear Thy breath in every storm,  
    For all the winds are Thine.
- 2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way,  
    They work Thy sovereign will;  
And awed by Thy majestic voice,  
    Confusion shall be still.
- 3 Thy mercy tempers every blast  
    To those who seek Thy face;  
And mingles with the tempest's roar  
    The whispers of Thy grace.
- 4 Those gentle whispers let me hear,  
    Till all the tumult cease;  
And gales of Paradise shall hush  
    My weary soul to peace.

THE CROSS.

547.

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

THE BOW IN THE CLOUD.

- 1 Out of the depths of woe,  
To Thee, O Lord, I cry;  
Darkness surrounds Thee, but I know  
That Thou art ever nigh.
- 2 Like them whose longing eyes  
Watch till the morning star,  
Though late and seen through tempests, rise,  
Heaven's portals to unbar, —
- 3 Like them I watch and pray;  
And though it tarry long,  
Catch the first gleam of welcome day  
Then burst into a song.
- 4 Glory to God above!  
The waters soon will cease;  
For lo, the swift returning dove  
Brings home the sign of peace.
- 5 Though storms Thy face obscure,  
And dangers threaten loud,  
Thy holy covenant is sure;  
Thy bow is in the cloud!

---

548.

7 & 6s. M.

MONTGOMERY.

IN TIME OF TRIBULATION.

- 1 In time of tribulation,  
Hear, Lord, our earnest cries;  
With humble supplication  
To Thee the spirit flies.

SUPPLEMENT.

- 2 Remembered songs of gladness,  
Through night's lone silence brought,  
Strike notes of deepest sadness,  
And stir desponding thought.
- 3 Hath God cast off forever?  
Can time His truth impair?  
His tender mercy never  
Shall we presume to share?
- 4 Hath He His loving-kindness  
Shut up in bitter wrath?  
No! it is human blindness,  
That cannot see His path.
- 5 We'll call to recollection  
The years of Thy right hand,  
And, strong in Thy protection,  
Again through Faith we stand.
- 6 Thy way is in great waters,  
Thy footsteps are not known;  
But let earth's sons and daughters  
Confide in Thee alone!
- 7 Through the wild sea Thou leddest  
Thy chosen flock of yore;  
Still on the wave thou treadest,  
And Thy redeemed pass o'er.

549.

6 & 5s. M.

MONTGOMERY.

I WILL EXTOL THEE, O LORD!

- 1 YEA, I will extol Thee,  
Lord of Life and light!  
For Thine arm upheld me,  
Turned my foes to flight.

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

- 2 I implored Thy succor,  
Thou wast swift to save,  
To heal my wounded spirit,  
And bring me from the grave.
- 3 Grief may, like the pilgrim,  
Through the night sojourn,  
Yet shall joy, to-morrow,  
With the sun return.
- 4 Thou hast turned my mourning  
Into minstrelsy ;  
Girded me with gladness,  
Set from thralldom free.
- 5 Thee my ransomed powers  
Henceforth shall adore ;  
Thee, my great Deliverer,  
Bless forevermore !

50.

S. M.

BREVIARY.

MORNING HYMN.

- 1 BEHOLD, night's shadows fade,  
And morn is in the skies !  
To Him by whom all things were made  
Our aspirations rise.
- 2 To break this deathly trance  
Help us, our God, our stay !  
Give the freed spirit utterance,  
Its languors charm away !
- 3 So sin shall cease to reign,  
So safety shall be nigh ;  
*Rend, spirit blest, the heavy chains  
Of death, in victory !*

**SUPPLEMENT.**

**551.**

**C. M.**

**ANONYMOUS.**

**MORNING HYMN.**

1 **BE** Thou, O God, by night, by day,  
My guard, my guide from sin,  
My life, my trust, my light divine,  
To keep me pure within.

2 Pure as the air, when day's first light  
A cloudless sky illumes,  
And active as the lark that soars  
Till heaven shines round its plumes.

3 So may my soul, upon the wings  
Of faith, unwearied rise,  
Till at the gate of heaven it sings;  
'Midst light from Paradise.

---

**552.**

**12 & 11s. M.**

**ANONYMOUS.**

**VESPER HYMN.**

1 **THE** daylight is fading o'er earth and o'er  
ocean,  
The sun has gone down o'er the slumber-  
ing sea;  
And now, in the hush of life's fitful commo-  
tion,  
We lift our tired spirits, blest Saviour, to  
thee.

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

- 2 For oft would'st thou wander alone on the  
    mountain,  
    As eventide spread her dark wing o'er the  
    wave;  
Now, filling our souls from thy light's cease-  
    less fountain;  
    Be near in the darkness, to bless and to  
    save.
- 3 And oft as the tumult of life's heaving billow  
    Shall toss our frail bark driving wild o'er  
    night's deep,  
Let thy guarding wing be stretched over our  
    pillow,  
    And shield us from evil, though death  
    watch our sleep.
- 

553.

10 & 4s. M.

ANONYMOUS.

VESPERS.

- 1 FATHER supreme! Thou high and holy One,  
    To Thee we bow;  
Now, when the labor of the day is done,  
    Devoutly, now.
- 2 From age to age unchanging, still the same  
    All-good Thou art;  
Hallowed forever be Thy reverend name  
    In every heart!
- 3 When the glad morn upon the hills was  
    spread,  
    Thy smile was there;  
Now, as the darkness gathers overhead,  
    We feel Thy care.

**SUPPLEMENT.**

- 4 Night spreads her shade upon another day  
Forever past;  
So o'er our faults, Thy love, we humbly  
pray  
A veil may cast.
- 5 Silence and sleep, o'er hearts by earth distressed,  
Now sweetly steal;  
So every fear that struggles in the breast  
Shall faith conceal.
- 6 Thou through the dark will watch above our  
sleep  
With eye of love;  
And Thou wilt wake us, when the sunbeams  
leap  
The hills above.
- 7 O, may each heart its gratitude express  
As life expands,  
And find the triumph of its happiness  
In Thy commands!

---

**554.**

**8 & 7s. M. MARTINEAU'S COLL.**

**EVENING HYMN.**

- 1 On the dewy breath of even  
Thousand odors mingling rise,  
Borne like incense up to heaven,—  
Nature's evening sacrifice.
- 2 With her fragrant offerings blending,  
Let our glad thanksgivings be  
To Thy throne, O Lord, ascending,—  
Incense of our hearts to Thee.

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

- 3 Thou, whose favors without number  
All our days with gladness bless,  
Let Thine eye, that knows no slumber,  
Guard our hours of helplessness.
- 4 Then, though conscious we are sleeping  
In the outer courts of death,  
Safe beneath a Father's keeping,  
Calm we rest in perfect faith.

---

55.

7s. M.

DODDRIDGE.

NIGHT.

- 1 WHILE the stars unnumbered roll  
Round the ever-constant pole,  
Far above these spangled skies  
All my thoughts to God shall rise.
- 2 From on high He shall impart  
Secret comfort to my heart;  
He in these serenest hours  
Guide my spiritual powers.
- 3 He His spirit doth diffuse,  
Sweeter far than midnight dews;  
Lifting all my thoughts above,  
On the wings of faith and love.
- 4 What if death my sleep invade;—  
Should I be of death afraid?  
Whilst encircled by Thine arm,  
Death may strike, but cannot harm.
- 5 Visions brighter than the morn  
Greet the deathless spirit born;  
See, the guardian angel nigh  
Waits to waft my soul on high!

SUPPLEMENT.

- 6 With Thy heavenly presence blest,  
Death is life, and labor, rest;  
Welcome sleep or death to me,  
Still secure, for still with Thee!
- 

556.

11s. M.

BREVIARY.

EVEN-SONG.

- 1 BE near us, O Father! through night's silent  
hour;  
Impart to our slumbers Thy calmness divine;  
Drop rest on our lids like the dew on the  
flower,  
That even our still sleep may have something  
of Thine.
- 2 O watch o'er our couch; drive the tempter  
away;  
From the sins that corrupt and betray keep  
us free;  
That nor fancy shall wander, nor passion  
shall stray,  
And we dream not a thought that's displeas-  
ing to Thee.
- 3 And grant, when deep sleep o'er our senses  
shall close,  
That the heart may still watch, all unclouded  
and clear;  
Guard, guard, still Thy children; and bless  
the repose  
That, stainless of sin, is untouched by a fear.

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

- 4 Then still to Thee, Father, our praises we  
pay;  
Still to Thee we will offer love's infinite  
store;  
Send down Thy pure spirit, even now while  
we pray;  
Be with us, and keep us, and bless, evermore!
- 

557.

C. M.

BREVIARY.

OUR GUARD BY NIGHT.

- 1 LORD of the world, who hast preserved  
Us safely through this day,  
Now guard us in the silent night,  
And in all time, we pray!
- 2 Be present, in Thy peace, to those  
Who as Thy suppliants wait;  
Blot out the record of our sin;  
Our gloom illuminate!
- 3 Let not, amid our hours of sleep,  
Life's enemy steal in;  
Let not a vision of the night  
Have power to whisper sin.
- 4 Guard every avenue from guile,  
When slumber seals our eyes;  
And guiltless as we laid us down,  
So guiltless let us rise.

558.

11s. M.

BREVIARY

HYMN OF NIGHT.

- 1 CREATOR of all! through whose all-seeing  
might  
This ponderous globe to its hour is true,  
Thou glad'st us each morn with the vision  
of light,  
And at eve on our lids pourest slumber like  
dew.
- 2 The toils of the day are now brought to their  
end,  
And night is preparing her balm for our eyes;  
Our strength, Lord, encourage, our weakness  
defend;  
Hear our prayers as they spring, and our  
hymns as they rise!
- 3 We beseech of Thee now, when dim night  
over all  
Is enfolding her shroud and resuming her  
sway,  
That Thy grace still may shine, 'mid the  
glooms that appal,  
As a star to our eyes, and a lamp to our way.
- 4 Though our bodies may sleep, let our souls  
be awake,  
Keep them free from the deadness that guilt  
only knows;  
Be the dream of the night pure as day, for  
Thy sake,  
And the calm of Thy paradise on our repose!

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

- 5 From all stain of crime let our bosoms be  
free,  
And still rest on our God, unpolluted and  
clear;  
So the tempter shall flee; nor our slumbers  
endure  
One pang of remorse or one shudder of fear.
- 

559.

L. M.

BREVIARY.

NIGHT-WATCHES.

- 1 THROUGHOUT the hours of darkness dim,  
Still let us watch and raise the hymn;  
And in deep midnight's awful calm,  
Pour forth the soul in deepest psalm.
- 2 Amid the silence, else so drear,  
Think the Almighty leans to hear;  
Well pleased to list, at such a time,  
The wakeful heart, in praise sublime.
- 3 Still watch and pray and raise the hymn,  
Throughout the hours of darkness dim!  
God will not spurn the humblest guest,  
But give us of His holy rest.
- 4 Glory to God, who is in heaven!  
Praise to His blessed Son be given!  
Thee, holy spirit, we implore,  
Be with us now and evermore!

**SUPPLEMENT.**

**560.**

**7s. M.**

**Wm**

**COMMUNION HYMN.**

- 1 **JESUS, we thy promise claim ;  
We are met in thy dear name ;  
In the midst do thou appear,  
Manifest thy presence here !  
Sanctify us, Lord, and bless ;  
Breathe thy spirit, give thy peace ;  
Thou thyself within us move ;  
Make our feast a feast of love !**
- 2 **Give to us thy humble mind,  
Patient, fearless, just and kind ;  
Meek and lowly let us be,  
Full of goodness, full of thee.  
Still, O Lord, our faith increase,  
Give to us the fruits of peace,  
Utterly abolish sin,  
Write thy law of love within.**
- 3 **Hence may all our actions flow,  
Love, the proof that Christ we know  
Mutual love the token be,  
Lord, that we have walked with thee  
Love, thine image, love impart,  
Stamp its impress on each heart,  
Only love to us be given,  
Lord, we ask no other heaven.**

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

561.

7s. M.

WESLEYAN.

COMMUNION HYMN.

- 1 PARTNERS of a glorious hope,  
Lift your hearts and voices up!  
Nobly let us bear the strife,  
Keep the holiness, of life;
- 2 Still forget the things behind,  
Follow Christ in heart and mind,  
To the mark unwearied press,  
Seize the crown of righteousness.
- 3 Jesus, fill us with thy love,  
Never from our souls remove,  
Heart to heart unite and bless,  
Keep us in thy perfect peace!
- 4 In our lives our faith be known,  
Faith by holy actions shown;  
Faith that mountains can remove,  
Faith that always works by love.

---

562.

7 & 6s. M.

GERMAN

O SACRED HEAD!

- 1 O SACRED head, now wounded,  
With grief and shame weighed down,  
So scornfully surrounded,  
With thorns thine only crown;  
How art thou pale with anguish,  
With sore abuse and scorn!  
*How do those features languish*  
*Which once were fair as morn!*

SUPPLEMENT.

- 2 What language shall I borrow  
To thank thee, dearest friend,  
For this thy dying sorrow,  
This love that knew no end !  
O, make me thine forever !  
And should I fainting be,  
Lord, let me never, never,  
Outlive my love to thee !

563.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

CHRIST A QUICKENING SPIRIT.

- 1 WE follow, Lord, where thou dost lead,  
And, quickened, would ascend to thee,  
Redeemed from sin, set free indeed  
Into thy glorious liberty.
- 2 We cast behind fear, sin and death ;  
With thee we seek the things above ;  
Our inmost souls thy spirit breathe,  
Of power, of calmness, and of love.
- 3 The power, 'mid worldliness and sin,  
To do, in all, our Father's will ;  
Like thee, the victory to win,  
And bid each tempting voice be still.
- 4 The calmness perfect faith inspires,  
Which waiteth patiently and long ;  
The love which faileth not, nor tires,  
Triumphant over every wrong.
- 5 Thus through thy quickening spirit, Lord  
Thy perfect life in us reveal,  
And help us, as we live to God,  
Still more and more with man to feel.

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

564.

C. M.

\*

THE NEW COMMANDMENT.

- 1 BENEATH the shadow of the cross,  
As earthly hopes remove,  
His new commandment Jesus gives,  
His blessed word of love.
- 2 O bond of union, strong and deep!  
O bond of perfect peace!  
Not even the lifted cross can harm,  
If we but hold to this.
- 3 Then, Jesus, be thy spirit ours!  
And swift our feet shall move  
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,  
"And the sweet tasks of love."

565.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

- 1 God of eternity! from Thee  
Did infant time his being draw:  
Moments and days, and months and years,  
Revolve by Thine unvaried law.
- 2 Silent and swift they glide away:  
Steady and strong the current flows,  
Lost in eternity's wide sea,  
The boundless gulf from which it rose.
- 3 Great Source of wisdom! teach our hearts  
To know the price of every hour,  
That time may bear us on to joys  
Beyond its measure and its power.

**SUPPLEMENT.**

**566.**

**7s. M.**

**NEWTON**

**NEW YEAR.**

- 1 BLESS, O Lord, each opening year  
To the souls assembling here :  
Clothe Thy word with power divine,  
Make us willing to be Thine.
  - 2 Where Thou hast Thy work begun,  
Give new strength the race to run ;  
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears,  
Wipe away the mourner's tears.
  - 3 Bless us all, both old and young ;  
Call forth praise from every tongue :  
Let our whole assembly prove  
All Thy power and all Thy love !
- 

**567.**

**L. M.**

**ANONYMOUS.**

**THANKSGIVING HYMN.**

- 1 FATHER of mercies ! God of peace !  
Being whose bounties never cease !  
While to the heavens, in grateful tones,  
Ascend our mingled orisons,  
Listen to these, the notes of praise,  
Which we, a happy people, raise !
- 2 Our hamlets, sheltered by Thy care,  
Abodes of peace and plenty are ;  
Our tillage by Thy blessing yields  
An hundred fold from ripened fields :  
And flowing grain, and burthened vine,  
Are tokens of Thy Love divine.

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

- 3 The cradled head of infancy  
Doth owe its tranquil rest to Thee ;  
Youth's doubting step, man's firmer tread,  
In years mature, by Thee are led ;  
Secure may trembling age, oh Lord !  
Lean on its staff, Thy holy Word.
- 4 Teach us these blessings to improve,  
Teach us to serve Thee, teach to love ;  
Exalt our hearts, that we may see  
The Giver of all good in Thee ;  
And be Thy word our daily food,  
Thy service, Lord, our greatest good.

---

568.

7s. M.

MARY W. HALE.

CHRISTMAS.

- 1 WHEN in silence, o'er the deep,  
Darkness kept its deathlike sleep,  
Soon as God His mandate spoke,  
Light in wondrous beauty broke.
- 2 But a beam of holier light  
Gilded Bethlehem's lonely night,  
When the glory of the Lord,  
Mercy's sunlight, shone abroad.
- 3 "Peace on earth, good-will to men."  
Burst the glorious anthem then ;  
Angels, bending from above,  
Joined that strain of holy love.
- 4 Floating o'er the waves of time,  
Comes to us that song sublime,  
Bearing to the pilgrim's ear  
Words to soothe, sustain, and cheer.

SUPPLEMENT.

- 5 For creation's blessed light,  
Praise to Thee, Thou God of might!  
Seraph-strains Thy name should bless  
For the Sun of Righteousness!

569.

P. M.

LONGFELLOW.

ORDINATION.

- 1 CHRIST to the young man said: "Yet one  
thing more,  
If thou wouldst perfect be;  
Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor,  
And come and follow me!"
- 2 Within this temple, Christ again, unseen,  
Those sacred words has said;  
And his invisible hands to-day have been  
Laid on a young man's head.
- 3 And evermore beside him on his way,  
The unseen Christ shall move,  
That he may lean upon his arm and say,  
"Dost thou, dear Lord, approve?"
- 4 Beside him at the marriage feast shall be,  
To make the scene more fair;  
Beside him in the dark Gethsemane  
Of pain and midnight prayer.
- 5 O holy trust! O endless sense of rest!  
Like the beloved John,  
To lay his head upon the Saviour's breast,  
And thus to journey on!

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

570.

7s. M.

C. WESLEY.

AT SEA.

- 1 LORD! whom winds and seas obey,  
Guide us through the watery way;  
In the hollow of Thy hand,  
Hide and bring us safe to land.
- 2 Father, let our faithful mind  
Rest, on Thee alone reclined:  
Every anxious thought repress,  
Keep our souls in perfect peace.
- 3 Keep the friends whom now we leave;  
Bid them to each other cleave;  
Bid them walk on life's rough sea,  
Bid them come, by faith, to Thee.
- 4 Save, till all these tempests end,  
All who on Thy love depend;  
Waft our happy spirits o'er;  
Land us on the heavenly shore.

---

571.

7s. M.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

PRAYER FOR THE SAILOR.

- 1 WHEN the parting bosom bleeds,  
When their native shore recedes,  
When the wild and faithless main  
Takes them to her trust again,  
*Father!* view the sailor's woe—  
*Guide them wheresoe'er they go.*

SUPPLEMENT.

- 2 When the lonely watch they keep,  
Silent on the mighty deep,  
While the boisterous surges hoarse  
Bear them daily on their course,  
Eye that never slumbers ! shed  
Holy influence on their head.
- 3 When the Sabbath's peaceful ray  
O'er the ocean's breast doth play,  
Though no throngs assemble there,  
No sweet church-bell warns to praye  
Spirit ! let thy presence be  
Sabbath to the unresting sea.
- 4 When the raging billows dark  
Thunder round the storm-tossed bark  
Thou who on the whelming wave  
Didst the loved disciples save,  
Thou canst hear them when they pr  
Jesus, Saviour, be their stay !

---

572.

L. M.

C. W

THE SAILOR'S HYMN.

- 1 LORD of the wide-extended main !  
Whose power the winds and seas cor  
Whose hand doth earth and heaven su  
Whose Spirit leads believing souls ;
- 2 Throughout the deep Thy footsteps s  
We own Thy way is in the sea,  
O'erawed by majesty divine,  
And lost in Thine immensity !

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

- 3 'Thy wisdom here we learn to adore,  
Thine everlasting truth we prove,  
The wondrous heights of boundless power,  
The unfathomable depths of love.
- 4 Infinite God, Thy greatness spanned  
These heavens, and meted out the skies;  
Lo! in the hollow of Thy hand  
The measured waters sink and rise.
- 5 And here Thine unknown paths we trace,  
Which dark to human eyes appear:  
While through the mighty waves we pass  
Faith only sees that God is here.

573.

C. M.

H. K. WHITE.

IN A STORM.

- 1 THE Lord our God is full of might,  
The winds obey His will;  
He speaks, and in His heavenly height  
The rolling sun stands still.
- 2 Rebel, ye waves! and o'er the land  
With threatening aspect roar;  
The Lord uplifts His awful hand,  
And chains you to the shore.
- 3 Howl, winds of night! your force combine;  
Without His high behest,  
Ye shall not in the mountain pine  
Disturb the sparrow's nest.
- 4 Ye nations bend, in reverence bend;  
Ye monarchs, wait His nod,  
And bid the choral song ascend  
To celebrate our God!

574.

L. M.

E. H. CHAPIN.

FOR A CHARITABLE OCCASION.

- 1 WHEN long the soul had slept in chains  
And man to man was stern and cold;  
When love and worship were but strains  
That swept the gifted chords of old—  
By shady mount and peaceful lake,  
A meek and lowly stranger came,  
The weary drank the words he spake,  
The poor and suffering blessed his name.
- 2 He went where frenzy held its rule,  
Where sickness breathed its spell of pain;  
By famed Bethesda's mystic pool,  
And by the darkened gate of Nain.  
He soothed the mourner's troubled breast,  
He raised the contrite sinner's head,  
And on the loved ones' lowly rest  
The light of better life he shed.
- 3 Father, the spirit Jesus knew  
We humbly ask of Thee to-night,  
That we may be disciples too  
Of him whose way was love and light.  
Bright be the places where we tread  
Amid earth's suffering and its poor,  
Until that day when tears are shed,  
And broken sighs are heard, no more.

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

575.

C. M.

W. CROSWELL.

HE WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD.

- 1 LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,  
By lane and cell obscure,  
And let our treasures still be spent,  
Like his, upon the poor.
  - 2 Like him, through scenes of deep distress,  
Who bore the world's sad weight,  
We, in their gloomy loneliness,  
Would seek the desolate.
  - 3 For Thou hast placed us side by side  
In this wide world of ill;  
And that Thy followers may be tried,  
The poor are with us still.
- 

576.

7 & 6s. M.

E. H. CHAPIN.

TRIUMPH OF TEMPERANCE.

- 1 Now, host with host assembling,  
The victory we win;  
Lo! on his throne sits trembling  
That old and giant Sin;  
Like chaff by strong winds scattered,  
His banded strength has gone,  
His charmed cup lies shattered,  
And still the cry is—"On."
- 2 Our fathers' God, our keeper!  
Be Thou our strength divine!  
Thou sendest forth the reaper,  
The harvest all is Thine.

SUPPLEMENT.

Roll on, roll on this gladness,  
Till, driven from every shore,  
The drunkard's sin and madness  
Shall smite the earth no more !

---

577.

L. M.

SARGENT.

TEMPERANCE HYMN.

- 1 SLAVERY and death the cup contains ;  
Dash to the earth the poisoned bowl !  
Softer than silk are iron chains  
Compared with those that chafe the soul.
- 2 Hosannas, Lord, to Thee we sing,  
Whose power the giant fiend obeys ;  
What countless thousands tribute bring,  
For happier homes and brighter days !
- 3 Thou wilt not break the bruised reed,  
Nor leave the broken heart unbound :  
The wife regains a husband freed !  
The orphan clasps a father found !
- 4 Spare, Lord, the thoughtless ; guide the blind ;  
Till man no more shall deem it just  
To live by forging chains to bind  
His weaker brother in the dust.

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

578.

11 & 10s. M.

WHITTIER.

TRUE WORSHIP AND UNDEFILED.

- 1 O, HE whom Jesus loved has truly spoken !  
The holier worship, which God deigns to  
    bless,  
Restores the lost, and heals the spirit-broken,  
And feeds the widow and the fatherless.
- 2 Then, brother man, fold to thy heart thy  
    brother !  
For where love dwells, the peace of God is  
    there ;  
To worship rightly is to love each other ;  
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a  
    prayer.
- 3 Follow, with reverent steps, the great exam-  
    ple  
Of him whose holy work was doing good :  
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's  
    temple,  
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.
- 4 Thus shall all shackles fall ; the stormy  
    clangor  
Of wild' war-music o'er the earth shall  
    cease ;  
Love shall tread out the baleful fires of anger,  
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace.

SUPPLEMENT.

579.

11s. M.

J. G. ADAMS.

THE ANGEL IN THE PRISON.

- 1 God's angels! not only on high do they sing,  
And soar through our skies with invisible  
wing;  
But here, on the earth, where in wretched-  
ness lie  
Its sin-stricken children to struggle and die.
- 2 They come, in their mercy and power, to  
dispel  
The spectres of gloom from the prisoner's  
cell;  
In love's name to say to the stricken one  
there,  
That God still hath ear, and an answer to  
prayer.
- 3 And strong grows the heart of the outcast—  
and soon  
In that dim prison come the pure light-gleams  
of noon;  
The resolve and the faith of the sinner for-  
given,  
Send him back to the world with a heart  
seeking heaven.
- 4 God's angels! Love speed them o'er earth's  
wide domain!  
New aids to impart, and new triumphs to  
gain;  
Till the wrathful and wrong from our world  
shall retire,  
And humanity's groans in her praises expire.

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

- 5 For the promise of truth—though the doubting deny—  
Is, that love shall prevail in the earth as on high;  
Its life-waters healing, wherever they flow,  
With the angels above, or the angels below.
- 

580.

L. M.

AIKIN.

IN TIME OF WAR.

- 1 WHILE sounds of war are heard around,  
And death and ruin strew the ground,  
To Thee we look, on Thee we call,  
The Parent and the Lord of all.
- 2 Thou, who hast stamped on human kind  
The image of a heaven-born mind,  
And in a Father's wide embrace  
Hast cherished all the kindred race;
- 3 Great God! whose powerful hand can bind  
The raging waves, the furious wind,  
O bid the human tempest cease,  
And hush the maddening world to peace.
- 4 With reverence may each hostile land  
Hear and obey that high command,  
Thy Son's blest errand from above—  
"My children, live in mutual love!"

581.

7s. M.

MRS. FOLLEN.

PRAYER FOR THE SLAVE.

- 1 LORD! deliver; Thou canst save;  
Save from evil, Mighty God!  
Hear—oh! hear the kneeling slave;  
Break—oh! break th' oppressor's rod.
- 2 May the captive's pleading fill  
All the earth, and all the sky;  
Every other voice be still,  
While he pleads with God on high.
- 3 He, whose ear is everywhere,  
Who doth silent sorrow see,  
Will regard the captive's prayer,  
Will from bondage set him free.
- 4 From the tyranny within,  
Save Thy children, Lord! we pray;  
Chains of iron, chains of sin,  
Cast, forever cast away.
- 5 Love to man, and love to God,  
Are the weapons of our war;  
These can break th' oppressor's rod—  
Burst the bonds that we abhor.

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

12s. M.

WHITTIER.

FREEDOM.

Let freedom speed onward, wherever the  
blood  
the wronged and the guiltless is crying to  
God;  
wherever from kindred, torn rudely apart,  
comes the sorrowful wail of the broken of  
heart.

Wherever the shackles of tyranny bind  
silence and darkness the God-given mind,  
here, Lord, speed it onward! the truth shall  
be felt,  
the bonds shall be loosened, the iron will  
melt.

Help us turn from the cavil of creeds, to  
unite  
ice again for the poor, in defence of the  
Right,  
unappalled by the danger, the shame, or the  
pain,  
and counting each trial for Truth as our  
gain.

SUPPLEMENT.

583.

P. M.

ANONYMOUS.

DAUGHTER OF ZION.

- 1 DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness!  
Awake ! for thy foes shall oppress thee no  
more;  
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of  
gladness,  
Arise ! for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.
- 2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that sub-  
dued them,  
And scattered their legions, was mightier  
far;  
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that  
pursued them;  
Vain were their steeds and their chariots  
of war.
- 3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved  
thee  
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel  
should be;  
Shout ! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved  
thee;  
'Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is  
free.

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

584.

S. M.

JOHNS.

THE KINGDOM OF LOVE.

- 1 COME, kingdom of our God,  
Sweet reign of light and love !  
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,  
And wisdom from above.
- 2 Over our spirits first  
Extend thy healing reign ;  
There raise and quench the sacred thirst,  
That never pains again.
- 3 Come, kingdom of our God !  
And make the broad earth thine ;  
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod  
That flowers with grace divine.
- 4 Soon may all tribes be blest  
With fruit from life's glad tree ;  
And in its shade like brothers rest,  
Sons of one family.

---

585.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

UNITY.

- 1 THE glorious universe around,  
The heavens with all their train,  
Sun, moon and stars, are firmly bound  
In one mysterious chain.
- 2 The earth, the ocean, and the sky,  
To form one world agree ;  
Where all that walk, or swim, or fly,  
Compose one family.

SUPPLEMENT.

- 3 God in creation thus displays  
His wisdom and His might ;  
While all His works with all His ways  
Harmoniously unite.
  - 4 In one fraternal bond of love,  
One fellowship of mind,  
The saints below and saints above  
Their bliss and glory find.
  - 5 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,  
Thy statutes are their song ;  
There, through one bright, eternal age,  
Thy praises they prolong.
  - 6 Lord, may our union form a part  
Of that thrice happy whole ;  
Derive its pulse from Thee the heart,  
Its life from Thee the soul.
- 

586.

P. M.

ANONYMOUS

PEACE EVERYWHERE.

- 1 NATURE hath seasons of repose ;  
Her slumbering clouds and quiet sky ;  
And many a bright-faced stream that flows  
Forever noiselessly.
- 2 The stormy winds are hushed to rest,  
And hang self-poised upon their wings ;  
And nursed on mother nature's breast,  
Flowers lie like sleeping things.
- 3 The ocean, that in mountains ran,  
Spreads boundlessly without a wave ;  
And is it only said of man,  
His peace is in the grave ?

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

- 4 Oh ! for the coming of the end,  
The last long Sabbath-day of time,  
When peace from heaven shall descend,  
Like light, on every clime.
- 5 For men in ships far off at sea  
Shall hear the happy nations raise  
The song of peace and liberty,  
And overflowing praise.
- 6 Mankind shall be one brotherhood ;  
One human soul shall fill the earth,  
And God shall say, " The world is good  
As when I gave it birth."

587.

L. M.

MONTGOMERY

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

- 1 O SPIRIT of the living God,  
In all Thy plenitude of grace,  
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,  
Descend on our benighted race !
- 2 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light ;  
Confusion, order, in Thy path ;  
Souls without strength inspire with might ;  
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 3 O spirit of the Lord ! prepare  
All the round earth her God to meet ;  
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,  
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.
- 4 Baptize the nations ; far and nigh  
The triumphs of the cross record ;  
Thy name, O Father, glorify,  
Till every people call Thee Lord.

SUPPLEMENT.

588.

C. M.

A. C. COKE

THE CHURCH EVERLASTING.

- 1 O WHERE are kings and empires now  
Of old that went and came?  
But Holy Church is praying yet,  
A thousand years the same.  
Mark ye her holy battlements,  
And her foundations strong;  
And hear within, her solemn voice,  
And her unending song.
  - 2 For not like kingdoms of the world  
The Holy Church of God!  
Though earthquake shocks are rocking her,  
And tempests are abroad;  
Unshaken as eternal hills,  
Unmovable she stands,—  
A mountain that shall fill the earth,  
A fane unbuilt by hands.
- 

589.

C. M.

SP. OF PSALMS

THE DAY-SPRING FROM ON HIGH.

- 1 THY servants in the temple watched  
The dawning of the day,  
Impatient with its earliest beams  
Their holy vows to pay;  
And chosen saints far off beheld  
That great and glorious morn,  
When the glad day-spring from on high  
Auspiciously should dawn.

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

- 2 On us the Sun of Righteousness  
Its brightest beams hath poured;  
With grateful hearts and holy zeal,  
Lord, be Thy love adored;  
And let us look with joyful hope  
To that more glorious day,  
Before whose brightness sin and death,  
And grief, shall flee away.

590.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

THE PILGRIM'S HYMN.

- 1 Now let our voices join,  
To form one pleasant song:  
Ye pilgrims in God's holy way,  
With music pass along!
- 2 How straight the path appears,  
How open and how fair!  
No lurking snares to entrap our feet,  
No fierce destroyer there!
- 3 But flowers of paradise  
In rich profusion spring;  
The sun of hope shines on our path,  
And dear companions sing.
- 4 All glory to His name,  
Who drew the shining trace;  
To Him who leads the wanderers on,  
And cheers them with His grace.
- 5 Subdue the nations, Lord!  
Teach all their kings Thy ways;  
That earth's full choir the notes may swell,  
And heaven resound the praise.

SUPPLEMENT.

591.

7 & 5s. M.

ANONYMOUS

THE ANGEL OF THE LORD.

- 1 ONWARD speed thy conquering flight,  
Angel, onward speed !  
Cast abroad thy radiant light,  
Bid the shades recede ;  
Tread the idols in the dust,  
Heathen fanes destroy,  
Spread the gospel's love and trust,  
Spread the gospel's joy.
- 2 ONWARD speed thy conquering flight,  
Angel, onward fly !  
Long has been the reign of night,  
Bring the morning nigh.  
Unto thee earth's sufferers lift  
Their imploring wail ;  
Bear them heaven's holy gift  
Ere their courage fail.
- 3 ONWARD speed thy conquering flight,  
Angel, onward speed !  
Morning bursts upon our sight,  
Lo, the time decreed !  
Now the Lord His kingdom takes,  
Thrones and empires fall,  
And the joyous song awakes,  
God is all in all.

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

592.

S. M.

THE REFORMER'S VOW.

- 1 God of the earnest heart,  
The trust assured and still,  
Thou who our strength forever art,—  
We come to do Thy will !
- 2 Upon that painful road  
By saints serenely trod,  
Whereon their hallowing influence flowed,  
Would we go forth, O God !
- 3 'Gainst doubt and shame and fear  
In human hearts to strive,  
That all may learn to love and bear,  
To conquer self, and live ;
- 4 To draw Thy blessing down,  
And bring the wronged redress,  
And give this glorious world its crown,  
The spirit's Godlikeness.
- 5 No dreams from toil to charm,  
No trembling on the tongue ;—  
Lord, in Thy rest may we be calm,  
Through Thy completeness, strong !
- 6 Thou hearest while we pray ;  
O deep within us write,  
With kindling power, our God, to-day,  
Thy word, — "On earth be light !"

**SUPPLEMENT.**

**593.**

**L. M.**

**ANONYMOUS.**

**BE STRONG, FEAR NOT.**

- 1 PRISONERS of hope ! be strong, be bold ;  
Cast off your doubts, disdain to fear !  
The day which prophets have foretold,  
And saints have longed for, draweth near :  
Our God shall in His kingdom come ;  
Prepare your hearts to make Him room !
- 2 O ye of fearful hearts, be strong !  
Your downcast eyes and hands lift up ;  
Doubt not, nor cry " O God, how long ?"  
Hope to the end, in patience hope !  
O never from your faith remove ;  
Ye cannot fail, for God is love !
- 3 Lord, we have faith ; we wait the hour  
Which to the earth Thy kingdom brings ;  
When Thou, in love, and joy, and power,  
Shalt come and make us priests and kings :  
When man shall be indeed Thy son,  
And Thy pure will on earth be done.

---

**594.**

**C. M.**

**ANONYMOUS.**

**HE MAKETH ALL THINGS NEW.**

- 1 ALMIGHTY Spirit, now behold  
A world by sin destroyed !  
Creative spirit, as of old  
Move on the formless void !

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

- 2 Give Thou the word—the healing sound  
Shall quell the deadly strife,  
And earth again, like Eden crowned,  
Bring forth the tree of life.
- 3 If sang the morning stars for joy  
When nature rose to view,  
What strains shall angel harps employ,  
When Thou shalt all renew!

595.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

THE MORNING.

- 1 We wait in faith, in prayer we wait,  
Until the happy hour  
When God shall ope the morning gate,  
By His almighty power.
- 2 We wait in faith, and turn our face  
To where the day-light springs;  
Till He shall come earth's gloom to chase,  
With healing on His wings.
- 3 And even now, amid the gray,  
The East is brightening fast,  
And kindling to that perfect day  
Which never shall be past.
- 4 We wait in faith, we wait in prayer,  
Till that blest day shall shine,  
When earth shall fruits of Eden bear,  
And all, O God, be Thine!
- 5 O, guide us till our night is done!  
Until, from shore to shore,  
Thou, Lord, our everlasting sun,  
Art shining evermore!

SUPPLEMENT.

596.

7 & 6s. M.

MONTGOM

LO ! HE COMETH.

- 1 God comes, with succor speedy,  
To those who suffer wrong;  
To help the poor and needy,  
And bid the weak be strong;  
He comes to break oppression,  
And set the captive free,  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity.
- 2 He shall come down, as showers  
Upon the thirsty earth;  
And joy and hope, like flowers,  
Spring in His path to birth.  
Before Him, on the mountains,  
Shall Peace, the herald, go,  
And Righteousness, in fountains,  
From hill to valley flow.
- 3 To Him shall prayer unceasing,  
And daily vows, ascend;  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end.  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove;  
His name shall stand forever;  
His great, best name of Love.

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

597.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

THE HOLY WAY.

- 1 SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,  
Your great deliverer sing;  
Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,  
Be joyful in your King.
- 2 See the fair way His hand hath raised,  
How holy and how plain!  
Nor shall the simplest travellers err,  
Nor ask the trace in vain.
- 3 No ravening lion shall destroy,  
Nor lurking serpent wound;  
Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,  
Through all the path are found.
- 4 A hand divine shall lead you on  
Through all the blissful road,  
Till to the sacred mount you rise,  
And see your smiling God.
- 5 There, garlands of immortal joy  
Shall bloom on every head;  
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,  
Like shadows all are fled.

SUPPLEMENT.

598.

7s. M.

ANONYMOUS

THE PROPHET'S VISION.

- 1 FAINT the earth, and parched with drought,  
Make the waters, Lord, gush out !  
Streams of love our thirst to bless,  
Starting in the wilderness.  
Long we wait Thy peace to know :  
Father, bid the waters flow,  
Make the thirsty land a pool,  
Make man's suffering spirit whole.
  - 2 Hark ! the wastes have found a voice ;  
Loneliest deserts now rejoice,  
When the Lord His presence shows,  
Lo, they blossom like the rose ;  
See ! this barren earth of ours  
Buds and puts forth fruits and flowers,  
Flowers of Eden, fruits of peace,  
Love and Joy and Righteousness !
- 

599.

L. M.

\*J. WESLEY

THY WILL BE DONE ON EARTH AS IN HEAVEN.

- 1 SPIRIT of peace and love and power,  
Fountain of life and light below,  
Abroad Thy healing influence shower,  
O'er all the nations let it flow.  
Inspire our hearts with perfect love ;  
In all the work of faith fulfil ;  
So not heaven's host shall swifter move,  
Than we on earth, to do Thy will.

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

- 2 Father, 't is Thine each day to yield  
Thy children's wants a fresh supply;  
Thou clothest the lilies of the field,  
And hearest the young ravens cry.  
To Thee we pray; for all must live  
By Thee, who knowest their every need—  
Pray for the world, that Thou wilt give  
All human hearts Thy living bread.
- 3 In faith we wait and long and pray,  
To see that time, by prophets told,  
When nations, new-born into day,  
Shall be ingathered to Thy fold.  
We cannot doubt Thy gracious will,  
Thou mighty, merciful and just!  
And Thou wilt speedily fulfil  
The word in which Thy servants trust.

---

600.

C. M.

BREVIARY.

BRIGHTENING UNTO THE PERFECT DAY.

- 1 GONE is the hollow, murky night,  
With all its shadows dun;  
O shine upon us, heavenly light,  
As on the earth the sun!
- 2 Pour on our hearts Thy heavenly beam,  
In radiance sublime!  
Retire before that ray supreme,  
Ye sins of elder time!
- 3 Lo, on the morn that now is here  
No night shall ever fall;  
*But faith shall burn, undimmed and clear,  
Till God be all in all.*

**SUPPLEMENT.**

- 4 This is the dawn of infant faith ;  
The day will follow soon,  
When hope shall breathe with freer breath,  
And morn be lost in noon ;
- 5 For to the seed that 's sown to-day  
A harvest time is given,  
When charity with faith to stay,  
Shall make on earth a heaven.

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**GLORY BE TO GOD ON HIGH : AND ON EARTH PEACE ;  
GOOD WILL TO MEN.**



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